

THE
ATLANTIC SOUVENIR;

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

OFFERING.

1829.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY, LEA & CAREY.

THE NEW YORK
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D. CALDWELL,

Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Skerrett—Ninth street,
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PREFACE.

THE publishers of the Atlantic Souvenir, present the fourth volume of their work to the American public. Where favour has already been so kindly and liberally extended, they have rather the grateful task of returning their thanks, than of soliciting the patronage of their fellow-citizens; for they are conscious that this will continue to be bestowed, as long as it continues to be deserved.

That it is so in the present instance, they are willing to believe; for no expense, no trouble have been spared, no means left untried, so to augment its beauty and value, as to render it a fair specimen of the arts and literature of America. In the embellishments, it will be seen that the skill of the engravers, and the style of workmanship have been considerably improved, and the proprietors are not aware, that in any work heretofore published in America, superior excellence in this respect has been attained. In the literary portion of the volume, it has been their strong desire, from the commencement of their undertaking, to call forth and exhibit the talents of the country, and the variety of writers whom they have enlisted is, they believe, greater than has hitherto appeared in any American publication. While they are grateful for being permitted to include so many whose fame has already been firmly and honourably established,

they also feel no little pride, in having introduced to the public more than one author, who will not be soon forgotten; and they regret that, in several instances, the wishes of the contributors have caused the suppression of their names, when their productions do honour to their sentiments and genius. A number of articles, selected for insertion, have been reluctantly postponed for want of room, but it is hoped the writers will permit their publication in the succeeding volume. To them and to their countrymen in general, they also beg again to state, that as they wish to give to their work a character as national as possible, they will always feel honoured by contributions addressed to them, for the future numbers, and that the most liberal compensation will be made, for such as may be accepted.

The publishers cannot conclude this notice, without especially returning their thanks to the distinguished English lady, who, with unsolicited kindness, has enabled them to place among the contributors of their work, a name which has always been attached to poetic effusions, not more remarkable for their uncommon genius and beauty, than for a tone of gentleness, of feeling, and of virtue, which appeals irresistibly to the heart.

Philadelphia, 1st October, 1828.

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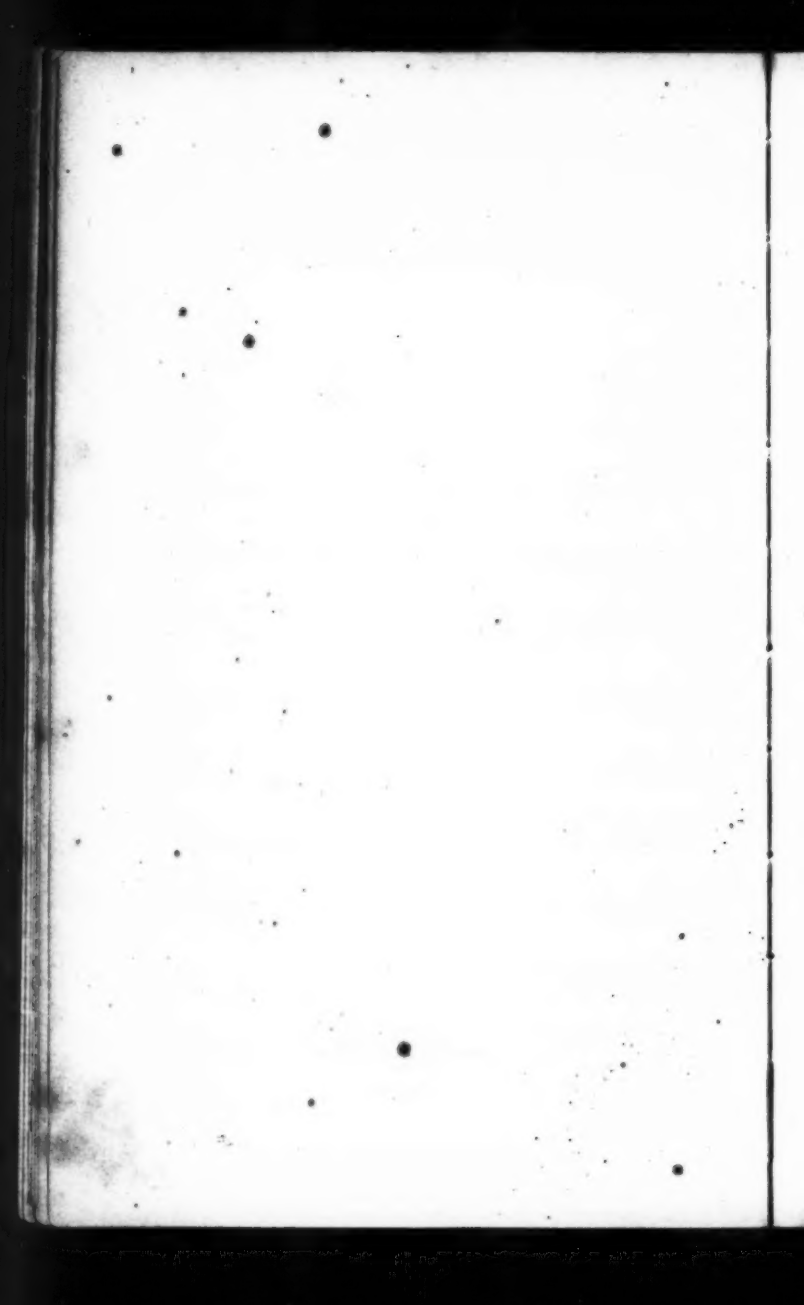
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FORGET ME NOT.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WHERE flows the fountain silently,
It blooms, a lovely flower,
Blue as the beauty of the sky,
And speaks like kind fidelity,
Through fortune's sun and shower—
“Forget me not.”

'Tis like thy starry eyes, more bright
Than evening's proudest star,
Like purity's own halo light
It seems to smile upon thy sight,
And says to thee from far—
“Forget me not.”

When by the lonely fount we meet,
And weep so soon to part,
That flower springs up beneath our feet,
And sighs, as if it will'd to greet
A kindred broken heart—
“Forget me not.”

Each dew drop on its morning leaves
Is eloquent as tears,
That whisper, when young passion grieves
For one beloved afar, and weaves
His dream of hopes and fears—
“Forget me not.”

F. G. HALLECK.

S O N G
OF
A GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

A Greek Islander being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beautiful scenery, replied, "Yes, all is fair; but the sea, where is it?"

WHERE is the sea?—I languish here—

Where is my own blue sea?

With all its barks of fleet career,

And flags, and breezes free?

I miss that voice of waves—the first

Which woke my childhood's glee;

The measured chime—the thundering burst—

Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtles' breath may rise,

Soft, soft, your winds may be;

Yet my sick heart within me dies—

Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,

I hear the whispering tree—

The echoes of my soul are mute—

Where is my own blue sea?

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE METHODIST'S STORY.

IN the summer of 1805, my duty as a preacher called me to a village on the banks of the Connecticut river. I had been stationed in the same place fifteen years before, and had remained there as long a time as the rules of our order will allow. It was my fortune to reside there at the season of life, when the strongest friendships are formed, and an interest awakened in the people of our charge, which the rapid changes and growing insensibility of future life prevent our feeling so earnestly again. The people were simple and contented, as they are usually found in places that have no connexion with the busy world; there were some above the common order; one or two had borne an active part in the service of their country, and had now retired to this comparative solitude to pass their declining years.

One of these was an officer of the revolution, whose grave and manly appearance in the church had always interested me. I had observed that he regularly attended church, and seemed interested in the duty. He led with him two beautiful children, one in each hand: the elder, a boy, whose playful activity could hardly be subdued, even by his manifest awe of his father, into proper reverence for the day; the other, a girl, with one of those sweet and pensive countenances, which seem as if they were saddened by a prophetic consciousness of future

calamities. His air was uncommonly graceful as he returned the friendly civilities of those who passed him on his way; and their treatment, always sufficiently expressive of their feeling, made it evident that he was looked upon with respect—perhaps with affection.

The interest which I felt in this man increased with acquaintance. He talked on all subjects with judgment, sometimes with eloquence; he was not unwilling to converse on that of religion. He evidently had read with interest and attention, the bible that kept its station in his little parlour, and often spoke of it with admiration and fervour. I had observed too that he seemed constantly studying the visible world for proofs of divine benevolence; and he told me that the sight of the heaven, in its delicious blue, its stormy magnificence, or its midnight splendour, always inspired him with devotion. But when I spoke of the awful mysteries of our faith, he was silent, and listened without sympathy. I must do him the justice to say that his life was religious, and all bore him witness that he was upright, generous, and kind. There was, however, one melancholy failing; he was subject to fits of ungovernable passion; soon calmed it is true, and apparently by a mighty effort, but dreadful while they lasted, especially to his children: or I might say, to his child, for the eye of the boy flashed, and his cheek reddened as his father spoke to him in the tones of passion; the girl sat terrified and still; her warmest expression of resentment never went beyond a tear. These interruptions of their happiness were not frequent, but a mother's care was much needed to control the one, and sustain the delicate spirit of

the other: Their mother died in their childhood, when they were too young to feel her loss.

I am now an old man; but I remember, as if it were yesterday, the last evening I passed with this family, who always welcomed me with the fervour of youth to their mansion, where I was loved as I shall be loved no more. It was distant from the public road, and half hidden by a fine grove of white pines; after passing a rude gate among the trees, you saw the house before you on a spacious lawn, surrounded by a hedge inclosing a flower garden, and formed of the sweetbriar and the native thorn. That evening the father was seated before his door, apparently gazing at the red sunset light upon the pines, while the children were playing near an old military horse which was soberly grazing on the lawn. As I came up, the boy had just succeeded in mounting the charger, and had given him the word of command to march; it was obeyed with such unlooked-for spirit that his poor rider could not recall the military phrase to stop him till the horse had cleared the gate, which stood in the line of his march; then he stood still as marble at the word halt, pronounced by the deep voice of the father. I came up in time to congratulate him upon his commencement of his military career, which his father assured him had ended much more prosperously than his own. The father related to us many of his adventures during the war, which he seldom mentioned, to relieve the sadness which we all felt in thinking of our approaching separation. When the evening was far spent, I took leave of them; but as I returned the manly grasp of the father's hand, and the embraces of the chil-

dren, I was oppressed with a foreboding sadness; perhaps I have a strong leaning to superstition, but there was an expression that haunted me long after, in the thoughtful and lovely face of the little girl, as she bade me an affectionate farewell.

I was returning to this place after the long absence I have mentioned. The evening of my return seemed precisely like that of my departure: the sun cast its warm red glow upon the pines, the rosy clouds were as smoothly painted in the waters of the river as in the upper sky, and the smoke was rising above the trees, seeming to the imagination like that most acceptable sacrifice, the incense of a domestic altar. Every thing appeared the same; but I knew all could not be the same. The same forests were there in their melancholy beauty, the same unconscious river was moving in its never weary flow; but there had been time for fearful changes to pass over the spirit and destiny of man. I felt that strange reluctance to approach the house, which I believe men always feel to re-enter the homes of their youth, where a history of sorrow and death may await them, the worst of which they are impatient to know.

I shook the faintness from my spirit, however, and walked on. The gate was no longer carefully secured, and as I came nearer, I saw that the hedge was growing luxuriantly wild. A few dead flowers appeared here and there among the verdure of the garden, and intimated that the kind hand which cherished them was gone. Without reflecting that other tenants might be there, I opened the door, and on entering the little parlour saw a young female supported by pillows in a

chair near the window, where the evening light was shining in. Her face was beautiful, though wasted by disease; death had evidently set his seal deeply on her brow; the hand of the statue is not paler than the one she faintly extended toward me, saying, "I am glad that you are come." From the movement and the words, I knew it must be the pensive child I had left in almost infant loveliness, and much as I had been prepared for changes, my blood ran cold at witnessing one so awful as this. My heart beat thick and fast when I inquired for her father and brother; she shook her head and I was answered. But there was a radiance in her countenance which I cannot describe, though I have seen and felt it more than once; it gave me the assurance that the volume which lay open near her, had relieved her loneliness and sorrow, and would yet strengthen her to enter the vale of death. She was the last of her family, and I found the prophetic feeling that she was destined to misery, which had once haunted me, was now too sadly fulfilled,

She had known me the moment I entered; and after recovering a little she told me in a low voice how happy she was to meet me again. I had often observed that she listened to my conversation with her father, and the changes of her countenance had shown how much she was interested. Now I found that she had embraced Christianity as her support; poor girl! she needed it all, before her short duty on earth was done. In her childhood, when free from care, she was pale and thoughtful; in the last stage of her sad life she was calm, and but for one remembrance, happy; like some star,

beautiful in the tears of the morning, but far lovelier in the warm radiance of the evening sky.

She told me that her father continued the same for some years after I left them. His hair might have grown whiter, but his mind was as resolute, and his step as firm as ever. He had little society beside that of his children, whom he loved with manly affection: but he knew not what care was necessary to form their dispositions; and instead of teaching them the principles of duty, contented himself with securing the correctness of their conduct and feeling, by requiring their submission to him. This mechanical obedience could not guide them in all the events of life; besides, it left out of view the great distinctions of right and wrong on which all duty must depend. She never thought of questioning her parent's command; but her brother, as he grew older, with many marks of a fine and generous spirit, betrayed at times something resembling his father's passion. In their quiet life, however, there was little to call for passion; all went on in harmony, and they enjoyed as full a measure of happiness as is permitted on earth.

As the boy grew into a man, his father gave him the care of his estate. Under a youthful hand it rapidly increased in value; and, as the girl delighted to make improvements in her brilliant little garden, the place was the admiration of the country. The father often sat at his door in the evening, while she was watering the thirsty flowers, and watched with an eye of calm satisfaction the movements of his son, as he placed all in order for the night. Who could have thought, that a trifling provocation could profane the scene with earthly

passion? But trifles are powerful, because they find the heart unguarded.

One day, when the son was directing the mowers in the field, the signs of a thunderstorm appeared in the west. Clouds lay there like the black ridges of mountains, sometimes cloven to their base by the lightning shooting down to the horizon, and at intervals the heavy thunder came from the distance, and rolled far off upon the wind. Seeing that his son took no precautions against the shower, the father sternly asked him why he neglected it. He answered negligently that the storm would not come near them. This was followed by a command, and the command by a reply, till both were in a furious passion. The father's brow was black with ungovernable wrath, and his daughter came up just as he had charged his son to quit his house, and never enter it again: the effect was terrible; the young man's face grew icy pale as he cast one glance of defiance at his father, and moved quickly away. It was too late for his sister to follow him, and overcome with agony, she fainted at her father's feet.

When she recovered, the storm was rolling over them in all its power. Her father was bending over her, with an expression in which anger had given place to sorrow and self-reproach. Thinking only of her brother, she said, eagerly, "he will return;" but her father made her no reply. He was meditating on his son's resemblance to himself, and he felt that if he had been so driven from the house of his father, his pride would not suffer him to return; in truth, he had parted from his father in anger, when he entered the service of

his country, and had only returned in time to receive a last blessing and to close his eyes. The remembrance of his remorse urged him to follow and seek a reconciliation with his son; but whither should he follow him? The night went down in the storm; he kissed his daughter with unusual tenderness, and retired to his chamber: but, she heard the low sound of his steps, pacing the floor above her, through the whole of that melancholy night.

The next morning at daybreak, her father had mounted his horse and was riding towards New York. Something seemed to whisper that his son would be found preparing to go to sea. He went on, only halting when his wearied horse required it, paying no regard to the objects on his way, and reached the city early on the morning of the second day. He made a few hasty inquiries of a friend, who told him that his son was to sail the same morning, and gave him the name of the vessel. He hurried to the wharf, and was told by an old seaman, who stood gazing at some distant object, that the vessel had sailed a little before; he pointed as he spoke, and the miserable father saw the ship that contained his son, standing gallantly out to sea. For some time, he paced the wharf, utterly unconscious of the gaze of the strangers round him; every eye was bent on him, with an expression of surprise and compassion; indeed, every one who observes the feelings of the crowd, will see that suffering of mind is regarded with a respectful tenderness which nothing else commands. When he recovered recollection, he returned to his home, like a mourner from a new-made grave; and as his

daughter welcomed him with a kindness that met with no reply, she felt that from that moment it was her duty to relieve his sorrow, and fold a mantle over her own.

For more than a year, he continued in the same painful state of gloom. He sat, every fair day, before his door, apparently looking abroad upon nature; but he no longer found a charm either in the beauty of the earth or sky. Sometimes his neighbours would visit him; but they wanted address to engage his attention, and at last, weary of unavailing efforts, they ceased to come near his door. But every one pitied the lovely girl, who thus enslaved herself to her father; and many a look of honest admiration was cast on her, as she walked with him to the village church, and sat, rapt in the solemn service, which he hardly seemed to hear. It was evident to all that she was wasting with care; and the light colour on her cheek, instead of being mistaken for health, was truly likened to the prophetic red of autumn, "signifying what death she should die." All would have reproached him with thus sacrificing his child; but they were touched by his altered look; for his stooping frame and faltering step showed that he could no longer defy the grave, and she was left to sustain him in his desolation, like the frail ivy on the shattered ruin, forced to bind together and uphold the fabric, from which it should have received support.

One morning, late in autumn, as he sat looking over the newspaper, which was the only thing that interested him, his daughter was surprised to see a gleam of pleasure in his face, to which it had long been a stranger.

She looked earnestly at him, as if asking the cause of his emotion; he put the paper in her hands, and pointed to the name of a vessel which had arrived in New York, and was still below in the harbour. As if she had known his purpose, she hastily made some preparation for his journey, and in less than an hour, infirm as he was, he was again upon the way to the city. But how altered were his feelings since he traversed the same way before! Sunshine now seemed to rest on every object; though the day was cloudy, and the leaves were falling, every thing was bright to him; even his impatience was relieved by the assurance, that at his journey's end he should find the peace which had so long deserted him, and should then return to his home and be happy. When he arrived in the city, he went directly to the wharf; but among all the ships continually entering that noble harbour, how should he discover the one that contained his son? Seeing a man making fast a boat at the foot of some stairs which descended to the water, he hastily inquired if the *Isabella* was in the stream: the man answered that he had just left the vessel. Again the parent mentioned the name of his son, and asked if he were on board: the rough seaman mistook the quick tone of earnestness for authority, and rudely answered—"he died of a fever, and was buried in the sea three days ago; you must go fifty fathom deep to hold any communication with him now." Could such an answer have been given? It was given, and it fell on the old man's heart, like a thunderbolt falling from an unclouded sky. For a minute he was stunned

with the blow: he then slowly clasped his hands, and said "God is just;" the words were resignation: the feeling was despair.

As he came to his house, on returning, his daughter, who had watched unceasingly for his coming, saw him at a distance, and gave a scream of delight; but the next moment she saw that he came alone. He came slowly, and seemed unconscious that he was near his home; and the moment she could read his countenance there was nothing left for words to tell. But she fainted not, she uttered no cry: and though her heart swelled almost to bursting, she appeared calm as ever, while she assisted him to dismount from his horse, and supported him to the door. As she took his hat and staff, he said, as if to himself, "I shall never want them more," and went directly to the bed from which he never rose again. On the third day, as she was sitting by his bedside, he took her hand and pressed it fervently; his eyes were bent on her with admiring affection; his lips moved as if in prayer, and he expired so calmly, that only the coldness of the hand which she held in her own, informed her that she was left alone with God.

Alone in the world she was, but not forsaken. She walked humbly under the burden of her misfortunes; perhaps she sometimes wondered why it could not have been lighter, but she bowed with resignation to the sorrow of "hearts divided and hopes destroyed." Her singular unhappiness, as well as her excellence and loveliness, excited a general interest; all were desirous to make her an inmate in their family; but she gratefully declined their kindness, knowing that her days

were numbered, and wishing to pass from the house of mourning to the "house not made with hands." But she did not give way to selfish sorrow; she went about the duties of her household and her usual walks of charity; even her little garden began to brighten and bloom again; but her heart was far away. The disorder she had inherited from her mother, was rapidly doing the office of kindness, and was welcomed as a blessing. I remained with her, as she desired, through the short time she had yet to live; and never in my life did I see a more affecting example of the power of religion to bind up the broken heart. She came near the grave without feeling any of its chillness: she was calm as in the best days of her life, and though she had not the least enthusiasm, it seemed as if her eyes were gazing at times on the glories of another world, before they were closed to this. In the last hour of life her "face was as an angel's;" she endeavoured to express to the friends who stood weeping round her, her gratitude, wishes, and affection, but her strength was gone; she could only say, and I felt the last faint pressure of her hand as she spoke, "I cannot thank you now—but, there"—she pointed upward; her eyes expressed what she could not say, and her spirit passed as happily as ever soul was rendered back to God.

When the sad procession left the house on the day of the funeral, I took a long and earnest look at a place which I determined never to see again. By the accidents of life, my affections had been fixed on this devoted family; and I knew not till they were gone, how desolate this world can be. There was a mild transpa-

rency in the air, and a sabbath stillness on the bright face of nature; for the men of the village suspended their cares, and came to mourn for the loveliest of its children. The maidens, once her companions, were oppressed with sorrow, and their tears flowed fast in silence; the aged walked in the dignity of manly sadness; they felt that when the young were taken, their hour could not be distant; the passing stranger uncovered his head, and waited in silent reverence while the procession went by; and as the tones of the plaintive bell floated far upon the landscape, the sounds fell heavily on every heart. Mourners in ordinary language, there were none, but all were mourners; for even the cold world feels as if it has lost something, when the excellent, however lowly, are taken away. While the coffin was lowered into the grave, a suppressed voice of weeping was heard through all the people. I was breathless and cold; an iron grasp, as of death, was on my heart, and the tears that might have relieved me refused to flow.

I have passed the place once since that day; but I passed as the traveller hurries by the lonely spot, marked by some deed of blood. I had no heart to linger and gaze upon the desolation. I could not but see that the garden was neglected, the shutters of the house were closed, and no smoke was rising to tell the stranger of hospitality and peace within. Yet why should I lament that its unfortunate inmates are tenants of that narrower mansion, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

LOVE ASLEEP.

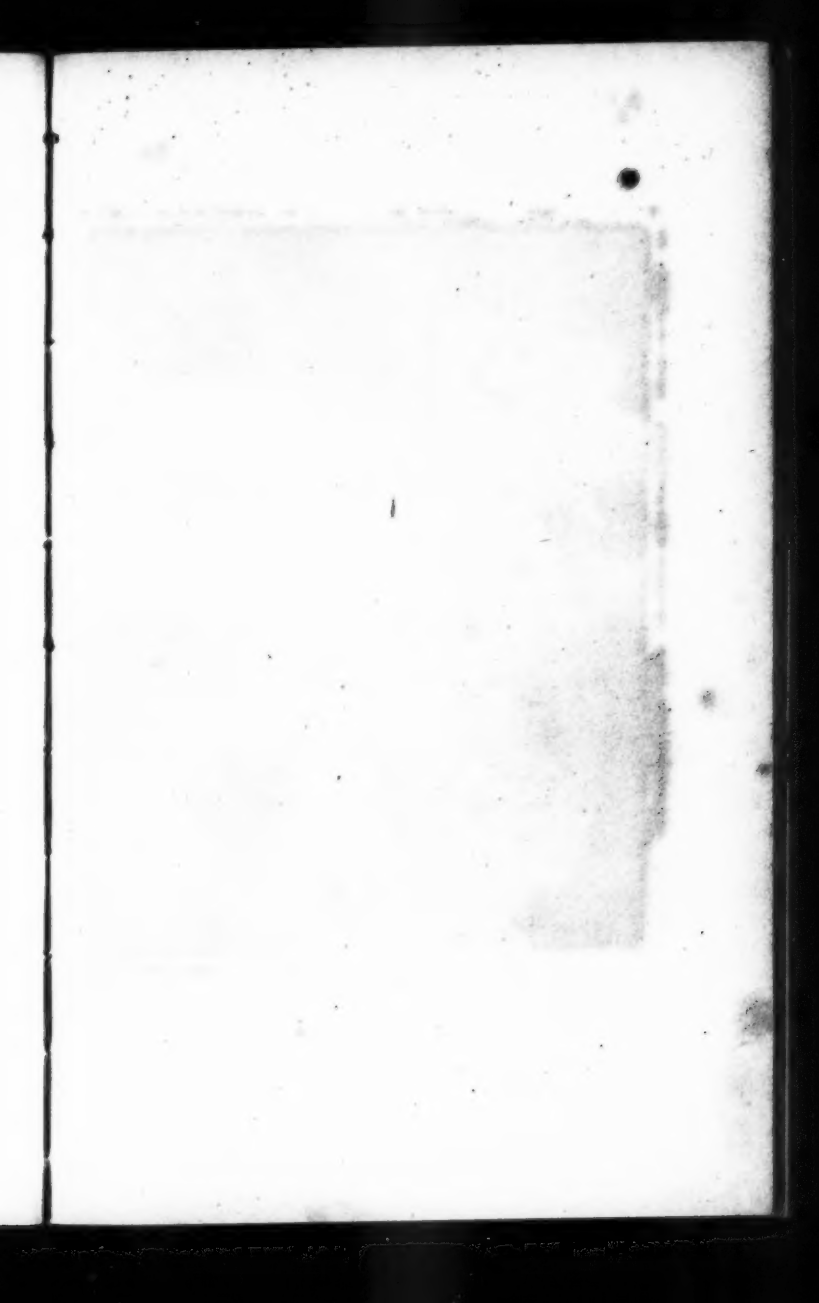
'Tis said that music is the food of Love,
 Light diet, certes, though excess of it,
 As the bard sings—THE BARD, par excellence—
 May give a surfeit, and the appetite
 Sicken and die—the Irish way, perhaps
 The poet meant—to live a little longer.
 If some have died for love, 'tis probable
 Not over-eating, but the lack of food
 Led to such sad catastrophes. The limners
 Have sometimes made this Love a chubby child,
 Like Clara Fisher, (who's a little love,
 Par parenthese,) in Gobbleton. But who
 Would think of Cupid, as of one o' the quorum,
 (Not but that aldermen can love, however,)
 Dying of calipash and calipee!—
 Yet music is the food of love, nay more,
 It is the vital air of love, its soul,
 It's very essence, love is harmony
 Or nothing; love's the music of the mind—
 (Perhaps that thought is stol'n from Lady Morgan,
 Whose books I read with pleasure, notwithstanding
 Some pigmy critics here, and those they ape,
 Those barbarous, one-eyed Polyphemuses,
 The Cyclopes of the English Quarterly.)
 But to return from rambling—Cupid's movements
 Are the true "poetry of motion," (that

I'm sure belongs to Lady Morgan,) full,
We must confess, of strange variety,
From epic down to ballad. Here's a pair
Will bow and curtsy, in chapeau and hoop,
Then stalk the stately minuetto round,
Ending where they began their metaphysics,
With bow and curtsy! this is called "engagement"—
Very engaging truly! Here's another,
Goes you to church in galliard, and returns
In a coranto. One is all adagio,
Another naught but jig. All times, all movements,
This mighty master of the heart-strings tries
In his capriccio: most full of crotchets,
And quavers, too, is love—as I have learn'd
From the old book of nature, always open.
I knew a gentleman, was quite unlover'd,
(’Twas in the days when youthful damsels sew’d,
What time our mothers flourish’d,) for his mistress
Threaded her needle with a too careless air
While he read Werter to her. And ’tis giv’n
As a strict verity, when Dame Von Haller
First rear’d her cambric banner o’er the stage,
Commanding tears to flow—two German barons,
Warm lovers too, as German barons may be,
Broke troth and plight with their affianced brides
The self-same night—the first because his lady
Was weak enough to weep a sister’s fall;
The other, for his fair display’d a heart
So hard, it would not melt at other’s woes.
And such is love—or such, at least, the whims
Of those by courtesy call’d lovers, fellows

Who plume themselves upon their manliness,
And arrogate superiority
Over a sex, which, in all things where love
Truly is shown:—in faith and constancy,
(Ay, sneer ye brainless coxcombs, constancy,)
In perfect self-devotedness: in courage
To brave the world's barbarity; and patience
To bear e'en wrong from him for whom that world
Was cast aside, and lost: in truth and honour:
In pure, enduring, fond and fix'd affection,
Nature has placed upon an elevation
In her great scale of being, over man
Man, that mere egotist, vain, fickle, selfish,
In whom e'en love is a disease, a kind
Of tertian, that by fits freezes the soul,
Or burns it up with fever—yea, as high
As the most glorious Heavens are raised above
The gross and sordid Earth. But to resume
My tale—which, by the way, I have not yet
Begun, I think—without more preface, or
Digression—for I hate digression more,
If possible, than long and wordy preface—
But who could ever yet encounter woman
And keep the onward, jog-trot, business pace,
Passing her without reverence?—To my story:—
There lived in Italy, I think near Florence,
Some brace of centuries past, a good old count,
Who, in his fine old castle rear'd a daughter,
His only child—Angelica—so named,
Perhaps, from her of the divine "Orlando;"
Medoro's fair Angelica, the fondest

And tenderest of women, whose sweet face,
As given by Cipriani, I could kiss
Although but in translation, from the copper
Of Bartolozzi. Our Angelica
Was beautiful:—but I had rather not
Describe minutely, lest it should be deem'd
Invidious, by some female friend of mine
Whom the description suited not. 'Tis dangerous
To dwell on female charms too long or warmly,
Or too particularly—I never do,
Save in a sonnet to my lady's eye-brow,
And then, if that be flaxen, I avoid
Praise of the raven arch, and vice versa.
So, what our heroine was, in shape or air
And feature and complexion—whether pale
And interesting, of fragile, sylph-like form—
Or flush and fat—I beg a million pardons,
I mean—approaching to the embonpoint,
Haply the painter may divulge, not I.
She was a frank, kind-hearted, generous creature—
Had proved a most dear daughter; and, within
Her innocent heart had stores of precious love
To bless the happy husband, far beyond
His fondest hope, were he the veriest miser
In Hymen's wide domain. I can't aver
She was in love, for she had liv'd secluded,
Shut out from all society, to please
Her good old sire, who, since her mother's death,
Grew, to be plain, hypochondriacal.
Yet so it was, she was betrothed, to one
She thought, at least, she loved. Ippolito
Was a fair youth of a right noble lineage,

Who came from Florence duly every summer,
To rusticate among his father's oaks.
Angelica and he had met—and so
Became of course, in the country, lovers—and
The match being eligible on either side,
The estates already wed, the parents smiled,
The notary chuckled, and the lovers blush'd,
And were betrothed: how soon a contract's made
When all are to be gainers. Love, however,
Smiled not, it seems, on those solemnities.
Perhaps he did not like the notary,
Love does not write his billets doux on parchment.
The sequel will denote he was displeased,
Yet such a sequel to a tale of love
Perhaps was never read of. You shall hear.
'Twas near the day of marriage, when our bride
Stood at the casement, whence she'd often watch'd
The light step of her lover, as he came
Across the smiling meadow. 'Twas a day
The hottest of the hottest summer—one
Almost too hot for love, who's fire itself:
'Twas afternoon—Angelica, poor girl,
Had not, as usual, taken her siesta,
(Why, is unknown—young ladies, it is said,
Get fidgetty when near their wedding day.)
I would advise both old and young, who live
In melting latitudes, not to omit
Their little snug siesta after dinner,
It is refreshing, and prepares the mind
And body too, for evening business.
Angelica in vain look'd far and wide
For her Ippolito: the gentle youth



F 458.



Engraved by G. S. Newton.

Engraved on Wood by Geo. A. H. H.

LOVE ASLEEP.

No doubt was fast asleep. She sat her down
And tried her lute—'twas out of tune, and harsh;
Her voice—'twas weak and husky. Then she look'd
Out on the sylvan scene—all nature seem'd
Sunk in siesta; not a single bird
Was seen or heard; the very flowers gave forth
A sleepy kind of odour, like the breath
Of slumb'ring beauty. There was not abroad
A sound, nor scarce a motion. The dull breeze
No longer flapp'd its flagging wings—it slept.
The air seem'd powder'd fire—all—all was hot,
Hot, hot and hush—that e'en the water-fall
That glitter'd in the sun, look'd like the gush
Of boiling water from a copper kettle.
Angelica arose, and walk'd across
The apartment to her glass—how natural:
She did not like her looks; she did not like
The glass, nor e'en the harmless peacock's feather
That hung above; who can like any thing
In such hot weather? Then she sat again,
In a great chair, and lean'd upon her flowers,
And took a volume up, and laid it down,
And then applied her compasses to the globe,
Haply to see how far it was from thence
To a cold country. Nothing would avail,
A charm was in the air, and every thing
Must sleep—books—compasses
Fell on the floor—and slept; Angelica
Lean'd back her head in her great chair—and slept.
I do not know how long the lady slumber'd,
These are particulars my manners will not
Permit me to pry into, but 'tis clear

F 458



Portrait of a woman

Portrait of a woman

NOVA ADRIAN.

No doubt was fast asleep. She sat her down
And tried her lute—'twas out of tune, and harsh;
Her voice—'twas weak and husky. Then she look'd
Out on the sylvan scene—all nature seem'd
Sunk in siesta; not a single bird
Was seen or heard; the very flowers gave forth
A sleepy kind of odour, like the breath
Of slumb'ring beauty. There was not abroad
A sound, nor scarce a motion. The dull breeze
No longer flapp'd its flagging wings—it slept.
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Hot, hot and hush—that e'en the water-fall
That glitter'd in the sun, look'd like the gush
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The apartment to her glass—how natural:
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In a great chair, and look'd upon her flowers,
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A charm was in the air, and every thing
Must sleep—books—compasses
Fell on the floor—and slept; Angelica
Lean'd back her head in her great chair—and slept.
I do not know how long the lady slumber'd,
These are particulars my manners will not
Permit me to pry into, but 'tis clear

'Twas a sound nap she took. Ippolito
Had finished his some time, and made his toilet,
Which was no hasty matter. The fresh breeze,
(Refresh'd by sleep,) was springing up, in short,
'Twas almost evening, when the lover stept
Empassion'd and perfum'd into the room.
I never yet could fully comprehend
The doctrine of antipathies—nor pardon
The man who feared or hated what in nature,
Was innocent and harmless—yet there be
Such arrant fopperies—and of all fopperies
They are the worst—and of this worst, the worst
Is, that a man shall hate to see a woman
Eat, and so forth—my lord Ippolito
Was no Lord Byron in the main, yet he
Was as ridiculous in this particular.
'Twas his aversion—what a pretty term,—
To see or hear a woman sleep. Ye Gods,
Aversion to a sleeping woman—well,
The histories do not say Angelica
Breathed louder than young ladies ought to breathe
When they're asleep—no one has dared to say it,
Nor would I for ten thousand worlds presume it.
But 'twas enough—our fine Ippolito
Yielded to his aversion, and instead
Of gazing on the blessed sight before him,
Like the rapt votary at the holy shrine,
Or on his knees, stealing a sacred kiss
From the fair hand that hung so temptingly,
Or even from those rich and ruby lips
That seem'd to ask it—if those little freedoms
Were sanction'd by the manners of the age,

I know not, I, but think that kissing lips
Should ne'er go out of fashion. Our fine spark,
Instead of this, thrice twirl'd, with lordly finger,
His amiable whiskers, and, while she,
Perhaps, was dreaming of the senseless ingrate,
Took snuff, shrugg'd up his shoulders, turn'd his back,
And gallop'd off to Florence.

'Tis not thought

Angelica went mad—of all God's creatures,
A coxcomb is the thing soonest forgotten.

J. N. BARKER.

THE DEAF AND DUMB AT PRAYERS.

If sweet it is to see the babe kneel by its mother's side,
And lisp its brief and holy prayer at hush of eventide;
And sweet to mark the blooming youth, at morning's
purple ray,
Breathe incense of the heart to Him who ruleth night
and day;

How doth the bosom's secret pulse with strong emotion
swell,
And tender, pitying thoughts awake, which language may
not tell,
When yon mute train, who meekly bow beneath afflic-
tion's rod,
Whose lip may never speak to man, pour forth the soul
to God.

They have no garment for the thought that springs to
meet its sire,
No tone to flush the glowing cheek, or fan devotion's
fire;
Yet surely to the Eternal Throne the spirit's sigh may
soar,
As free as if the wing of speech its hallow'd burden
bore.

Were language their's, perchance their tale of treasured
grief and fear,
Might cold or unresponsive fall, even on a brother's ear,
So may they grave upon their minds in youth's unfold-
ing day,
'Tis better to commune with heaven, than with their
fellow-clay.

The pomp of words doth sometimes clog the spirit's upward flight,
But in the silence of their souls is one long sabbath-light;
If God doth in that temple dwell, their fancied loss is gain,
Ye perfect listeners to His voice! say, is our pity vain?
H. SIGOURNEY.

SENECA LAKE.

ONE evening in the pleasant month of May,
On a green hillock swelling from the shore,
Above thy emerald wave, when the clear west
Was all one sheet of light, I sat me down,
Wearied, yet happy. I had wander'd long,
That bright fair day; and all the way, my path
Was tended by a warm and soothing air,
That breathed like bliss; and round me all the woods
Open'd their yellow buds, and every cottage
Was bower'd in blossoms, for the orchard trees
Were all in flower. I came at close of day,
Down to thy brink, and it was pleasure there
To bathe my dripping forehead in thy cool
Transparent waters. I refresh'd me long
With the bright sparkling stream, and from the pebbles,
That bedded all thy margin, singled out
Rare casts of unknown shells, from off thy cliffs
Broken by wintry surges. Thou wert calm,
Even as an infant calm, that gentle evening;
And one could hardly dream, thou'dst ever met,
And wrestled with the storm. A breath of air,
Felt only in its coolness, from the west
Stole over thee, and stir'd thy golden mirror
Into long waves, that only show'd themselves
In ripples on thy shore—far distant ripples,

Breaking the silence with their quiet kisses,
And softly murmuring peace. Up the green hillock
I mounted languidly, and at the summit
On the new grass reposed, and saw that evening
Fade sweetly over thee.

Far to the south

Thy slumbering waters floated, one long sheet
Of burnish'd gold—between thy nearer shores
Softly embraced, and melting distantly
Into a yellow haze, embosom'd low
'Mid shadowy hills and misty mountains, all
Cover'd with showery light as with a veil
Of airy gauze. Beautiful were thy shores,
And manyfold their outlines, here up-swelling
In bossy green—there hung in slaty cliffs,
Black as if hewn from jet, and over-top'd
With the dark cedar tufts, or new leaved birch
Bright as the wave below. How glassy clear
The far expanse. Beneath it all the sky
Swell'd downward, and its fleecy clouds were gay
With all their rainbow fringes, and the trees,
And cliffs, and grassy knolls, were all repeated
Along the uncertain shores—so clearly seen
Beneath the invisible transparency,
That land and water mingled, and the one
Seem'd melting in the other. O! how soft
Yon mountain's heavenly blue, and all o'erlaid
With a pale tint of roses. Deep between
The ever-narrowing lake, just faintly mark'd
By its reflected light, and farther on

Buried in vapouring foam, as if a surf
Heaved on its farthest shore. How deep the silence—
Only the rustling boughs, the broken ripple,
The cricket, and the tree-frog, with the tinkle
Of bells in fold and pasture, or a voice
Heard from a distant farm, or hollow bay
Of home-returning hound—a virgin land
Just rescued from the wilderness, still showing
Wrecks of the giant forest, yet all bright
With a luxuriant culture, springing wheat,
And meadows richly green—the blessed gift
Of liberty and law. I gazed upon them,
And on the unchanging lake, and felt awhile
Unutterable joy—I loved my land
With more than filial love—it was a joy,
That only spake in tears.

With early dawn

I woke, and found the lake was up before me,
For a fresh stirring breeze came from the south,
And all its deep-green waves were toss'd and mingled
Into a war of foam. The new risen sun
Shone on them, as if they were worlds of stars,
Or gems, or crystals, or some other thing
Sparry and flashing bright. A gentle murmur,
A roar scarce utter'd, like a voice of mirth,
Amid the dancing waters, blended well
With the Æolian whispering of boughs
In a wide grove of pines. The fields and woods
Were sparkling all with dew, and curling smoke
Rose from the cottage fires—the robin, too,

And the brown thrush, and other birds conceal'd
Amid the half-blown thickets, joyously
Pour'd out their morning songs, and thus attended,
I wander'd by the shore. O! it was pleasant,
To feel the dashing of the dewy spray
Rain on my forehead, and to look between
Long crests of foam, into an unknown depth
Of deepest green, and then to see that green
Soft changing into snow. Over this waste
Of rolling surges, on a lofty bank,
With a broad surf beneath it, brightly shone
White roof, and spires, and gilded vanes, and windows,
Each like a flame—thy peaceful tenements,
Geneva, aptly named; for not the walls
By the blue arrowy Rhone, nor Leman's lake,
With all its vineyard shores and mouldering castles,
Nor even its shaggy mountains, nor above
Its world of Alpine snows—these are not more,
Than thou, bright Seneca, whether at peace,
As I at evening met thee, or this morning,
Toss'd into foam. Thou too shalt have thy fame—
Genius shall make thy hills his home, and here
Shall build his airy visions—bards shall come,
And fondly sing thee—pilgrims too shall haunt
Thy sacred waters, and in after ages,
O! may some votary sit on the hillock,
At evening, by thy shore.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

I TOOK MY LUTE.

I took my lute, once more to sing
Those themes of love which still are dear;
I took my lute, but every string
Was glistening with a tear.

For, oh, I thought of other days,
When one, who must not hear again
The song my simple chords might raise,
Had listen'd to that strain.

And wildly then I sought to wake
The silence of my slumbering lute,
And forced my trembling lips to break
The spell that held them mute.

But the light spirit of those chords
I found, too soon, had died away;
And love's own pure and sparkling words
Were changed to sorrow's lay.

As if my lute but knew too well
How much that loved one had deceived;
As if my lips refused to tell
What she no more believed.

As if they both had deem'd it wrong
That other ears should hear a tone,
A word, of that impassion'd song
They breath'd for her's alone.

R. SWEENEY.

APRIL.

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Wordsworth.

I HAVE found violets. April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the caves, and drawing in
His beautiful bright neck, and from the hills,
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass—and so I know
That nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of spring.

Smell of my violets! I found them where
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank
That lean'd to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.

I love to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets; when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deem'd unmanly, but the wise
Read nature like the manuscript of heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out!
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,
And read it when the "fever of the world"
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life
Hath yet one spring unpoison'd, it will be
Like a beguiling music to its flow,
And you will no more wonder that I love
To hunt for violets in the April time.

N. P. WILLIS.

NARANTSUK.

"O mourne not for thy strength in desarts spent:

Rather rejoyce thy Christ makes use of thee

Soules to convert, his kingdome's large extent

From East to West shall shortly settled be.

Thine eyes and eares have heard and seen great things

Done by thy Christ, shewes he thy toll accepts,

Though thy weake flesh weaker to dust hee'l bring

'Thy quickned spirit increast in his joy leaps.'

Wonder-working Providence, 1636.

PERHAPS there is no portion of our country so little known to the southern part of the Union, as the state of Maine. Immense tracts of land, both on the north and east, were for a long time considered worthless, and the progress of civilization was only marked by the axe of the woodman. It is comparatively but a few years since the treasures of this fair domain have been opened to its now legitimate possessors. Its original inheritors sleep under the sod their blood has enriched, and not one historian remains of their once numerous population.

Both the French and English were aware of the value of this country, centuries ago. In 1623, Henry the fourth of France granted all that part of North America which

lies between the fortieth and forty-sixth degrees of north latitude, to the *Sieur De Montes*, by the name of *Acadie*. In 1662, *Georges* and *Mason* received a grant of all the country between the *Merrimack* and *Kennebeck* rivers, from the sea to the *Saint Lawrence*, by the name of *Laconia*.

Those who now visit this fertile region, find it difficult to credit the tradition which describes it as a howling wilderness, infested by bears and wolves, and overrun by savages.

Soon after entering the *Kennebeck*, the eye is arrested by a beautiful union of cultivation and natural luxuriance; in ascending the river, its sloping banks exhibit abundant proof of that healthful industry which provides for the real wants, and not the fastidious craving of man. Small settlements are scattered on its borders; above *Bath*, the confluence of several rivers forms *Merry-meeting Bay*, so called, because the Indians were accustomed to assemble there in their canoes, and concert measures for any enterprise which required united effort. After passing the bay, *Swan Island* appears in view and stretches along for four or five miles. It was formerly the residence of the great *Sachem Kennebis*, the reputed father of the *Kennebeck* river, from whom it derives its name. A few lofty and wide-spreading trees remain, which, from their venerable appearance, might have been planted by *Kennebis* himself. In ascending the river the banks of the western shore become more elevated; as you pass the village of *Gardiner*, a small Gothic church rears its spire, a monu-

ment of simplicity and architectural beauty, and contrasting, by its still solemnity, with the busy water machinery and manufactories of this thriving town.

No one can enter Hallowell, without wishing to linger and gaze on the cultivated seats that crown the summits of the shore, as the river winds by the town and enters the heart of Augusta, rich in natural situation and its enterprising inhabitants. Probably the time is not far distant when the steam-boats of the south will migrate to this eastern world, freighted with summer adventurers in search of a healthier climate than their own. It is not Maine as it now is, however, to which my story points, but as it was more than a century ago, when it could only be explored by its rivers.

It was in the year 1723 that a sail moved slowly up the Kennebeck; the vessel wound cautiously along, doubling the little capes as if the helmsman was doubtful how to steer his course. The dark pines and gnarled oaks hung threatening from the banks, and cast a deep shadow over the water. The deck of the vessel seemed alive with human figures. On one side might be seen the tall, muscular form of an Indian, with his parti-coloured plumes, glittering ornaments, and scarlet trimmings; on another, the slight, flexible figure of a Frenchman, contrasted with the firm, well-proportioned outline of an Englishman, and yet still more strongly with the coarse, sun-burnt features of the sailors. One object, however, presented itself to the eye more prominently than the rest; it was a female—she stood forward at the prow of the vessel, her eyes bent on the distance; her

dress seemed to be a mixture of Indian and European—there were the gay colours and showy trinkets of the savage, but they were disposed with taste and order; her slender wrists were loaded with ornaments like those of a modern belle; her garments were not only decently but elegantly arranged, the silk drawn closely to her form and marking its fine proportions. It would have been difficult to say to what nation she belonged; there was nothing of the tawny hue of the savage, nor yet of the rose and lily of the European—yet there was the rich tint of southern climes, mingling with the quick glance and movement of feeling and sentiment.

Cautiously moved the vessel: at length the shallow waters gave evidence that it had reached the head of navigation, and it stopped in the midst of the stream. At that moment a boat, wholly unlike the sharp canoes of the Indians, shot from the thick underwood of the banks: the female no sooner descried it than she clasped her hands with impassioned gestures. The barque approached the side of the vessel; it was rowed by an Indian; but a figure sat at the helm, wrapt in a dark cloak; he arose and extended his arms; with the quickness of thought, the girl placed her foot on the side of the vessel, and sprung into the boat. After a few words of greeting, she turned to the motley crew that stood gazing at her, and bending forward made the sign of the cross on her forehead and bosom; no rough salutation was returned; the Englishman stood motionless and erect, his arms proudly folded. It would seem as if the girl wished to extort a parting signal; for she fixed her eyes steadfastly upon him,

again bowed and crossed herself. He turned coldly away, and the boat shot back to the thicket.

"So ends our adventure, Arundel," said the Frenchman, approaching the young Englishman to whom the lady's last salutation was addressed. "Mademoiselle Clara has found her mate, and is henceforth to become a nymph of the woods, and I see nothing left but for us to return to Acadie and tend sheep."

"Not I," replied the young man, with an impatient glance, "not I, while one drop of blood flows in my veins."

"What then is your object? To scalp some hundred of these black ducks,* and present yourself at the general court and claim the reward? They offer a hundred pounds a scalp; now a score of these together might lure the little wild bird from her nest."

The eye of the young man spoke a language the Frenchman understood, for he retreated behind him and remained silent. In a few hours, the vessel was again under sail, and retracing her course to the Atlantic.

Strange as these circumstances might have appeared, there were none to speculate upon them; and though a beautiful girl, apparently at the mercy of a few adventurers, would in modern times have given ample employment to the thousand tongues of slander, no dark suspicions disturbed the serenity of the woodlands, for here nature dwelt in her lovely simplicity. One circumstance however, excited much speculation in the mind of the

* A term of contempt, used at that time for the Indians.

Frenchman—Monsieur Arundel, as he called him, had suddenly disappeared from the vessel, with the Indian; it was in vain that he inquired what had become of them; no one seemed disposed to gratify his curiosity. The captain said he had been handsomely paid for his trouble, and that was all his concern.

The truth was, that while the Frenchman had stretched himself on one of the sails and fallen into a quiet slumber, Arundel and the Indian had been landed on a small island, and entering a canoe attached to it, made for the shore. They had scarcely arrived when the Indian set about transforming the white man's complexion to the tawny hue of his own; this, with the addition of divers coloured paints, gave him the wild and fierce expression of a savage; then dividing with him his ornaments and blankets, he gazed upon him with much satisfaction. "Now," said he, "you look like a man, and the mother that bore you might tremble for her scalp." When the transformation was completed, they returned once more to the canoe. Their progress was rapid, for both were muscular and athletic, and busily plied their oars. In a short time they came in sight of the boat which contained the young lady: they now slackened their pursuit, taking care not to lose sight of it. It was evening before it again put ashore. Arundel and the Indian also landed at a distance. They perceived the party enter a little wigwam which stood buried in the woods. It was not till an hour or two after their landing, that Arundel ventured to steal near the wigwam. It was with some surprize that he heard voices chanting, as if in evening devotion. There was

the deep sonorous voice of a man, blending with the soft harmonious notes of a woman. Sometimes the strain was low and solemn, and then again it seemed to float on air, and rose in a rich and powerful melody that awoke the echoes of the hills around. It was no earthly love song that broke the silence of the night; it was the Ora sanctissima of pious Catholics. Arundel felt humbled by the suspicions he in vain tried to banish from his mind; he was ashamed of his disguise, and yet, thought he, it is not from curiosity that I hover round her, but to protect her from evil; when I am assured of her safety, I will abide by her injunctions.

At that moment a man came from the door of the wigwam. "It is cooler here," said he, ascending a little hillock. "Clara!" he called, "Clara!" The young girl came bounding forth; to the imagination of Arundel, it was as a joyous bride goes forth to meet her bridegroom. She knelt on one knee to the man, he raised her and pointed upwards, a ray of the moon fell upon her face, and even to the jealous eye of a lover it spoke no earthly passion: her companion was still shrouded in his dark mantle. They seated themselves and spoke low, he imagined the discourse was sad, for she often put her handkerchief to her eyes; at length with a lingering step she returned to the wigwam.

As soon as the day dawned, they were again pursuing their course. It was a dim hazy morning, clouds of mist arose from the river, as is often the case on the Kennebeck; to follow close on the boat would have excited suspicion, and at a short distance it was not visible through the fog. The Indian advised the delay of a

few hours. "The mist will disperse," said he, "and we shall soon overtake them." Arundel entered the wigwam that had sheltered Clara and her companion. It contained only a rude altar of stone, and a wooden crucifix. He seated himself at the foot of it, and in his reveries forgot almost the object of his pursuit—his eye was fixed on the inscription placed over the altar: "DREV SEUL!" He had been educated in an unqualified detestation of Papists; he had been told from his youth upwards that he must avoid all association with them, that their religion was made up of idle ceremonies and idolatrous worship; yet there was a simplicity in this temple, dedicated to the Most High, that contradicted his early prejudices. "Here, at least," said he, "God is worshipped in the solitary grandeur of nature. No man who thinks deeply and draws upon his own resources of intellect, can be long a bigot; it is the tradition from sire to son, 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' that has formed this artificial species among the human race." There is an innate power in thought that expands and enlarges the mind. Arundel arose from his mental exercise a better and a wiser man. He descended to the banks of the river: the mist had dispersed and the sun was shining in all its radiance. As he gazed at the scene, a purer, holier feeling of devotion came over him. "Even so Father," exclaimed he, "wilt thou dissipate the errors that cloud my mind!"

Again they repaired to the canoe, and both felt an emotion of surprise, when, after rowing some hours, they did not overtake the object of their pursuit. "You will find them at Narantsauk," said the Indian; "they

have outstripped us—I must now quit you—my way lies across the hills to the Penobscot.” When Arundel arrived at Narantsauk, he was struck with the order and neatness of the Indian village; he did not venture to make any inquiries, though they generally spoke French, mixing it with their native language. They invited him without any apparent distrust to enter their wigwams.

Early the next morning he found the Indians were assembling for their worship. A missionary, well known by the name of Father Rallé,* had resided among them for many years, and most of the tribe had become converts to the Catholic faith. It was an affecting sight even to Arundel, educated as he had been in puritan abhorrence of popery, to see the wild and uncouth savages preparing themselves for the holy rites of religion. The Kennebeck was strewn with canoes; and women, warriors, and children were seen hastening to the consecrated walls. The chapel was a simple building; no spot could have been better selected to impress the mind with solemnity. It was placed in a valley, on a point of land which projected into the river, and surrounded by wood-covered hills, that gave it a peculiar expression of seclusion and stillness.

Arundel knew the devotion of Clara to the Catholic religion, and he was convinced that if she was in the vicinity he should see her at the chapel. When he entered it, he was astonished to find it in no respect inferior to the Canadian churches. Father Rallé, in a letter to

* So called by the English—his real name was spelled Rasles.

his nephew, says, "I have built a church here which is convenient and elegant. I have thought it my duty to spare no cost for the decorations or the vessels used in our holy service; they would be considered valuable in our churches in Europe. I have selected about forty young savages who assist in divine service in cassocks and surplices; they have each their office—some for the holy service of the mass, some for the choir, sacrament, and procession, in which a large concourse of savages unite, who often come from a distance to join in the worship."*

Arundel mingled with the savages as one of their tribe. When he entered the sanctuary, his eyes wandered over the figures of the women in search of Clara, but there was nothing that resembled her. In a few moments, however, the side door opened, and the priest entered with the choir, and followed by the young girl. It was now that he distinguished in Father Rallé, the man who had conducted Clara the day before to the spot.

The service was solemn and impressive, and the deep and sonorous voices of the men mingled with the softer but not less untutored notes of the women; beyond all could be distinguished the clear melodious sound of

* In his description of the arrangements of his worship, he says, "I have contrived to illuminate my church without much expense, by boiling the berries of wild laurel, which grow like juniper berries, then skimming the oily substance, and mixing it with any species of tallow in equal proportions, excellent candles may be made from it, that burn bright, and are as hard, and greatly resemble wax candles." What the missionary calls the wild laurel is the bayberry, now much used for making candles. It is known in botany by the name of *Myrica*—class xxiii. order iv.

Clara's voice, that thrilled to the heart of the Englishman. It was in the chapel of the convent in Canada that Arundel had first seen her; he was then deeply impressed with her appearance, and learnt, with an indefinable sensation of pleasure, that she was only a boarder in the convent, and placed there for her education. He soon found opportunities of becoming acquainted with her, while she was visiting her friends at Quebec. She seemed to be an object of peculiar care and affection to the governor, at whose house she often resided for weeks. Clara was frank, gay, and unsubdued by forms. Though Arundel was an Englishman, and on that account an object of distrust, and only tolerated as a commissioner employed by the government of Massachusetts; yet as the young people became more acquainted, Clara grew friendly and confiding, and when Arundel, with the impetuosity of youth declared himself her lover, she received his avowal with undisguised pleasure. Yet amidst the happiness of acknowledged and requited affection, many a doubt saddened his mind. She was a papist, a worshipper of graven images, nor could he disguise from himself that there was some mystery in her situation. She stood alone—no one claimed relationship with her, and though all loved and admired Santa Clara, for so she was called from one of the patron saints, neither father, mother, nor brothers, placed around her their guardian shield; yet there was one who had united in himself all these ties—it was Father Rallé—he had been her counsellor and spiritual guide, and though separated from him for the advantages of education, it had been the earnest desire of her

heart to live with him. To her entreaties for this purpose he constantly replied, "Alas, my child, you know not what you ask. I hear only savages, I speak only to them; my food is corn, which I boil with water; the sole luxury I allow myself is to mix the maple sugar with it. What would be hardship for you has become habit to me, and I can say with truth that 'none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.'"

It was soon after this letter that Clara received another from her spiritual father, requesting her to join him at Narantsauk, and desiring the governor to make proper arrangements for conveying her safely. Perhaps the summons could never have been less acceptable to the young lady; when she informed Arundel that they must part, her tears fell in abundance. It was in vain that he intreated for an explanation. "Alas," she said, "I have none to give—my dream is over—I am not mistress of my own destiny." She was well aware how hateful the venerable Father was to the English, and carefully forbore to mention his name, and in this respect she acted by his strict injunctions.

All Arundel could obtain was a permission to accompany her up the Kennebeck, till she should meet the boat that was to convey her to her friends. Though vexed and disappointed, he could not but acknowledge that it was better for him to part forever from a being so wrapt in mystery, and of a faith that he had been taught to consider idolatrous. Indeed, there was something in her

own character that at times alarmed him; an independence, a fearlessness of consequences, a sportive gaiety that he was aware would create much surprise among the primitive dames of New England, and ill comported with the titled dignity of the elder branches of his family in Britain.

"It is best as it is," said he; yet when he saw her committing herself so fearlessly to another, he persuaded himself that it was merely a principle of humanity that led him to pursue and watch over her. Now when he again beheld her in the chapel, her beautiful and delicate features contrasted with the high cheek bone and coarse expression of the savages—when he saw her mingling with them in their devotions, and forgetting all but those Christian ties which make men of every nation brothers, the scene operated powerfully upon his imagination, and he felt almost tempted to bow before a faith that appeared to be founded upon that law of love which is written on the heart. When mass was over, the children assembled around the Father to be instructed in their catechism; then all ages pressed near; they communicated to him their inquietudes, their causes of complaint with each other; they consulted him upon their marriages and their secular affairs. With a countenance beaming with paternal affection, he consoled the sorrowful, established peace in families, roused the consciences of the hardened, and soothed the timid and the doubting, mingling words of reproof and tenderness as they were needed. All went away better and happier than they came.

"And this," said Arundel, as he left the chapel,

"this is the religion of a Papist!" His heart swelled as he thought of the narrow bigotry in which he had been educated. As he turned slowly away, he observed an Indian standing on the bank of the river, as if waiting for some one; he was evidently of high rank; he wore a coronet of scarlet dyed fur, with small bells fastened to it; his whole dress was rich and striking, his appearance lofty and commanding; as he stood on the margin of the river, the light form of Clara, clad like an Indian, sprung towards him. He held her at a little distance, as if observing with delight the change in her apparel. Though Arundel could not distinguish what they said, it was evident they spoke in French; the conversation was animated; sometimes the young warrior made use of vehement gestures, but Clara, nothing intimidated, hung confidently on his arm; they approached a canoe which was fastened to a tree, he lifted her into it, and seizing an oar was quickly out of sight.

"At length," said Arundel, "the mystery is over, and I will play the mean part of a spy no longer. I will quit this place and Clara forever; but oh, that such refinement, such sensibility, such fascination, should consort with a savage!"

Slowly he returned once more to the chapel. Perhaps he sought, even in a Roman Catholic sanctuary, something of that holy calm that religion inspires. It was deserted—he seated himself on the steps which led to the altar—suddenly the door of the sacristy opened, and Father Rallé entered.

"Friend," said he mildly, "do you come for counsel or assistance?"

"I have little right to be here," replied Arundel.

"All have a right," exclaimed the priest, "who have need, or ask the prayers of the church; but why," continued he, "do you wear a dress that is foreign to your nation? It does not disguise you. I have been already informed there was a spy amongst us."

The cheeks of Arundel burnt with shame. "Unfold to me your purpose, my son," said the Father mildly. "None require counsel so much as the erring; come to me this evening, it is the only season I reserve to myself; I will see you alone; till then my time belongs to my flock. I must visit the sick and those who are necessarily detained at home."

He turned away, and Arundel remained alone. When he reached the wigwam where he had passed the preceding night, he observed less cordiality in the manners of the Indians, and he learnt that he was an object of suspicion, but protected by the Father. To his inquiries about the young warrior whom he had seen, they answered readily it was Castine, their chief.

In the evening Arundel repaired to the dwelling of the priest; he had resumed his European dress, and told his story to Father Rallé with perfect sincerity, not even disguising his attachment to Clara, but suppressing the interview he had accidentally witnessed with Castine.

The Father listened with kindness. "My daughter was right in communicating nothing concerning me," said he, "and acted, as she has done through her life, by my direction. Young man, we have all our different parts to sustain; the old must be nerved to action by principle, the young restrained by duty; to each a path

is assigned, but each must bear his cross. To you this young woman can be nothing, there are insuperable bars."

"I know it well," exclaimed Arundel coldly; "but I should be sorry to depart, without explaining to her why I have assumed this disguise, and followed her here."

"I will do it for you," said the priest; "your character shall be cleared from any imputation of disgrace—from imprudence it cannot so easily, for had I not have been on the spot, you would have been imprisoned."

"Then I must not see Clara?" said Arundel. "There are reasons why you must not," said the Father. "Is this her own prohibition?" asked Arundel.

"She is gentle and affectionate," said the Father, not replying directly to Arundel's question; "she is governed by those who have her everlasting good at heart."

What tyranny! thought Arundel; and all his former abhorrence of papists rose in his mind; then the recollection of the interview he had witnessed with Castine, came over him. "I dare say you are right, Father," said he; "indeed there would be no use in my seeing her, you can say farewell to her, which is all I wish to say myself;" and he arose to go.

"I shall consider it a favour," said the priest, "if you will remain a few days with me. I wish to give you more just ideas of the Catholic religion than I fear you entertain; for I know well how our faith is considered by your nation; reside in my cabin, consider yourself under my protection, and you will want no other."

It is probable the Father had hopes of converting the

heretic to the true faith; his success over the minds of the savages had made him sanguine in his cause, and he for a moment forgot how much easier it is to plant saplings in the unbroken ground, than to root out the forests of centuries. A few efforts convinced him that the mind of Arundel had attained a position from which it could not be driven. Abandoning then the subtleties of the schools, he contented himself with a general exposition of the object and motives of a Catholic mission. "I came among these people," said he, "thirty years ago. I found them fierce, revengeful, and treacherous; more than once my life has been in jeopardy from their attempts—you see what they are now, a band of Christian brothers; they desire only the peaceable possession of the spot on which they live—to me they are dutiful and affectionate children, and I have no other joy, and ask no other reward than to bring them to the knowledge of Christ."

It was a new pleasure to the priest to associate with a scholar, and a man of liberal education. Though possessed of superior sense, profound learning, and admirably skilled in the Latin language, his acquirements were now never called forth; he took pleasure in showing Arundel that the mind may rest without rusting.

The Indians, in imitation of their beloved pastor, strove to outdo each other in acts of kindness. Castine too, came forward with frank and open cordiality, but Arundel shrunk back, and the young chief felt that he was repulsed.

The representations of Father Rallé were not without their effect. Arundel sent on accounts to the gene-

ral court at Boston, of the friendly and pacific demeanour of the Narantsauk Indians; described the manner of life and excellent character of Father Rallé; and endeavoured to procure for them the quiet enjoyment of their own lands, and the religion they had embraced. The English, however, had become so much exasperated, both with the Jesuit, as they called him, and the chief, Castine, that they would listen to no representations in their favour. They accused the former of instigating the Indians to war. In proof of this accusation they brought forward an intercepted letter of the priest's, in which he exhorts the Indians to resist all encroachments of the English, and zealously to guard their religion and their rights.* Castine, as chief of the Abnaquis, had been brave and vigilant in repelling hostile attacks, and active in making reprisals.

In reply to Arundel's representation, a vessel was dispatched to Arrowsick Island, near the mouth of the Kennebeck, and a conference demanded with Castine. Arundel had every reason to believe it came with amicable proposals; the captain assured him Castine should be treated as a guest. With the confidence of a brave and generous mind, the young warrior confided himself to Arundel; but they had scarcely reached the island, when a number of armed men rushed from a place of concealment, and binding both, conveyed them to the vessel. It would be difficult to describe the emotions of Arundel; he was aware that his conduct bore every appearance of treachery; it was he who had sent infor-

* See Massachusetts Historical Collections, VIII, 266.

mation, it was he who had apparently decoyed Castine into the snare. He implored them to put him on shore, or suffer him at least to write to Father Rallé, but this was refused.

A few remaining records prove how Castine was received at Boston. It was at first pretended that he was a Frenchman, and it must be acknowledged that his complexion and features gave some colour to the accusation. He was arraigned, and questioned like a criminal, by what right he had assisted the savages, and wore the habit of a chief. To these interrogations he replied in a clear and undaunted voice—

“I am Abnauis by my mother—I was born and have passed my life among what you call savages—my nation have chosen me for their chief—I wear the dress of a chief, any other would be below my condition.”*

Notwithstanding his dignified conduct, and the representations of Arundel, whose father, though residing in the mother country, was much esteemed by the colonists, Castine was treated like a malefactor, and thrown into prison.

Nothing could exceed the rage and indignation of the Narantsauks, when they discovered the capture of their chief, or the grief of Father Rallé. The men collected in a body, and called a council at Merry-meeting Bay, of the allied nations, that measures might be adopted to compel the English to restore Castine.

On the fourth day they returned from the consultation.

* Massachusetts Historical Collections, VIII. 252.

While they were relating the result of their deliberations at Merry-meeting Bay, Clara rushed in amongst them.

"I have introduced a traitor to your abode," she exclaimed, "he has stolen your chief; if it is vengeance you want, let my life be the sacrifice." One of the old sachems took her by the arm. "We do not thirst for the blood of the innocent," said he; "our good Father has taught us that precious blood has been shed for us. Go, my daughter, and get comfort from him."

It was with Father Rallé that Clara found the only consolation of which her mind was capable. "Why this despair, my child?" said he, observing her agitation, "they will not, unjust as they are, long detain Castine. I have written to our friend, the governor of Canada—through his mediation he will be restored."

"And Arundel!" said Clara, casting her eyes upward. "We will pray for him," said the priest—"our blessed Saviour has taught us to pray for our enemies." Clara shuddered. "Come," said he, "I will collect my children—the voice of God is loud in the wilderness."

When the chapel bell rung its deep and sonorous note, all were seen hastening to the sanctuary. Warriors forgot their fierce debates, and knelt unarmed, with their women and children, at the altar. Clara threw herself at the foot of the statue dedicated to the holy virgin;* her long hair fell over her shoulders, and concealed her face, and as she clasped her arms round it,

* Father Rallé says the chapel "est dédiée à la très sainte vierge ou l'on voit sa statue en relief."—*Lettres Edifiantes*.

she might have truly represented a penitent Magdalen. It was the evening of the fifth day after the capture of the chief, all was still and solemn, and it appeared as if the people had met more in sorrow than in anger. Not a sound was heard but the low whispering of the trees, and the rippling of the tide. The sun was only visible from the light reflected on the tops of the distant mountains; the chapel, the valley, and the woods were wrapt in deep shadow. The fiery spirits of the warriors were cooled by the hour, and human passion seemed to sleep. The Father had studied well the character of these tenants of the wilderness. He knew how to remove them from external objects that awoke the discordant and wild phrenzy of feeling. In the midst of this deep and solemn silence a sudden excitement seemed to prevail like electricity; every Indian sprung upon his feet, and the shrill sound of the war-hoop issued from their lips. Father Rallé stepped forward, and Clara arose. It was but the glance of a moment to understand the scene. Arundel stood before them unarmed!—he motioned to be heard. “I have come,” said he, “to deliver myself into your hands; your chief is a prisoner at Boston; my father is a counsellor, and a man esteemed among the English, do with me as they shall do by your chief.” From this time he was considered a prisoner of war. It was not easy for him to remove from the minds of the Indians the suspicion of treachery, but as Father Rallé was perfectly satisfied with his explanation, and he had voluntarily surrendered himself, they did not confine him. Arundel earnestly wished for an interview with Clara, but the Father appeared

determined against it. They met only in the chapel; and after the services were over, Clara retired with the Father to the sacristy; yet Arundel often caught a wandering and furtive glance, but her eyes were hastily withdrawn.

About this period, while Castine was in prison, it was thought a favourable moment for removing, what the English now considered the only obstacle to their taking possession of that part of the country, lying between Acadie and New England. A reward was offered for the apprehension of the venerable missionary. It was late in the season, the savages had left Narantsauk, and gone on a hunting excursion. No time could be more propitious to the designs of their enemies, and a detachment of two hundred made their way through the woods towards the settlement. Two young savages who were hunting, discovered them, and hastened in advance to give the alarm. Arundel became at once their self-created chief. He saw that the old men, women, and children were conveyed to a place of safety; and the vessels and ornaments of the church were concealed by Father Rallé's direction, while he repaired to the woods for a hiding place. The enemy sought for him in every direction, and at length took their course to the very spot where he was. Arundel, who had carefully marked their progress, at that critical moment appeared at a distance with the black cloak of the priest thrown over him. As soon as they discovered him, they gave a general shout, and rushed towards him. With great presence of mind he drew them far from the spot by retreat-

ing, though they had been previously so near the missionary, that he might have touched them. He says in a letter to Père de la Chasse, "C'est ainsi que par une protection particulière de Dieu, j'échappai de leurs mains." They robbed the church of every thing valuable that remained.* From the church they proceeded to his humble dwelling—it bore evidence of the simplicity and self-denial of the owner. They were about retreating, when the strong box of the Father caught their attention. Here was at once an object for their cupidity, and hastily taking possession of it, they retired. When they opened it, they found the fruit of thirty years! but it was neither in silver or gold—it was an Abnaquis dictionary! A note in Rallé's own handwriting prefaces it; it is dated 1691. "Il y a un an que je suis parmi les sauvages, je commence a mettre in ordre en forme de dictionnaire les mots que j'apprens."† Arundel at length persuaded the ruffians to abandon their project, assuring them the missionary never should be taken but by the sacrifice of his own life.

It was not till the ensuing spring that Castine was released from prison, and suffered to return to Narant-

* Pere de la Chasse says, speaking of Father Rallé, "Il prenoit un soin extraordinaire d'orner et d'embellir son Eglise, persuade que cet appareil extérieur qui frappe les sens, anime la devotion des Barbares, et leur inspire une plus profonde veneration pour ses saintes mysteres. Comme il seavoit un peu de peinture, et qu'il tournoit assez proprement, elle étoit decorée de plusieurs ouvrages qu'il avoit travaillés lui-meme."—*Lettres Edifiantes*.

† This dictionary is deposited in Harvard College, and may be seen by the curious. Some of his letters too may be found in the Archives of the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

sauk. Whether his release was finally effected by a letter received from the governor of Canada, or by the intercession of Arundel's friends, as his life was considered in jeopardy, is doubtful; but by historical records it is ascribed to the former cause.

The joy of the nation was great on his arrival, and Arundel received almost equal honours with their chief; he had voluntarily surrendered himself as a hostage, and had endured all the hardship of their long and tedious winter to restore Castine. The time had now come when he was to part from them. To the desire that he again expressed to see Clara, the Father merely said, "if you wish to take leave of her I will convey a note." Arundel wrote the following.

"In Canada I pledged to you my faith; I believed the pledge was accepted, circumstances have convinced me otherwise. Your Abnauis warrior has returned, he has great virtues, may he add to courage and magnanimity, the tenderness of domestic affection. Farewell, it will be hard to me to think of Clara St. George as the wife of an Indian warrior. God bless you."

The parting with the venerable Father was truly affecting, he gave him his benediction again and again. Arundel and Castine too, parted with a long and silent embrace. The young Englishman quitted Narantsauk, accompanied by the affectionate regrets and recollections of every individual.

It was a few weeks after Arundel's departure, on the morning of the Sabbath, that the people had assembled in their chapel; they were unarmed, for it was the white man's God they had come to worship—one of peace, of

love, of mercy!—suddenly the dreadful tidings reached them that eleven hundred white men and Indians were approaching. Father Rallé conjured his flock to escape, and rushed out to meet the enemy, in hopes that by giving his own life he might save those of his converts. Castine stood by his side—his resistance was fierce, but short—both fell dead at the foot of a cross planted in the village.

The death of the two beings on whom they relied, filled the Indians with despair—some sprung into the river, others fled to the woods, but the greater part were shot. The massacre of that day is written in innocent blood! After having accomplished their purpose, the enemy withdrew with the greatest precipitation. It was not till the next evening that the fugitive remnant returned to their settlements. Clara, who had by Castine's direction concealed herself with her female companions in a cave, had already bathed with her tears the remains so dear to her, and arranged their mangled forms in decent order. Deep and solemn was the grief of this desolate flock. The church lay a heap of ruins, they cleared the spot where the consecrated altar stood, and buried the father and the chieftain in hallowed ground.*

When it is considered that a price was set upon the head of the venerable missionary, it is not wonderful that barbarians were found base enough to murder him. He had been repeatedly urged to quit his people, and remove to a place of safety—but he constantly replied,

* The bell was dug up not many years since, at a short distance from the spot where the church stood, it is now placed in the museum at Brunswick college. A crucifix has since been dug up.

"Their salvation is dearer to me than my life." The truth of this assertion he fully proved, by going to meet the enemy and giving the savages some chance of escape.

It was not long before the news of this massacre reached Boston. Arundel heard it with horror and dismay, and once more bent his course to Narantsauk. When he arrived, but few savages remained. The English had already begun to erect buildings near the settlement. Those who now visit the beautiful and flourishing town of Norridgework, (the ancient Narantsauk,) built upon the margin of the river, shaded by trees, and inhabited by kind and hospitable people, will find it difficult to believe that a spot so fair was won by carnage and blood.

Arundel learned that Clara had returned to Quebec. Perhaps it was curiosity, or it might be a deeper interest that led him to hasten there. He found she had taken refuge in the convent where she was educated; he went immediately to see her. She was clad in deep mourning, and it was many minutes before her emotion would suffer her to speak. Arundel knew not how to administer comfort, but he offered his services in any way they might be useful. "I have a letter," said Clara, "that my venerable Father desired me to give you if we ever met again. He lived under the constant impression that his life would terminate as it has done. In losing my two friends I have lost all." Arundel felt as he gazed upon her, his long-subdued emotion rising. "I have only one question to ask," said he, "is it a lover or husband that you lament in Castine?" "Gracious heaven," exclaimed Clara, "he was my brother!"

The letter from Father Rallé was a vindication of that part of his conduct, which might have appeared like duplicity in the eyes of Arundel. He stated that the *Sieur de Castine* was his intimate friend, that he became enamoured of a beautiful Abnaquis woman, that they were married according to the holy rites of the church, that they had two children—the son, who was then chief of the Abnaquis tribe, and the daughter Clara, and that he resided upon the Penobscot river. Father Rallé then went on to state, that during his stay at Quebec, Clara was conveyed to him by her father, who was not willing to have her reside among savages. ‘I commit her to your care,’ said he, ‘place her in a convent, and if any accident happens to me, be a father to her, and consider her as your own child.’ “The *Sieur de Castine*,” continued the missionary, “died in the course of a few years, her mother too, early closed her life, and Clara became mine; I have constantly watched over her, and our correspondence has been uninterrupted. She has faithfully revealed to me every emotion of her heart—I could not but discover her attachment to you—I considered her situation perilous—there was but one alternative, it was to have her with me; nothing but the welfare of her immortal soul could have induced me to call her to this wilderness. You know how earnestly, how conscientiously I laboured to convert you to the true faith, had I accomplished this object, I intended to have informed you of her parentage, and given you the offer of marrying her. I was disappointed, and I therefore exacted from Clara a promise that she would never converse with you. I am aware that to you this will seem

like tyranny and bigotry—but what are human opinions compared to the account we must one day render up? what can be compared to the value of a soul? I knew too well her impetuosity, her sensibility, to endanger one so precious. One cause of unhappiness I would gladly have spared you—I perceived your suspicions rested upon Castine, but I could not remove them without making known their parentage, and the *Sieur de Castine* had enjoined me to preserve the secret of Clara's birth. 'I know too well,' said he, 'the prejudices of the world to place my innocent child in a situation where the finger of scorn may be pointed at her. My son may be educated among his mother's connections, if he becomes a chief, under your counsel and direction, he will be a Christian one; and I owe the services of one of my children to my blameless and devoted wife.' And now," continued the Father in his letter, "if you ever receive this, it will be when I am no more, for I candidly acknowledge, that I never would consent to any intercourse that might risk her eternal salvation. It is my earnest desire that she should take the veil—but I fear she inherits from her mother a natural repugnance to the holy calm of a monastic life. It is the only subject on which she has uniformly opposed my wishes. Perhaps the knowledge of Clara's birth may prevent your wishing to unite yourself to her; I confess, I hope it may be so, should it however prove otherwise, and you persuade this warm-hearted confiding girl to become your wife, I conjure you by the living God to respect the faith in which she has been educated; seek not to undermine a belief essential to her salvation, and which

will be the security of her virtue here, and her happiness hereafter."

Such was the tenor of the letter. Perhaps Arundel felt a little hesitation as to her ancestors on the maternal side, and thought with some repugnance of the blot upon his escutcheon; if he did, however, it was a short struggle, for on the second day of their meeting, Clara with smiles and tears hailed him as her chieftain.

Arundel did not receive a portionless bride. Castine left estates in France, which were legally his daughter's. She was known to his friends on his return to England only as the daughter of the *Sieur de Castine*; and it was years before he informed his parents, that she, who was the patron of every domestic virtue, was an *Abnaquis*.

FAME.

“ Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach
unto the clouds, yet shall he perish forever.”---Book of Job.

THE tree of Fame is mortal! though it rear
Its top amid the heavens, its roots still creep
Within the earth; and storms shall one day sweep
It from its place, or latent canker, year
By year, the heart consume—till weak and sere,
It falls by its own weight. Vainly we steep
It with our tears, and fondly hope to reap
A golden fruitage. Yet, if fate severe
Might spare it, and (this feverish being spent)
A sort of after life throughout all time
By it we might enjoy,—would this content?
A tree there is that flourishes sublime,
Whose branches are with fruit immortal bent;
Who eat, shall live, indeed,—and in a nobler clime!
PICKERING.

THE SUN-DIAL'S MATINS.

THOU God of my worship, my early devotion
I offer unmingled to thee!
I live at thy coming, I go by thy motion,
Thy presence is being to me!

At eve, in the west, when thy glories are sinking,
And the spires and the hill-tops have caught
Thy parting embrace, then I feel myself sinking,
To pass, for a while, into naught.

For man looks estranged, as he never had known me,
Though late he believed me so true;
And darkness descending, the night will not own me,
But loads me with umbrage and dew.

The moon, a false queen! with reserve seems to chill me,
Her beams are so distant and pale;
The stars, changing glances, with twinkling would kill
me,
Should faith in my Deity fail.

But I feel on its axle the globe is revolving,
And know with the morn I shall see
Those mimics so vain, in thy brightness dissolving,
And nature rejoicing in thee.

So, patient I wait, uncomplaining and fearless,
Nor faint, when thy face is withdrawn;
And never has night been so lengthen'd or cheerless
That it has not been follow'd by dawn.

I turn not to earth, for she ever has given
Obscurity, vapour and dust;
I ask not of self, but I look up to heaven
For guidance, with hope, and with trust.

Though clouds oft have gather'd to tempt or persuade me
My God and my faith to deny.
Thy beams darting through them, have ever repaid me
For placing my treasure on high.

Then, hail to thy rising, bright God, in thy splendour!
While glory is marking thy way,
Darkness and damps their dominion surrender,
And fly from the monarch of day!

O, light! thou art truth! though to me but diurnal,
On thee my affections shall feed:
And he who shall look in the sun-dial's journal
My life and its moral may read.

H. F. GOULD.

THE GLOVE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLITARY TRAVELLER.

I WAS in Florence about the time that Italy was overrun and conquered by the French. To me it has ever been the most delightful of cities. I love to listen to its harmonious language. Even in the mouths of labourers and peasants, it swells with a richness and beauty, to transalpine ears truly enchanting—but when gently lisped in the repetition of poetry, or blended with music in the full melody of song, we seem to have gained a new sense, to enjoy the triumphs of a new art—it is indeed the inborn language of music, of eloquence, of devotion, and of love—it is the corporeal form of poetry, which gives to fancy and imagination their fairest being. I love too, to wander along the streets of Florence, where the present and the past recal and blend together the happiest thoughts—where we do not forever hear the unceasing din of commerce, or the worse bustle of that fashion which is the offspring of commerce—where the gigantic palaces that rear themselves around, bear the marks of taste and beauty, blended with the signs of



THE GIVER OF THE SACRAMENT

THE GLOVE.

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F. 457.



Painted by J. F. Suter.

Engraved on Steel by Geo. R. P. M.

THE GARDEN.

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feudal power, and the turbulent spirit of jealous and infant freedom. I love to gaze in her halls on the fairest forms in which genius and art have moulded the dreams of imagination and the ardour of superstition—where the innate flash that moulded the ethereal beauty of the pagan goddess, almost rivals the rapt devotion of him who fixed on the immortal canvas, images of holier beings. I love to wander over that plain where luxuriant plenty leaps to laughing life—to trace the footsteps of Byron among the aisles and tombs of Santa Croce—to enjoy, as Gray enjoyed, the gentle air, the moonlight music, the sloping amphitheatre of hills, and the crumbling ruins—or with yet deeper pleasure, to trace the footsteps of Milton along the winding vale of Arno, listen as he listened to the thick rustling of autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa, or look upon the glittering and cloudless heavens, perhaps from the very spot where Galileo himself stood, when

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist gazed
At evening, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, and mountains in the spotty moon.

One afternoon, it being the vigil of Easter, I was attracted to the Duomo or grand Cathedral—the glorious structure of Michael Angelo, in sight of which he desired his tomb might be placed. I had observed not merely crowds of the inhabitants hastening thither, but many whose dress, manners, and language, showed them to be the peasantry of the surrounding country. Some evidently had come even from the neighbourhood of Pisa

and Sienna. The troops were drawn up in front of the cathedral, and every thing convinced me that there was some uncommon festival or religious ceremony about to be celebrated. On making my way into the church, I found it crowded far beyond any thing that I had yet seen. All the splendour and fashion of the city was mixed with the less refined, but more devoted worshippers. The priests were in their gaudiest costumes. The paintings and sculptures that adorned the chapels, altars, and walls around, appeared in more than usual freshness and beauty. The incense had already perfumed the vast halls and aisles. The music burst forth with its richness and fulness, spreading through the heart, if not a feeling of pure and simple piety, that deep, enthusiastic, I may almost say voluptuous devotion, which the solemn and gorgeous rites of the Catholics seldom fail to produce. During the course of the service, the chanting of the priests had sunk into a lower, measured, and more solemn note; the crowd seemed to be fixed in breathless attention, awaiting some expected event; when suddenly, from those around the altar, and from the bands of singers, burst forth the noble hymn of Gloria in Excelsis. At that moment a dove broke away, to all appearance, from the choir, and amid the louder and louder notes of the sacred music, and the breathless gaze of the multitude, made its flight along the nave, and setting fire to a car of combustible materials, in the square before the cathedral, returned to the friendly hands from whom it had flown, and rested on the bosom of the altar. As the flame ascended without the temple, the expressions of congratulation and joy could scarcely

be restrained among the crowd, while the holy service proceeded. I was myself for a moment struck with astonishment at the circumstance, but only for a moment. I soon discovered that it was a pageant annually exhibited by the clergy, to cherish and play upon the superstitious feelings of the people, who were taught to believe that the prosperity of the succeeding year depended on the successful flight and return of the artificial dove, which was made to glide along a wire through the church; indeed from it has arisen the proverb—*Quando va bene la colombina, va bene il Fiorentino*. The silly trick dispelled in a moment all the feelings which the previous solemnity had not failed to excite; it seemed a very mockery of the heart, thus to awaken its deepest and purest sentiments, and then to devote them to the mummery of superstition and the delusion of ignorance. I left the church, and bent my way through the deserted streets, disgusted with the scene I had beheld.

The sun however was yet high, and, though the year was young, the day uncommonly hot and oppressive. The distance to my residence was considerable, and as I passed a church, I determined to rest myself, and await the cooler shades of the evening. It happened to be that of Santa Maria Novella, belonging to the Dominicans; in its architecture there is much beauty, and a number of admirable paintings adorn its walls. At present however it appeared sombre and deserted; the usual votaries had gone to the pageant at the cathedral; and with the exception of a few priests, who might be seen quietly stealing along the aisles, and here and

there an old woman rising from her knees and leaving the little boxes which are placed around for confession, there was nothing to break the quiet and sober thoughts in which I was disposed to indulge. And of all the faculties of the human mind, perhaps such indulgence of thought is the most delightful, as it gives us, though indeed but for a moment, the enjoyment of that pleasure which arises from hopes realized, and desires obtained. It places us in the midst of scenes long passed, in which we become ourselves the actors. As recollection flitted across my memory, the pageant I had just seen, the assembled crowds who watched the flight of the dove, changed into the crowds, as thoughtless and gay who pressed round the altar when fell murder stained it with the blood of Julio of Medicis; and his brother, Lorenzo, seemed to stand at my side weeping over the dying object of his early affection. Then I was transported with Lozenzo from the horrid scene to lofty palaces and gardens, where genius was assembled around the youthful merchant, to enjoy his generosity and wealth. As these passed away, their places were filled with the sterner forms of warriors, and the coarser manners of an earlier age; but even they seemed to listen with deepest reverence to the beings of mighty intellect who mixed among them—to the sublime Dante, the pensive Petrarch, and the gay Boccace, on the music of whose lips the bold and the gentle equally hung. With him the scene changed to the gloomy horrors of the plague. I fancied myself hurrying through the crowds who hastened from the city, or the yet more fearful bands who bore the bodies of the dead,

carelessly, and without the marks of ordinary affection, to their rough home; I beheld palaces with their rich furniture, and occasional groups of people walking about with nosegays and odours, meant indeed to obviate infection, but still blooming to the eye, and giving a gay and thoughtless air to those who wore them, which was strangely contrasted with the dogs and swine that fed unnoticed on the offal scattered through the neglected streets; with the cruel, unfeeling haste in which even friends and relatives deserted those who were dying; with the stealthy pace of plunderers who robbed the unburied bodies and deserted houses; with the heaps of corpses thrown indiscriminately into trenches without the solemn blessings and prayers of the priests. Then in the very spot where I was sitting, the seven young Florentine ladies who had assembled there to offer up their prayers amid the misery and misfortune around them, seemed to resume their places near the altar, and after their melancholy devotions, to collect together in the corner, and fall into discourse concerning the nature of the times; I thought I could trace in their countenances the natural vivacity which suggested their lively and various tales, the joy with which they listened to the suggestion of Pampinea to fly into the country from the gloomy and dangerous scene where they were, and the mingled air of coquetry and delight with which they saw "three gentlemen come into the church, the youngest not less than twenty-five years of age, and in whom neither the adversity of the times, the loss of relations and friends, nor even fear

for themselves, could stifle, or indeed cool, the passion of love." How far I might have followed the damsels and their swains, I know not; another half hour no doubt would have led me to the little eminence remote from the great road covered with agreeable verdure, the stately palace, the beautiful court-yard, the little valley, and the other enchanted spots where the tales were told which were to charm all ages and people; but alas! my reveries were suddenly interrupted by the salutation of a less ethereal being, in the person of a young student with whom I had formed an acquaintance not long before.

My friend Niccolo, however, was not less given to the agreeable amusement of castle building than myself, nor of a turn of mind less devoted to romance, or the romantic literature of his country. He united with me especially in my admiration of Boccace and the earlier Italian novelists, and it was a favourite amusement with us to search out the spots which they had designated in their tales, and to trace the history of persons or families whom they recorded, or to whom they related. We have wandered many times through the old churches and streets of Florence, tracing in decayed effigies and mouldering tenements some relics of high-born cavaliers, and of lofty lattices beneath which those illustrious gentlemen had poured forth their lays of constancy and valour, to shy and unpropitious beauty. We have roamed through all the surrounding villages, and scoured the country to the Appennines, to find out if aught remained of Pampinea's palace; its great hall and chambers most elegantly fitted up and furnished with every thing

that was proper; its spacious and pleasant court below stairs; its cellars stored with the richest wines and delicate springs of water every where running; its garden walks, whose sides were closed with white and red roses and jessamine in such a manner as to exclude the morning, and even the midday sun; its grass plot of deep green, spangled with a thousand different flowers, and set round with orange and cedar trees, while a fountain of white marble spouted up in the midst, making a most agreeable sound by its fall; and above all these, the clear gravelly rivulet in the Ladies' Valley, where the lively girls escaped from their inattentive swains. We made a journey to Verona, on purpose to visit the tomb of the Capelletti in the cemetery of the Frati Minori, where, as Luigi da Porto has told us, the last rites were discharged to the beautiful bride, Guilietta. At Pisa we discovered, or fancied we discovered, the very house where the miser Grimaldi had resided, and the grave in the burial ground of Santa Catarina, where the hapless children of Fazio were buried, when they fell by the hand of their infuriated mother. And in this way, we solemnly affixed to a thousand other scenes which probably existed nowhere but in the imagination of the story teller, a name and local habitation, where we indulged our reveries, and descanted on characters and actions as if we were in spots identified by the truth of history.

I remember that in one of these miscellaneous rambles or voyages of discovery, as Niccolo called them, we fell in with a curious old man of singular habits, but such as greatly coincided with, and assisted our pur-

suits. Any one who has been at Florence, may recollect a little court of old-fashioned small houses which runs to the left hand of the street leading to the Pisa road, just as you approach the walls; as it is not a thoroughfare it has generally a quiet, neat appearance, although there cannot be less than twenty houses in it. We had rambled into this one day, thinking we could find the house of a celebrated beauty, as laid down in a novel of Giraldis Cynthio, when we spied an old and not very neat mansion, with a deep lattice window, around which a vine was clustering in all the luxuriance of unpruned age; while on the seat within, lay a large pile of old, and to us tempting volumes; on inquiry, we discovered that it was the residence of a well-known old gentleman, named Giovanni Torello, (whether descended from Messer Torello, who arrived so opportunely at Pavia, by means of the sultan's magic ring, or not, I could never learn,) who devoted his whole time to antiquarian pursuits, and especially to hunt up the various editions and works of the novel writers of earlier times, and pictures and fragments of various kinds illustrative of them. It may be supposed that we were not long in introducing ourselves to the old gentleman, whose pursuits were so congenial to our own. We found him seated in a low and neat room, at a table, on which lay spread before him an antiquated quarto, and all around heaps of old volumes, which proved the nature and constancy of his studies. The furniture was all of the fantastic and clumsy forms of a century ago; the recesses were filled with shelves, where books were arranged, few bearing the marks of very recent publi-

cation, and the other parts of the walls were covered with pictures, generally portraits, but many evidently scenes from history and romance. The white hair of the student showed his age, but it still clustered thickly around his brows; his eyes, still bright and expressive, were bent upon the volume before him; his features, though pale, were not squalid, and though thin, interesting and expressive; his dress, like his furniture, was of a former age, consisting of the short velvet cloak and cap, and the trunks and hose, somewhat loose to be sure, formerly known as the Italian costume—all indicated an old man of a mild, studious, and somewhat romantic turn, who had deserted the actual world for the gayer one of imagination, and who had contracted many of the singularities, but little of the harshness which mark a secluded life.

A brief explanation soon placed us on kind and familiar terms with our host; he readily joined in the ardour of our inquiries, and, in the visits which we afterwards frequently paid him, communicated to us with enthusiasm his stores of knowledge. His books, which he regarded as a miser regards his gold, were shown to us one after the other, and their perusal freely afforded. Among them we found few, but tales of fiction; there were, however, many authors; and a variety of volumes, that we had never heard of. He pointed out to us also, with the greatest delight, the various pictures that adorned this, and other rooms of his mansion, describing the characters and scenes represented, and descanting on the truth and genius the painter had displayed in their delineation. Fiction ap-

peared with him to have become reality, and romance history. One portrait he presented as an original and true likeness of the lady whom Boccace has designated as the pensive Lauretta, though the fair damsel would scarce have been willing to acknowledge herself in the dingy and disfigured specimen of the limner's art. Another he affirmed to be the lively wit himself in the character of his own Dioneus. In a painting in tolerable preservation, I recognised the melancholy story of Beritola in the Decameron, where she wanders deserted, solitary, and friendless, calling on her husband and children, and at last fainting on the shore. Another represented the cruel murder of the young Cancelliere, who was sent by the Bianchi to intercede with their infuriated kinsmen, as related in the novel of Fiorentino. There were many more taken from scenes of romance, or history which had been converted into romance, that were familiar to me—there were many, however, that I was quite unable to recognise, but the old man assured us that they were all truly and faithfully described, in the volumes around us. I remember one picture especially, exquisitely painted, and in high preservation, which seemed a great favourite with old Giovanni. A lady of uncommon beauty, whose countenance seemed rather to express the haughty and conscious pride of high rank and universal admiration, than the gentleness and sensibility which are the most powerful and attractive of female charms, was seated in the lofty balcony of an amphitheatre, in the arena of which a knight was contending with a fierce Numidian lion. Her dress was of the richest and gayest colours; a veil

floated over her black locks, which fell in profuse curls upon her cheeks; a golden chain around a neck, full and white as driven snow, bore a sparkling cross more brilliant than Belinda's; her hands were of the most perfect symmetry—of these, one was covered with a glove, and as her elbow leaned on the edge of the balcony, was pointed to her cheek, but the other, in all its native fairness, hung over the parapet, as if its glove had been cast into the lists beneath. I at once mentioned it, as the delineation of a well known event in the chivalrous history of the middle ages. "History of the middle ages!" exclaimed Messer Giovanni, "it is the picture of the beautiful Teresa Galazzi of Florence, who was justly repaid for her cruelty to the noble cavalier Alfonso Leonati—have you not read her history in the 'Nights and Days' of Girolamo Mazzucci?" We declared our entire ignorance, not merely of the story, but of the tales to which Torello referred. The old man would scarcely credit our ignorance, and set himself at once to search for the volume; but in vain: among the heaps which were piled indiscriminately together, it was no easy matter, even for the master himself, to lay his hand at once upon what he wanted. He repeated, however, that Mazzucci was one of the most delightful of the Italian novelists, that this was a charming tale, and that he would be sure to have it ready for us at our next visit. "For the present," said he, "I shall content myself with informing you, that this is the fifth novel of the third day, and is called "IL GUANTO," or the Glove, from the circumstance recorded in that

picture, which, for the sake of explanation, I may briefly relate to you.

In former days, there was no cavalier in Florence better known than Alfonso Leonati. His manly appearance and gallant bearing made him a great favourite among the ladies, who were then accustomed to judge of men otherwise than at present; and he was not less esteemed by the citizens of the good city, for at that time feuds were frequent with neighbouring states, and Alfonso was always ready to protect the right. When the crusade was preached, he forthwith took up the cross, and collecting together a body of ten stout men at arms, paid at his own cost, went to Holy Land, where he did good service, and, though he was wounded more than once, brought back to Florence the fame of a gallant and devout warrior. It was not long after his return, that going to matins in the great church of Santa Maria del Fiore, as he was wont to do at least once in every week, he saw a lady of great beauty earnestly engaged at her devotions, before a shrine which had been lately endowed, on the right hand as you enter at the south door. If I tell you that Alfonso thought more of the lady than his prayers, you will not be surprised, for he was young and handsome, and such a man as might naturally love the society of a fair lady; and besides, he had been for some years in foreign parts, where, as I have heard, the ladies may not be compared in beauty with those of Florence. When the lady had concluded her devotions, Alfonso forthwith followed her to discover the place of her residence, which he found to be in a fine house in the street leading to the Ponte Vec-

chio, then inhabited by the most wealthy and distinguished people. It was natural that he should make inquiries about one with whom he had thus fallen in love, and he learned that she was named Teresa Galazzi, the widow of a gentleman who died two years before, leaving her, who was still young, a large fortune for those times; that her wealth and beauty had brought her many suitors, but that she had hitherto treated them all with scorn. Alfonso had seen too much of battles and of the world, to be frightened by a lady's eyes, and obtaining, through a friend, an introduction to Donna Teresa, he proceeded forthwith to show his passion for her, as a skilful and ardent lover is wont to do. You may read in the volume of Mazzucci, what he said and what he did, and how many arts he used to succeed in his design, for they are there all well and minutely set forth; but I shall here only say, that though the lady would often display marks of affection, they were generally followed by some act of unkindness, which, but for the ardent and devoted love of Alfonso, would have driven off her suitor for ever. These too I shall leave you to seek in the novel itself. Several months had passed away in this manner, during which the hopes of our cavalier were alternately elevated and depressed, when it happened that the nuptials of a famous princess were celebrated at Florence, with tournaments and games, and great rejoicings, such as were common and much desired at that time. Among these games there was appointed to be a conflict between a knight of renown and a fierce lion, sent as a present to the city from a certain king in Numidia, and it was thought

that he who should undertake and prove victorious in this conflict, would ever after be held the boldest and bravest knight of the age. Now Donna Teresa, having more pride than affection, desired our cavalier to enter the lists, and promised him her hand as the reward of victory. I need not say how gladly Alfonso agreed to this, which, indeed, he looked on as no great matter. You must read in Mazzucci, the history of the gay assemblage, the glittering spectacle of knights and ladies, and all the ceremonies that attended the combat. Teresa was seated in a lofty balcony, where she was seen by her lover, who was filled with new ardour at the display of her charms on that day. Taking his station immediately beneath her gallery, he waited the approach of the ferocious monarch of the desert. Fierce from hunger and confinement, the infuriated monster rushed forth as soon as the gate of his den was unfastened, and made directly to the knight, who awaited him, bent on one knee, and his short spear extended before him. At the moment the beast was about to spring, the unfeeling Teresa threw her glove at the foot of Alfonso, and to prove her power over her lover, cried to him to seize and restore it. The gallantry of the knight got the better of his prudence: he stooped to catch the glove of his mistress, and thus lost his guard; the lion sprung forward before he could recover it, and though the shield and breast-plate of the knight protected him from his claws, he fell prostrate beneath the furious beast. A shriek of horror ran through the crowded galleries, and all looked on the death of the noble cavalier as inevitable—when, with admirable presence of mind, and with the

quickness of lightning, he grasped a short dagger which was stuck loosely in his belt, and before the lion recovered himself from the force with which he had sprung forward, plunged it in his heart. As the gallant warrior rose from the arena, shouts of applause hailed his victory, but, without noticing this, he turned to the gallery, and presenting the glove to his mistress, renounced for ever, in the presence of the gay assembly, his faith and devotion to one, who had not hesitated to gratify her vanity at the risk of her lover's life. This act of Alfonso was received with new cheers. Teresa, from that day, became an object of aversion, and her fortune and charms were equally neglected, so that she was content to retire to a convent, where she passed the remainder of her life."

Such was the outline of the tale as related by Messer Giovanni. A few days after, he gave us the volume of Girolamo's novels, and though the story was correct, I found he had omitted many beauties, with which the novelist had adorned it. There were also other tales of no common excellence, which, as Mazzucci is probably unknown even to many learned antiquaries, I may present to my readers on some future occasion.

NIGHT.

NIGHT! solitary night!

Sleep on the weary, pleasant dreams for we,
On the worn heart a freshness and delight,
Dost thou bestow:

Birds on the sheltering nest,
Young flowers unfolded to the dewy air,
And thought ascending to the worlds of rest,
Thy sway declare.

With thee a shadowy band,
Rise like remember'd music, on our tears,
And vanish'd hope, whose arch of promise span'd
The coming years.

Night! solitary night!
Bards of undying fame and power are thine,
Shedding rich gleams of intellectual light
Around thy shrine:

Oh, how wert thou adored,
When the Chaldean read thy bright array,
And science through the starry maze explored
Her radiant way!

Awakener of high thought,
And passion struggling with the sordid earth!
By thee mankind are eloquently taught,
Their primal worth.

Night! solitary night!
Immortal pages glowing with deep song,
And minds inspired, outwinging human flight,
To thee belong!

FREDERICK S. ECKARD.

MOONLIGHT.

O! THOU bright orb, whose pure and placid beams,
Enchantment throw o'er nature's scenes sublime;
The Christian's course like thine, all beauteous seems,
And brightly shines amidst the storms of time.
Calm and serene in this dark vale of tears,
On Hope's exulting wing his spirit flies,
A 'still small voice' his suffering spirit cheers,
And whispers peace, beyond thy azure skies.
How blest is he who hears that voice divine,
That whispers peace when time shall be no more;
How blest my fate, could that sweet peace be mine,
When this vain scene and life's poor play are o'er.
O! THOU who canst this joyful gift impart,
Grant me thy peace, and heal my broken heart.

P.

THE CONSCRIPT'S FAREWELL.

Farewell father,
I had hoped that I should be
In thine age a staff for thee;
But when years have mark'd thy brow,
When thy step is weak and slow,
When thy hair is thin and white,
And thine eye hath lost its light,
I shall never seek thy side,
And thy faltering footsteps guide.
Where my country's banners fly
Proudly 'neath a distant sky,
To the battle forth I speed,
There to fight and there to bleed;
Not because the foeman's lance
Glitters in the vales of France;
Not because a stranger's mirth
Rises round my father's hearth;
Not at glory's trumpet call,
Nor in freedom's cause to fall;
But because ambitious power
Tears me from my peaceful bower.
Yet amidst the battle strife,
In the closing hours of life,

Think not that my heart shall quail,
 Spirit droop, or courage fail.
 Where the boldest deed is done,
 Where the laurel wreath is won,
 Where the standard eagles fly,
 There thy son shall proudly die;
 Though perhaps no voice may tell
 How the nameless conscript fell.
 Thy blessing, father.

Farewell mother,
 It is hard to part from thee,
 And my tears are flowing free.
 While around thee gloom and night
 Quench'd religion's blessed light,
 Still thou badst my lisping voice
 In the evening hymn rejoice,
 And my childish prayer was said,
 Ere thou bless'd my pillow'd head.
 Oh, before I leave thee now,
 Place thy hand upon my brow,
 And with every treasured word
 That my infant ears have heard,
 Bless me, mother.

Farewell brother,
 Many an hour of boyish glee
 I have pass'd in joy with thee;
 If with careless word or tongue
 I have ever done thee wrong,

84 THE CONSCRIPT'S FAREWELL.

Think upon thy brother's lot,
And be all his faults forgot;
Thou may'st dry our mother's tears,
Soothe our sisters' anxious fears,
Be their shield, their guide, their stay,
Throughout many a coming day;
Freely with thy father share
All his secret weight of care,
Be what it were mine to be,
Had I still remain'd with thee,
And love me, brother.

Farewell sisters,
Yonder is our favourite vine,
You must now its tendrils twine,
And when 'neath its leafy bower
You are met at evening hour,
Think how oft in by-past days,
There we waked the song of praise,
Till your beaming eyes are wet
With the tears of fond regret;
Then together fondly bend,
And your gentle voices blend,
Pray for me, sisters.

E. M. CHANDLER.

TO A FLOWER
FROM THE
FIELD OF GRÜTLI.

Grütli was the field on which the three Swiss patriots used to hold their nightly meetings in the days of William Tell.

WHENCE art thou, flower? From holy ground
Where freedom's foot hath been!
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet-sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field! thy birth
Was not where spears have cross'd,
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth,
'Midst banners won and lost:

But where the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were raised to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd that man should roam
Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,
The shaft of William Tell.

And prayer—the full deep flow of prayer,
Hallow'd the pasture-sod,
And souls grew strong for battle there,
Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,
That calm devoted band,
And rose, and made their spirit felt
Through all the mountain-land.

Welcome then, Grütli's free-born flower!
Ev'n in thy pale decay,
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
Which all high thoughts obey.

FELICIA HEMANS.

IN CÆLO QUIES.

SHOULD sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darken'd shadows fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure at its birth
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth,
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

If ever life shall seem
 To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
 Upon its clouded day;
If like the weary dove
 O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eye above,
 There's rest for thee in Heaven.

But O, if thornless flowers
 Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gaily fleet the hours,
 Unstain'd by earthly gloom;
Still let not every thought
 To this poor world be given,
Nor always be forgot
 Thy better rest in Heaven.

When sickness pales thy cheek,
 And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak,
 Tell of a time to die:
Sweet Hope shall whisper then—
 “Though thou from earth be riven,
“There's bliss beyond thy ken,
 “There's rest for thee in Heaven.”

J. H. BRIGHT.

UN FAINEANT.

O mortal man that livest here by toll,
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
 That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
 And certes there is reason for it great;
 For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
 And curse thy stars, and early drudge and late,
 Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

Castle of Indolence.

THIS is a busy world, and repose was not made for man, except in his old age. Let philosophers, who know less of themselves than they do of the world, complain of the folly of mankind, in never being satisfied with the situation in which Providence hath placed them, and thus losing the present in the anticipation of the future. Let them sneer at their baffled hopes; when arriving at the summit they have been toiling for years to gain, they find it a barren waste, dreary and desolate, unlike the peaceful vale below. Why is it that philosophers study to become wiser than they are, since the acquisition of knowledge, no more leads to the happiness of themselves or others, than does the acquisition

of wealth and honours? It is, that they may become wiser than the rest of mankind, just as a man labours for wealth that he may become richer and more powerful. In short, it is that they may be happier than they are; happier than the rest of their fellow creatures. What a dead sea of a world would this be, if we all knew to a certainty that we were quite as happy as our neighbours? All would then be at ease, and all equally miserable. But let my story exemplify my meaning.

* I was born and brought up in the Castle of Indolence. My father was a philosopher in his way, for he hated the world, and despised his fellow creatures, for no other reason that I could ever learn, but that having toiled the best part of his life to get rich, and finding that his wealth added nothing to his happiness, he took it in dudgeon, and quarrelled outright with this "Mundane Terrene." I have heard that his first impulse towards money-making, was the hope of gaining a young lady who had long been the object of his affections, but who disliked his poverty more than she liked his person. He married her at last, but they had waited too long. My father was forty-five, and my mother only ten years younger. At these years it requires a good deal of rubbing to smooth the asperities of old habits. The first disappointment of my father, was in finding that he had been labouring fifteen years to get a wife, who actually sometimes contradicted him, as he verily believed, without reason. What is the use of money, said he, if it don't make a man always right? But though he was not exactly satisfied with his bargain, he loved my mother, and when she died, he was still more disappoint-

ed than at his marriage. He shut himself up in an old garret, where he continued to exist, and his money to accumulate, till I grew almost an old man myself, when he died, leaving me a fortune I knew not what to do with, any more than a child.

I was about twelve years old at the death of my mother, and more than thirty when my father died almost at the period of four score and ten. From the time he shut himself up in his garret, I became in some degree my own master in all things, except spending money, which, though my father despised, he yet hoarded with the devotion of a miser. He let me do just as I pleased, provided my bills did not amount to more than was absolutely necessary. I went to school, but only when and where I pleased; I floated about with the wind and tide like a lazy ship at anchor; I learned no profession; I knew nothing of the business of this world, and I did nothing, except just what I pleased. I hated study—I hated exercise—I hated noise—I hated company—and above all, I hated trouble. I read, it is true, a piece of a book here, and a piece there, and not unfrequently I had half a dozen works in hand at once, none of which I ever finished. So variable and fastidious was my appetite for books, that I sometimes spent whole mornings at the public library, without being able to select one to my satisfaction.

If I had any decided taste, it was for drawing; but this, like all my other propensities, was under the dominion of a busy idleness, that would not permit of any thing like a constant attention to one object, but led me by a sort of irresistible influence, from doing nothing

in one place to doing nothing in another. Sometimes after sitting for hours, in a becalmed state in my room, I would suddenly seize my hat with an effort, and sally forth in a quick step, resolutely determined to do something, I knew not what; but before I got to the next corner my impulse evaporated; I became again perfectly becalmed, and after stopping for a while to consider where under heaven I should go, quietly returned to my room again—again to meditate another sally. It can hardly be conceived, except by a kindred spirit, what delight it was for me to have any thing to do, that did not involve either labour or trouble, both which I received with a horror unsurpassable. Nay, I could not bear to see any person hard at work; and my bones imbibed the same sympathy with his labours, that those of Sancho Panza did with the sore bruises his sage master received in his misadventure with the Yanguesian carriers. It was a relief to me when my pencil wanted cutting—the honing of my razor was a perfect luxury—and helping my landlady to shell peas, the delight of my soul. But these could not last for ever: my principal resources were to consider what I should do, to do nothing, and to whistle quick tunes to make myself believe I was in a great hurry. I formed a close intimacy with a middle-aged person who had left off business, and had much ado to live without it, for the sole purpose of having an antagonist at backgammon; and we used to spend whole days in playing and disputing whether chance or skill had most to do in winning the game, taking different sides just as luck happened to be in favour of one or the other. This was a

great relief to me while it lasted, but one day my antagonist gammoned me six times in succession. This was the most serious misfortune that had ever yet befallen me; I fell into a great passion, and made so many bitter reflections on my antagonist for his confounded luck, that he put on his hat, left the room, and never played with me afterwards. He was an irreparable loss to me, being almost the only philosophically idle man of my acquaintance. After this I took to playing by myself, and was for a long time tolerably happy in always taking the winning hand against my old antagonist, who had the cruelty to gammon me six times running. But use wears off the keen edge of pleasure, as it does of a knife, and I grew tired at last, even of being always on the winning side.

Just at this time Providence threw a furious chess-player in my way, which I look upon as the greatest blessing I ever received. He undertook to teach me, and I accepted his offer with gratitude. The game seemed made on purpose for me, producing, at first, exactly that gentle interest and excitement, so congenial to my soul. It was delightful to have something to do. I sometimes passed hours in studying a move, while my antagonist sat with the patience of a hundred Jobs waiting for my decision, and cogitating his own. In process of time I had a perfect chess board delineated on my sensorium, and completely lost the tedium of too much leisure in playing games as I walked the streets, or sat smoking a segar in my easy chair. Nay, I sometimes played games in my sleep, which, if I could only remember them, would shame a

Philidor. While I considered myself a mere scholar, I suffered myself to be beaten with perfect docility; but in process of time, as I began to fancy myself a proficient, and my whole soul was absorbed in the game, I did not bear a beating with so much philosophy. I began to be testy, and to revive my old doctrine of chances, insisting upon it, that chance governed this as well as every other game. My master bore all this good humouredly, and even when I grew at length so irritable, as not to bear a defeat, he would slyly get up, open the door, and retire on the outside, before he cried checkmate, for fear I should throw the chess board at his head. It is inconceivable what trifles will overcome a man who has no serious business in this world. It happened one hot summer day, we got warmly engaged at a game, and had locked ourselves up, that we might remain undisturbed. It lasted eight mortal hours, at the end of which my antagonist treacherously drew me into a stale mate, when I actually had the game in my power. Unfortunately his retreat was cut off by the door being locked; the consequence was, that I discharged the chess board, men, castles, elephants and all, at his head, with so unlucky an aim, that it checkmated him flat on the floor. The result of this great move was a duel, which I honestly confess was one of the pleasantest events of my life. I had something to do and something to fear, and the excitement roused me into something akin to actual enjoyment. We exchanged shots without effect, I apologized, and so the affair ended. I invited him to renew our game, but he shook his head, and good hu-

mouredly observed, that much as he loved chess, he feared broken heads and bullets more. The story took wind, nobody would venture to play chess with me after this, and thus I lost my main chance for killing time.

"Too much care will turn a young man gray," as the old song says, and too little is as bad as too much. For want of something else to think about, I began to think wholly of myself. I grew to be exceedingly tenacious of my health, my accommodations, my raiment, and my food. I ate much, walked little, slept enormously, and got the dyspepsia. Having nothing extraneous to love, or to call forth my affections, or excite my ardent hopes and fears, I concentrated them all upon myself. The object of our exclusive love is ever the focus of all our solitudes, and never fails to call up fears, whether real or imaginary. I had now reached the high hill of life, and was beginning to descend. The little changes of feeling, the slight stiffnesses of the joints, the impaired activity of the limbs, and the waning vivacity of the whole system, which mark this epoch in the life of man, struck me with dismay. I had nothing else for my mind to prey upon, and it fed upon that with the avidity of a diseased appetite. I consulted a doctor, and that did my business. A dose will convince a man he is sick, if he only imagined it before. No physician, who knows his business, will take a fee without giving a prescription in exchange; for a good workman knows how to make business. However, mine turned out a pretty honest fellow. Finding, after a

twelvemonth, that I complained worse than ever, he advised me to take exercise, eat sparingly, and ride a hard trotting horse. "A hard trotting horse!" exclaimed I in inexpressible horror, "I'd as soon ride a race through the city of Gotham." "Very well, then get married; there is nothing like real evils to banish imaginary ones, and matrimony is a sovereign cure." "The remedy is worse than the disease," replied I, and left him in con-dign despair.

The horrors of a life of perfect ease now crowded thickly upon me, and I became the most miserable of all miserable men, that have nothing to trouble them. I grew fat, lethargic, and was teased with a perpetual desire to eat. I ate till eating became a burden; and slept till sleep was little better than a nightmare, bringing all the horrors of indigestion in her train. I rolled from side to side, I tried to find a soft place in the bed, I rubbed my feet and hands together to restore the circulation of my blood, and tried to think about something to relieve my mind from vague and undefinable horrors. But what can a man think about, who has nothing to trouble him but himself? I became at last unwilling, or more truly, afraid, to go to bed, lest I should be harrassed, and quarrelled with my fellow boarders, who, having something to do by day, could not afford to set up with me all night. The consequence of this loss of rest was, that when I sat still a few minutes during the day, I was sure to fall asleep in my chair. It was one warm summer day, the crisis of my fate, when having taken a huge walk of half a mile to see a picture of Les-

lie's, I returned overwhelmed with lassitude, and fell asleep in my chair. When I awoke, I found a piece of paper pinned to my sleeve, on which I read the following lines—

They say Tom is dead, but the truth I deny,
So cease all his friends to be grieved;
How can it be said that a man can quite die,
Who ne'er in his life has quite lived?

I never knew who played me this trick, but I shall ever feel grateful for the lesson, severe as it was.

“What Diomed, nor Thetis' greater son,
“A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege had done,”

this well-timed sarcasm achieved. It mortified my pride; it roused my anger; it inflamed my vanity; in short, it created a turmoil, a complete bouleversement in my system; the atoms were set in motion, the waters had broken loose, nature was convulsed, and subsided into a newly-constituted world. I started up with a degree of energy, unknown for many a year; I paced the room with unnatural activity, and asked myself if it were possible, that I had passed forty years of my life without quite living; that I had been thus far a burden to myself, useless to the world, and an object of laughter to my companions. The struggle was a painful one, and put me into a fine perspiration—but I felt all the better for it. That night I had something to think of except my aches and infirmities, and the nightmare eschewed my couch. I made up my mind to begin the world

anew, and falling fast asleep, did not awake till the broad beams of morning darted into my windows. I made an unheard of effort, and getting up, dressed myself, and was actually down stairs before breakfast was over—whereupon they predicted an earthquake.

From this day I resolved to do something, and be useful. "I'll let them see," quoth I, "I can quite live as well as other people. I will qualify myself to defend my country; there is a speck of war in the horizon, and every citizen ought to be prepared." I enrolled myself in a volunteer corps, the captain of which having a mistress in a distant part of the town, always marched us home that way after every turn out, which was every day. The reader may possibly form some remote conception of what I underwent in the service of my country, though he can never realize the extent of my sufferings. Conceive the idea of a man of my habits, carrying a musket of fourteen pounds three hours before breakfast, and marching through thick and thin, mud, dirt, and glory, three miles to pass muster before Dulcinea's windows. I felt inclined to mutiny, and certainly broke the articles of war ten times a day, by privately wishing my captain and his mistress as well married as any couple could possibly be. But the recollection of the man that never in his life had quite lived, caused me to swear on the altar of patriotism, that I would carry arms till the speck of war was removed, though I plunged up to the middle in mud, before the windows of the beautiful damsel. I continued, therefore, to trudge right gallantly up one street and down another, with my musket that seemed

like the world on the shoulders of Atlas, solacing myself, by privately cursing the captain for leading us every day such a dance. Fatigue and vexation combined, however, worked a surprising effect upon me; I could sleep comfortably at night, I felt no inclination to sleep in the day, I enjoyed my dinner with wonderful gusto, and began to hold the nightmare, the blue devils, and the dyspepsia, in defiance. In process of time the speck of war disappeared from the horizon. Our company laid down its arms, and I was in great danger of back-sliding, having declined an invitation to become a corporal of artillery; but whenever I found myself relapsing into my old habits, I unlocked my secretary, took out the mischievous epigram, and felt myself inspired to mind my own business, ride a hard-trotting horse, get married, or any other deed of daring.

I determined to take the management of my property into my own hands, and attend to my own affairs, which I had hitherto intrusted to the management of a man who had, I believe, been pretty reasonable in not cheating me out of more than was sufficient to provide for himself and his family. I went to him, and desired a statement of my accounts, with a degree of trepidation that gave me the heart-burn. The man looked at me with equal dismay. Never were two people more frightened; I at the thought of gaining trouble, and he of losing profit. Finding me, however, peremptory, he in a few days presented me with a statement of his accounts, which exhibited a balance against me of a couple of thousands. It puzzled me how this could be; but it would have puzzled me ten thousand times more

to find it out. I thought of applying to some experienced friend to examine into the affair; but I had no such friend, and to trust to a stranger, was to incur the risk of still greater impositions. Accordingly, I paid the money, glad to get off so well, and resolved hereafter to trust only to myself, even though I should be cheated every day.

No one knows the trouble I had from misunderstanding my affairs, or the losses I sustained in consequence of my utter ignorance of the most common transactions of business, and the inevitable suspicions consequent upon it. I did not know what to do with my money, or how to invest it securely, and began seriously to contemplate buying an iron chest, and hoarding in imitation of my father. However, I blundered on, daily diminishing my property by mismanagement, and fretting over my losses. All this time, I was consoled, however, by the gradual improvement of my health and spirits. My thoughts ceased, by degrees, to prey upon myself, and were drawn off to my affairs. I became busy, brisk, and lively. I defied the nightmare and all her works. I began to relish ease at proper intervals, and in spite of all the troubles and vexations of business, I was ten times better off than when I had nothing on the face of the earth to trouble me—but myself. I began to comprehend the possibility of a man, without any thing to vex him, being the most miserable being upon earth.

Cheered by this unexpected result of a little salutary worldly vexation, I went on with renewed zeal, and took courage to add to a little troubling of the spirit, a little shaking of the body. I actually purchased a horse,

and trotted valiantly among the dandy equestrians, very little at first to the recreation of mind or body, for nothing could equal the aching of my bones, but the mortification of my spirit, in seeing, as I fancied, every body laughing at my riding. I should have observed that it was this natural shyness, which formed a part of my character, that always stood in the way of my exertions. It kept me from going into company, from the never-to-be-forgotten night, when, being seduced into a tea-party, I got well nigh roasted alive, for want of sufficient intrepidity to change my position by crossing the room. It prevented my taking refuge in the excitement of dress; for I never put on a new coat that I did not feel as if I had got into a strait waistcoat, and keep clear of all my acquaintance, lest they should think I wanted to exhibit my finery. In short, I was too bashful for a beau, too timid for a gambler, too proud for a politician, and thus I escaped the temptations of the town, more from a peculiarity of disposition than from precept or example.

I think I have somewhere read—or perhaps only dreamed—that the pride of man waxed exceeding great, from the moment he had subjected the horse to his dominion. It certainly is a triumph to sit on such a noble animal, tamed perfectly to our will, and to govern his gigantic strength and fiery mettle with silken rein, or a whispered aspiration. It strengthens the nerves and emboldens the spirits, at least it did mine. By degrees, as I began to be accustomed to the saddle, the pains in my bones subsided, and feeling myself easy, I no longer suspected people of laughing at my awkwardness. In the warm

season I was out into the country to see the sun rise, and in the winter I galloped in the very teeth of the north-west wind, till I defied Jack Frost, and snapt my fingers at the freezing point. My health daily improved—my spirits expanded their wings, and fluttered like birds released from their iron cages—and my nerves were actually braced up to the trial of looking a woman full in the face, an enormity I was never capable of before. Between my vexations in managing my business, and my rides on horseback, I was a new man, and had an idea of proposing my horse as a member of the College of Physicians, had I not apprehended they might think I was joking.

Still there were intervals in which my old infirmity, of sitting becalmed at home, doing nothing, and nursing blue devils, would come over me like a spider's web, and condemn me to my chair as if by enchantment. These relapses were terrible, and discouraged me beyond measure, for I began to fear that I never should be radically cured. Sitting thus stultified, one summer evening, I was startled by a smart slap on my shoulder, and a hearty exclamation of, "what Tom, at your old tricks—hey!—giving audience to the blues." This was spoken by a merry, careless fellow, who was always full of what the world calls troubles, and who, every body said, was to be pitied, because he had a wife and twelve children, and was not worth a groat. But he belied the world, and his destiny to boot, was always as busy as a bee by day, and as merry as a lark in the evening, and the more children he had the blither was he. Nature had decreed he should be a happy man;

and fortune had cooperated with her in making him poor.

"Come," said he, "what are you sitting here for, biting your lips, and eating up your own soul—for want of something else. Why don't you sally out somewhere, and do something?" "What can I do—and where shall I go—I know nobody abroad—and have no ties at home—no fire-side to cheer me of evenings." "Why, become either a beau bachelor, or get married at once, which is better."

"Married! pshaw."

"Aye married—if your wife turns out a scold, that is all you want. You will then have a motive for going abroad. If she is amiable, that is still better—then you will have a motive for staying at home."

"Faith, there is something in that."

"Something!—It is wisdom in a nut-shell. There's more philosophy in it than in three hundred folios."

"Well, if I thought—"

"Thought! never think of it at all—you have been all your life thinking to no purpose—it is time for you to act now. Hav'n't I proved that you must be a gainer either way?"

"Well—well—I believe—I think—I'll think of it."

"Think of a fiddlestick. Do you think a man is the better prepared for a cold bath, by standing half an hour shivering on the brink? No—no—fall in love extempore; you have no time to study characters—and if you had; do you think a man is the wiser for studying a riddle he is destined never to find out? Mark what the poet says."

"What poet?"

"Hang me, if I know, or care, but he sings directly to my purpose, and is therefore a sensible fellow.

'List—list—O list,' as the tailor said.

Love is no child of time, unless it be
The offspring of a moment—O, true love
Requires no blowing of the lingering spark
To light it to a wild consuming flame.
To linger on through years of sighing dolours,
To write, to reason, to persuade, to worry,
Some cold heart into something like an ague—
An icy shivering fit—this is not love;
'Tis habit, friendship, such as that we feel
For some old tree because we've known it long—
No, Tom—all this is but to put the heart at nurse,
Or send it like a lazy school-boy forth
Unwillingly to learn his A B C,
Under some graybeard, flogging pedagogue.
Time's office is to throw cold water on,
Not feed the flame with oil."

"And you have been married thirteen years?"

"Yes, and have twelve children, yet I can talk of love—aye, and feel it too. Come, I have a little party at home this evening; come—see—and be conquered."

"Well," said I, starting up, "wait till I make myself a little amiable."

"No—no—I know you of old. If you once have time to consider you'll get becalmed as sure as a gun. Now or never—this is the crisis of thy fate."

Riding on horseback had made me bold, and I suffered myself to be carried off to the party by my merry friend; who predicted fifty times by the way, that I would be married in less than three weeks.

It was fortunate the distance was small, or my courage would have served me as it did Bob Acres, and "oozed out of the palms of my hands," before we arrived. My friend hurried me on, talking all the way, without giving me time to think, so that I was in the middle of his little drawing room, before I could collect sufficient courage to run away. I made my bow to the lady, sat down as far as I could from all the females in the room, and felt—nobody can describe what a bashful man feels in such a situation. I fancied every laugh levelled directly at me, and because I felt strange myself, believed that every body considered me a stranger. Luckily there was no fire in the room, or I should have undergone a second roasting, for I am of opinion, if an earthquake had happened, I could not have found the use of my legs sufficiently to run out of the room, unless it had previously been deserted by the awful assemblage. The recollection of this horrible probation, even at this distance of time, makes me shudder. Had I an enemy in the world, which I hope I have not, all the harm I wish him would be to be cursed with that sensitive bashfulness, the offspring of pride and timidity, which, while it makes one think himself an object of universal attention, conveys an irresistible impression that he is some way or other ridiculous. How often have I envied those impudent fellows whom I saw sailing about the ladies, and laughing, chatting,

or flirting, with as little apprehension as a moth flutters round a candle. I would have pawned every grain of sense I had in the world for just as much brass as would have imboldened me to pick up a lady's fan, or sweeten her tea.

I had remained in this situation just long enough to get into an agony of perspiration, when my good friend came over to me, with a request to introduce me to a lady, who sat on the opposite side of the room. I made fifty excuses, but all would not do; he had told her of his intention, and it would look rude for me to decline. Despair, for I verily believe it was nothing else, gave me sufficient strength to rise from my chair; my friend led me up to the lady, introduced me, pointed to a chair next her, and left me to my fate. My hands shook, my forehead became wet with a cold dew, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and a roaring in my ears announced that commotion of the nervous system, which always foretells the approach of a nightmare. I attempted to speak, with as little success as I had often had in trying to call for help in my sleep, when under the dominion of that foul fiend. Our eyes at length happened to meet, and there was something in a little mischievous smile that sparkled in her eye, and played in the corner of her lip, that called to mind a vision I thought I remembered to have seen before. "I believe you don't recollect me Mr. Roebuck," said a voice that almost made me jump from my chair, though it was as low, and as sweet, as a distant wood dove. I have heard men extolled for marching up to the mouth of a loaded cannon without flinching; but no well authenticated in-

stance of heroism, in my opinion, ever came up to that I exhibited on this memorable occasion, when I answered, in a voice that I almost think was audible, looking her almost in the face the while. "Indeed I have not that honour, madam." The effort was decisive, my hands became steady, my forehead resumed its natural warmth, the roaring in my ears gradually subsided, my pulse beat healthfully, and my nerves settled down into something like self-possession. My neighbour followed up my reply, by reminding me that we had been at school together a long while ago—though I recollected she was much younger than myself—spoke of many little kindnesses I had done her at that time, and how vain she was of being the pet, of not only the biggest, but the handsomest boy in the school. "You are much altered," said she, "and so am I—but I recollected you, as soon as you came into the room. I was determined to renew our acquaintance, and to make the first advances—for I remember you used to be a shy boy." "Yes," said I, "and I am a shy man to my sorrow; but I can still feel delighted at meeting my little favourite again, in the shape of a fine woman"—and I believe the very d—I got into me, for I seized her hand, and squeezed it so emphatically that she blushed, and smiled mischievously, as I continued begging her pardon for not recollecting her, and apologizing for being such a shy fellow. The recollection of past times, and youthful days, the meeting of old friends, and the recalling of early scenes and attachments, come over the heart of man, as the spring comes over the face of nature—waking the early songsters, touching the little

birds and blades of grass with her magic wand into sensation, and putting the whole vivifying principle of expansion, growth, warmth, life, love, and beauty, into sprightly and exulting activity. As the ice-bound brook signalizes its release from the cold, rigid, inflexible chain of winter by its eternal murmurs, so did I my enfranchisement from the tongue-tied demon of silent stupidity, by an overflow of eloquence, such as alarmed my very self. I revelled in the recollections of the past; a dawning intimation of the future danced before my wakened fancy, distant, obscure, and beautiful. I talked like a Cicero of congress, whose whole year's stock of eloquence, has been frozen up by a Lapland winter, and suddenly set going by a spring thaw—lamented my shyness—and again shook her hand most emphatically, to corroborate my assertion, that I was the shyest man in the world. I think I may truly affirm, that I enjoyed more of actual existence in one hour after this recognition, than I had for the last fifteen years, and was swimming in the very bosom of Elysium, when, happening to look towards my merry friend, I caught him in the very act of laughing at me most inordinately. O reader, if thou art peradventure a bashful man, or, what is still more rare, a bashful woman, thou canst tell what it is to have the cold water of a mischievous laugh thrown upon the warm embers of a newly-awakened sentiment just lighting into a blaze. Like the traveller of the Swiss valleys, thou wilt find thyself, in one single moment, at one single step, transported from the region of flowers, fruits, and herbage, to the region of eternal

ice—from the glowing embraces of laughing spring, to the withering grasp of frowning winter.

I was struck dumb, "and word spake never more" that night. My little school-mate, finding she could get nothing more out of me, changed her seat, and left me alone, howling—no, not howling—but lost in the silent wilderness of stupefaction, where I remained, to see, as I thought, my host and the lady, making themselves right merry at my expense. I thought I could tell by the motion of their lips that they were talking of me; every word was a dagger, and every look a winged arrow tipt with poison. People may talk of the rack, the knout, the stake, the bed of Procrustes, and the vulture of Prometheus, but all these are nothing compared to the agonies of a sensitive, bashful man, when he thinks himself an object of laughter.

With a mortal effort, such as I never made before, and never shall again, I got up from my chair, made my bow, and rushed out of the room, in a paroxysm of wounded sensibility and unappeasable wrath. The next day my merry, pleasant friend came to see me, and inquire how I liked his party, and what I thought of my little school-mate. I was grim—horribly grim, mysterious, and incomprehensible; I was too proud to acknowledge my wounds, or to do any thing more than hint at her being a giggling thing, I could not bear to see a woman always laughing, nor old friends that took such liberties with people as some people did. In short, I was as crusty as Will Waddle, after his half year's baking.

"Hey-day!" cried my merry friend, "which way does that perverse weathercock of thine point now? What is the matter with the 'shy gentleman'—hey?"

"There, there! By heaven I knew it, I knew how it was—I'm not quite so blind as some people think me—I'm not deaf—"

"No, nor dumb either, faith—I'll say that for you, friend Tom; you talked last night for the next hundred years. But how do you like my cousin? she has done nothing but talk of you this morning—"

"Yes—and she did nothing but laugh at me last night." Out it came; I could hold no longer.

"Laugh at you; with you, you mean; why, you were the merriest couple in the room."

"Except yourselves, after she left me—"

"Well, what if we did laugh—you can't expect to have all the laughing to yourself."

"O no—by no means—not I; you may laugh till doomsday; only I wish you would find somebody else to laugh at."

"Somebody else!—Why, what do you mean, Tom?"

"Why, d——n it, sir—I mean that you were laughing at me, from the moment she left my side," cried I, stalking about the room in great wrath.

"No such thing upon my serious honour; we should both scorn such ill manners, and particularly towards you. She was describing the airs and affectation of a party of fashionable upstarts she met in the steam-boat, returning from the great northern tour."

"What did you keep looking at me every now and then for?"

"She was comparing you with what you were at school, and saying how little you were altered, except for the better."

"Now Harry, upon your honour, remember—"

"Upon my honour then, this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—except, indeed—"

"Except what?"

"Except that she expressed her pleasure at again meeting you, and her hope that she should see you often. What say you to paying her a morning visit—hey?"

"With all my heart—for she's a d——n fine woman."

I repeated my visits day after day, till I began to feel quite easy in the society of my little school-fellow, who gained vastly in my good graces ever since I heard she thought me so much altered for the better. I remembered, at our first interview, she told me how proud she was in being the favourite of the biggest and handsomest boy in the school; and if I was handsomer now than then, I concluded, much to my satisfaction, I must be a tolerably good looking fellow. A woman who can make a shy, awkward man once feel easy in her company, can do any thing with him. But if she can add to this, the miracle of making him satisfied with himself, his happiness and devotion will be complete. From feeling perfectly easy in her society, I soon began to be very uneasy. I began to be in love, and a shy man in love is as great a torment to a woman as he is to himself, if she cares any thing about him. I certainly was something of an original in my amour; for while I used as much pains to hide, as others do to display their love, I took it into my head that the lady ought to behave as

if I were an accepted lover, and eschew all the rest of mankind. I was affronted with her three times a week, for some imaginary display of indifference; became inordinately jealous; and I confess honestly, played such capricious pranks, that, had she not been the best tempered creature in the world, she would have forbidden me her presence. Yet she treated me with a charming indulgence, humoured my follies, and forgave my insolent irritability sooner than I could forgive myself. Three several times I swore to myself I would confess my love, and ask her hand, and as often did the fates interpose to prevent me—once in the shape of a rainy day, which I thought a good excuse for delay; once in the likeness of a hole in my silk stocking, which I observed just as I was on the point of knocking at the door, and which so damped my spirits that I turned about and went home disconsolate; and a third time in the semblance of one of those worthy persons, who lend their wits to such as have money, and let them into the secret of turning it to the best advantage. He propounded to me a cotton speculation, by which a fortune would be made, as certain as fate, in three months at farthest.

To tell my readers a secret, the management of my property, although of great advantage to my health, had redounded very little to the credit of my sagacity, or the benefit of my purse. Knowing nothing of business myself, I took the advice of as many people as I could, remembering that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety. Some how or other it happened, however, that though the advice was always good when it was given, it turned out always bad in the end, owing to those un-

expected revolutions, with which Providence so often shames human sagacity, as if in scorn of the puny prophets, who pretend to say what will happen to-morrow. By degrees these repeated losses impaired my fortune not a little; but I did not mind it, indeed I was rather rejoiced, as these occasional rubs roused me into a wholesome vexation, that kept me from that stagnant state of mind, which I dreaded above all things. It was not until I fell in love, and felt the want of that delightful confidence, which a full purse gives to the animal man in time of sore tribulation, that I found reason to regret the diminution of my fortune. But now, when I fancied it stood in the way of my becoming worthy the hand of my lady love, I often pondered on the means of retrieving my losses, and this hint of a speculation effectually arrested my attention. Without being too particular, suffice it to say, that I yielded to the gentleman's infallible prognostics; I laid out nearly the whole of my fortune in a cotton speculation, and my friendly adviser declined taking a share in the profits, being content with his commissions on the purchase.

I had now ample employment between the perplexities of love and the anticipations of money, and settled in my own mind, that the realizing of the latter should put an end to the fears and hopes of the former. I continued my visits to the lady, but made no actual demonstrations, except by looks and actions, until the news arrived from Europe of the fall of cotton, and the consequent downfall of all my towering hopes. I lost the best part of what remained of my property; and a fit of shyness came over me, that effectually prevented me from making my purposed declaration, even if I had been

ever so anxious. But I had lost both the intrepidity and the inclination, and considered I had now so little fortune remaining, that it would not only be imprudent, but presumptuous, to expect a favourable reception to a proposal of this nature. I shut myself up in my room, and was miserable; but strange to say, not half so miserable as when I had nothing to trouble me. I neither thought of myself, nor my infirmities, real or imaginary; but I thought of my lady love so intently that I forgot myself, and what is very remarkable, never had the nightmare during the whole period of my seclusion. Neither did my time hang dead about my neck like a millstone, as it did when I was so perfectly free from all care and all employment. In short, I had something to think of, and that is the next best thing to having something to do.

One day my merry old friend came to see me. "What has become of you this age," said he, "and what is the matter, that we have not seen you lately? My cousin has inquired about you several times; so I came to see if you were becalmed, according to custom—or sick—or sulky—or—but what the deuce ails you?" looking at my wo-begone countenance.

"I am as poor as a rat."

"So much the better; you have all your life been suffering the penalty of riches, and now you will be good for something. But how?"

"A cotton speculation!" said I, shrugging my shoulders.

"Is all gone?"

"Not quite—I have a few thousands left."

"So much the better; you shall marry my cousin, and we will join stocks together as merchants. You shall furnish the capital, and I'll manage it."

"I marry your cousin! When I was rich I had some hopes—now I have none. I mean to go to Missouri."

"Go to the —, but I say you shall marry my cousin—that is to say, if you love her?"

"Perdition catch my soul, but—"

"Pshaw! none of your heroics—do you or do you not?"

"I do, most truly—with all the ardour of youth, and all the steadiness of an old bachelor. And yet I will not marry her, even if she is willing."

"No—why?"

"She has twice the merit—twice the fortune—and a hundred times the beauty I have; the balance would be all on one side."

"Very well, we shall see," answered he, and away he went, leaving me in a flutter of timidity and hope. This is not intended for a love tale, I shall therefore hurry over this part of my story. It is sufficient to say, that my little school-mate behaved nobly. I went to see her. "You would have bestowed your fortune upon me when you were rich—I will bestow mine upon you now you are poor. True, it is but little—but I will make it up in prudence and affection." We married, and I entered into trade with my active merry friend. For some years we toiled through the vexatious routine of bargain and sale, buying and selling, and not making much for our pains. In the mean time a little flock of boys and girls sprung up about me, and like the fresh brooks and fountains, which attract the roots of the old trees that lack refreshing moisture, called off my guaw-

ing anxieties, and carking cares, towards objects that excited a more wholesome, gentle, nay, delightful solitude. Toil, exertion, and economy, became pleasures, because I had somebody to strive for; and I felt myself every day gaining courage, confidence, strength, and hilarity, in the busy scuffle I was engaged in. I can safely say, that during the whole of this period of delightful anxieties, I never once imagined myself sick; I had no more heart-beatings and heart-burnings—no tremblings, trepidations, and cold perspirations—nor was I once ridden by my old enemy, the nightmare. When the cares of the day were past, I could sit down and enjoy the refreshment of ease; and it was delightful, after the keen encounters of skill, sagacity, and bargaining, which occupied the day, to open my heart among those I could trust with my whole soul, and rely upon with the faith of a martyr.

By degrees, owing to the good management of my merry partner, and something to my own care and attention, fortune began to smile upon us, and our acquisitions gradually grew to exceed all our wants. Every year now adds to the means of educating my children well, and leaving them a competence when I shall be no more. In short, my tale is at an end, and its moral completed. I am now happy in my wife—happy in my children; who, I am determined, shall never pine, if I can help it, in the enjoyment of perfect ease. I have excellent health; am almost as gay as my merry partner and friend; and have no fear except that of getting so rich that I shall be tempted to retire from business, before I am old enough to enjoy a life of ease.

J. K. PAULDING.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

WHEN fades the glory of the sky
In a fair summer even,
And whispering spirits flitting by
Remind the soul of heaven;
When on the misty purple hills
The golden clouds repose,
And shadowy paths by murmuring rills,
A softening charm disclose;
Then is the time for those who love,
Amidst the silence of the grove,
To court the bliss the witching hour supplies,
Exchanging ardent vows and rapture-speaking sighs.

Now memory to me restores
Full many a scene like this:—
Visions of youth! your visit pours
Through all my feelings, bliss!
I think that in my youthful prime,
With her loved first and best,
I roam in twilight's tender time
And am supremely blest.
I think that in my native bowers,
Once more I spend the blissful hours;
While solitude and beauty mingle round,
My heart is in a spell of sweet enchantment bound.

Oh! leave me not, ye heavenly dreams,
 To age's chilling sway;
 But light me with your precious beams,
 Through life's bewildering way!
 Oh! let me still the warmth enjoy
 Of generous feelings strong;
 Let ardent thoughts my soul employ,
 As if I yet were young.
 Enliven age's wintry gloom
 With memory of my vernal bloom,
 Then I'll defy all earthly cares and strife,
 And bless the gracious power that sent me into life.

JAMES M'HENRY.

FAREWELL.

Written on leaving Jamaica Lake, near Boston.

THE leaves of the wood are all fallen and sear,
 And the wind o'er the lake whistles mournful and
 chill,
 The green-mantled plain is all brown-clad and drear,
 And the smoke curls no more at the foot of the hill.

How changed is the scene from those bright summer hours,

When each spot told the magic that happiness lends,
When the wood sigh'd in murmurs, the plain smiled
with flowers,

And the mansion was blest with the kindest of friends.

Thus the summer of life passes fleetly away,

Soon the winter of age sheds its snow on the heart;
But the warm sun of friendship that gilded youth's day,
Shall still through the dark clouds a soft ray impart.

To the loved scene each charm soon shall summer restore,

And the rude blast of winter have ravaged in vain;
But each charm of the scene shall for me bloom no more,
And the friends that have bless'd will ne'er bless me again.

For the home of my youth greets my fancy from far,
And the friends that I love chide my lingering stay,
And hope, o'er the wave, lights a bright-beaming star,
Like a love-kindled beacon to call me away.

Then farewell to the lake, and the wood, and the plain,
And farewell to the friends for whose sake they were dear;

Though the summer be gone, still its bright hues remain,
And in memory's mirror shall shine through life's year.

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THE POWER OF LOVE.

Designed by A. J. Burdett from a beautiful Antique Painting in the collection of Mr. Buff of New York.

G. B. & C. Co.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Love, they say, at length is tired
Of roguish pranks and urchin games—
'Tis time—his torch had nearly fired
And set the map o' the world in flames.

His mighty projects, heaven knows,
How seldom he can bring to bear,
And all the bubbles that he blows
So beautiful—but burst in air.

'Tis time—his rusty helm and spear
Began t' excite our mortal scorn,
And where on earth is now the ear
Finds melody in Cupid's horn.

His heedless hoop had soil'd and spoil'd
The vestal virgins' snowy trains,
And many a nymph at quoits he'd foil'd
By knocking out their pretty brains.

'Tis time—his mother's sweetest swan
Sang her last song within his clasp,
And all her innocent doves grew wan
And perish'd in his felon grasp.

Yea, e'en the harmless butterfly,
Poor Psyche, to the net was driven,
And Love, that bade her body die,
Could smiling send her soul to heaven.

All things that breathe, 'tis sung and said,
The scorching touch of Cupid sears:
His courier of the sea is dead—
The dolphin—drown'd in his own tears.

His courser of the land—the pride
And monarch of the plain and grove,
Has broke his lion heart and died,
To be so saddled with this Love.

Adieu then, Love, thy reign is past,
Thou comest not to these peaceful parts,
And nymphs may wander forth at last,
With careless steps and fearless hearts.

—Hold, lady, Love conveyance finds
In all that lies beneath the sky,
His post-steeds are the waves and winds,
His hackney is a look or sigh.

Love was, ere earth from chaos came,
And was the king of gods and men;
And will be—and will be the same,
Even should chaos come again.

In flood and flame, on earth, in air,
Nothing that creeps or flies or floats,
But must the posting godhead bear,
Fish, flesh, or flower, men, mammoths, motes.

Beware then, lady, no one knows
What courser Love may choose to try,
The storm—the odour of the rose,
The dragon—or the dragon fly.

J. N. BARKER.

SONG.

Air...."Drink to me only with thine eyes."

THINK of me oft at twilight's hour,
And I will think of thee,
Remembering how we've felt its power,
When thou wert still with me.

Dear is that hour, for day then sleeps
Upon the gray cloud's breast,
And not a voice or sound then keeps
His wearied eyes from rest.

Think of me then at twilight's hour,
And I will think of thee,
Remembering how we've felt its power,
When thou wert still with me.

Then hast thou mark'd the track of light
That blush'd along the sky,
And bid me hope, that thus as bright
Our evening sun would die.
Think of me oft at twilight's hour,
And I will think of thee,
Remembering how we've felt its power,
When thou wert still with me.

And hope still lingers round my heart,
That thus our days shall close;
That when our evening suns depart
Calm shall be our repose.
Think of me oft at twilight's hour,
And I will think of thee,
Remembering how we've felt its power,
When thou wert still with me.

J. P. BRACE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WHIST.

THE road of life is but a game,
Where some a thirst for power and fame,
And some for pleasure feel—
But every player does not win,
Although he fairly may begin,
And make a proper deal.

Some men assume the part of trade,
Some turn the soil with active spade,

While some to wealth incline,
And making into earth their way,
Bring up, before the light of day,
The diamond of the mine.

In clubs some take an active part,—
While some the dictates of the heart
With eager zeal pursue;
And, giv'n to wine, their ruin prove—
Or, trusting else in faithless love,
Their disappointment rue.

All have their different parts assign'd,
And ranks throughout the world we find,
'Mid people red and black,
Each on the one below him leans—
Some rise aloft to Kings and Queens,
Some sink to humble Jack.

But whether station'd high or low,
He who his honest heart can know
Free from reproving thumps,
E'en though he own nor house, nor lands,
That man in native glory stands,
The very ace of trumps.

Some men will shuffle through their day,
Unmindful how their partners play;
Unmoved they seem to stand,
And throw their cards with a most bold
And tranquil face, although they hold
A miserable hand.

The daring spirits take the lead,
 While those that in the game succeed,
 Seem bound to follow suit,
 Such play the very deuse at last,
 Their fortune, character they blast,
 And reap the bitter fruit.

How oft, alas! it is the fate
 Of jarring comrades, wise too late,
 To play a luckless club,
 And sadly finding out at last,
 The time for meditation past,
 A heart had gain'd the rub.

By honour some their fortunes win,
 And some by trick, nor deem it sin
 To profit as they may—
 But time will oft the wretch expose
 To merited contempt, who chose
 Dishonourable play.

'Tis only he, who void of guile,
 Knows that he has a right to smile,
 And tells his heart the same—
 'Tis only he, when Fate shall close
 His pack of chequered joys and woes,
 Has fairly won the game.

C. W. THOMSON.

AN OLD MAN

REVISITING

THE PLACE OF HIS YOUTH.

I HAVE toil'd far to view these pleasant scenes
 Of my young days—once more to trace again
 These woodland mazes, in whose secret depths
 My childhood years like happy dreams roll'd on.
 Beautiful haunts! the wild and careless boy,
 That wander'd from your dim and quiet walks,
 All hope, and strength, and gladness, hath come back
 An aged and heart-broken man.—His hopes!
 Alas, the grave hath swallow'd them!—His strength!
 'Twas broken in the distant battle-field,
 His gladness hath given place to bitter cares.

Methinks that lapse of years hath wrought a change
 Even on your calm beauties. The red deer,
 Whose bounding hoofs flew down yon darken'd glade,
 Swift as an arrow-flight, is nowhere seen
 Under the mossy boughs; and the meek fawn
 And gentle roe are not beside the founts
 In their green pastures; haply they have found
 The hunter's rifle deadlier than the shafts
 From the slight bow that pleased my infancy.

Alas! the green tree at my cabin door,
The huge growth of a century! it lies
On the smooth turf it overhung so long;
The flowers are gone from the broad garden-walks,
And the fair trees are dead! The sycamore,
Clothed like a prince in scarlet, the pale birch,
A tall and silvery spire, the hoary beech,
And the dark solemn cypress, lie o'erthrown
In ruin, and rank weeds rejoice above.

The cottage door is broken! its thatch'd roof
Lies on the quench'd and long-deserted hearth,
And the dark wall is settling to the ground.
The red stemm'd honeysuckle, that once clasp'd
Closely the latticed casement, and bloom'd thick,
No more gives out the known delicious smell.
The drowsy brook, that whisper'd by the door
A low strain of unbroken music, plays
By some far lovelier bank; it long hath shrunk
And wander'd from its weed-choked channel here.

My brethren come not at my call; the song
My mother sang at twilight is not heard
By the still threshold, and the passing wind
Sighs o'er my father's grave; this lonely place
Hath lost its charm—I leave it to its dead!

I. M'LELLAN.

A TALE OF POICTIERS.

TRULY, too truly has our poet sung—

“These are not the romàntic times,
So beautiful in Spenser’s rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy.”

We are in this age poor indeed in those incidents which grace the page of fiction or romance. The world, philosophers say, is daily improving, but surely not for the novel writer: each successive year adds new territory to the domains of fact, and subtracts from those of imagination. But let the writer of romance rejoice that he is not compelled to conform to the reigning spirit of the day; no, the lenient public, well knowing that this prosaic age would clip the wings of genius, however lofty his flight, kindly gives, or indeed rather forces upon him a passe-par-tout, thereby enabling him to place wherever he will, the creatures of imagination. And right glad must he be, (we speak from our own heart,) to avail himself of this permission, to gild his pictures with all the splendour of chivalry; or, as it best pleases him, to wrap them in the awful gloom which still enshrouds earlier times. For ourselves, we regard Froissart with as much veneration as ever catholics did Pa-

tron Saint; we tell his pages as they their beads, after each one sending up thanks that such a chronicler is granted us; without him we should be helpless, and forced to content ourselves with dull inaction; with him we dare every thing; even to paint the scenes which he has so brilliantly depicted; to introduce the characters he has drawn so truly to the life; and having thus signified our audacious intention, we will, in our capacity of gentleman-usher, if not in that of enchanter, wave our wand, and—here they are.

It was near the close of a sultry day in the month of September, A. D. 1356, that the Black Prince halted his now small army, some five leagues from the celebrated plains of Poitiers. Tents were quickly pitched, pennons and banners were displayed before them, and the knights divesting themselves of their armour, gazed eagerly and anxiously on the fertile plains spread before them; while their retainers, collected in groups, devoured the food which was distributed, or, relieved of their heavy gambesons, lazily stretched themselves on the green sward, regardless of the past, careless of the future. These and other similar preparations manifested that they had halted for the night, and indeed they were gradually retiring to their tents, to seek that repose which was to fit them for the labours of the ensuing day, when a knight, attired in the close-bodied leather suit which the nobles wore under their armour, presented himself at the entrance of the Black Prince's pavilion, in the centre of the camp; and greeting with a familiar nod Sir John Chandos, who was standing in

front of the tent, said—"Well, Sir John, may I have access to the Prince?"

"Surely, my lord," said the chamberlain, raising at the same time with his sheathed sword, the curtain which hung before the entrance, and the noble entered. It fell behind him, and he remained alone with the young Edward; then doffing his velvet cap of state, and bending low his knee, he saluted him.

"What now, my lord," said the Prince, looking kindly upon him; "a boon to ask?"

"Have I your permission to absent myself one short day, with my esquire alone?"

"Thou hast it; but from other knight than the Lord Denys de Morbeque, I had required the reason; thou knowest that we expect the French to rise in sight ere the morrow's sun shall set; if thou art absent from the approaching fight, the wreath no longer decks thy helm."

"Should the wreath fall from my brows," said the noble proudly, "there shall many a chaplet be torn from the helmets of yonder host to replace it."

"Tis well, sir Denys, farewell." The knight again bowing low left the pavilion. He passed rapidly through the camp, greeted with familiar or respectful salutation as he met them, his equals or inferiors, and soon reached his own tent, around which his retainers were stretched on the ground, one and all proclaiming the power of the drowsy god; for though some few were not yet actually wrapt in his embrace, yet the lazy and sleepy tones of their voices predicted their speedy fate. This was, however, for the present arrested by the

loud call—"My arms and horse!" which roused the whole band. "Hawkestone," cried the knight, "my arms and steed." The squire of the body speedily obeyed his lord's command, and, saving the helmet, in lieu of which he placed on his head the light bacinet, he was soon attired in a complete suit of the plate-armour worn at that period. A retainer now led out the powerful war-horse fully caparisoned, 'barded from counter to tail;' and as he held the stirrup, the knight bounded on the steed. "Allestry!" and a second squire bowed low, "Allestry, you will head the band till I return; there is my banner," he said, pointing to it as it waved at the entrance of the tent, "see it be as bright then as now:" the young warrior's eye flashed at the implied doubt, but again bowing, he said nothing. The noble now bade his squire of the body prepare to attend him instantly; he vanished to obey the welcome mandate, and soon reappeared, armed and mounted in a style not much inferior to that of his lord, and bearing at his saddle-bow his war helmet: the knight at once set spurs to his horse, and went off at a round pace, receiving the farewell shout of his band.

The livelong night they rode, the squire following implicitly his master, who indeed seemed to be familiar with the country, ever pursuing his course without an instant's hesitation. As the sun rose they reached the top of a long ridge, up which they had been some time toiling, and a wide expanse of country spread itself before them: hill and dale, river and wood, castle and cottage, were to be seen; but the knight staying not to gaze, instantly turned his horse down the other side

of the acclivity towards a castle, which far in the distance, would, by the casual observer, have been almost unnoticed, but which was pointed out to Hawkestone with the remark, "that is our goal." Two hours sharp riding brought them so near it, that they were marked by the warder, who was pacing forth his morning round; he had spied them already at a distance, and wondered at their rapid progress; but when he saw them directing their steeds towards the castle of Marneil, he scanned them more closely, and was about to shout the warning cry; but the knight, as he drew near and raised his face, unhidden by the bacinet, was immediately recognised: and the warder proclaimed loudly—"Morbeque! Morbeque!" The words were re-echoed by all the inmates of the castle; for instigated by a similar curiosity, they had collected at the loop-holes and other apertures, to see who the stranger might be; these few accents indeed seemed to have the power of magic; the drawbridge fell, the portcullis rose, and the warder left free the passage for the knight, who now dashed at full speed into the courtyard, flung the reins to his attendant, and springing into the hall, received in his arms the Lady Blanche de Marneil.

"Dearest! look up;" said the knight, perceiving that she spoke not, but seeing that she had nearly swooned, he reluctantly resigned her to her attendants, who bore her to an adjoining apartment, and using the restoratives, common at that time as well as this, she ere long revived: but while this is proceeding, we will attempt a description of the room in which she lay. It was a fine specimen of that architecture, which, three centuries

previous, the bold Normans had introduced into England: the painted windows deep set in their embrasures, the walls hung with blue damask, the couch covered with cloth of gold, the harp inlaid with the same precious metal, all proclaimed the rich and powerful noble: and the black silk robe dropped with silver, and the wimple of sendal embroidered with gold, which constituted the chief attire of the lady, alike declared her wealth and rank.

As the lady revived she gazed wildly around, but at length, fixing her eye upon the knight, she said, "And is it indeed you, Denys? and no fair vision to cheat my poor sight?"

"It is indeed thy Denys," said the knight, now at her feet, and covering her hand with kisses. The lady then bidding her attendant leave the room, said, "And whence art thou now come? and art thou long to stay?"

"Ah, Blanche," replied the knight, avoiding an answer to her first question, "thou knowest that the field is the warrior's only home."

"A long and weary time hast thou been absent, Morbeque."

"For me, centuries have rolled on in torturing anguish since I saw thee."

"But whence art thou come? Although it matters not, for to me thou seemest from heaven: yet on what angel's wings didst thou descend?"

A dark cloud passed over the features of her lover, as he said although firmly, still with some constraint manifest in his voice—

"To thee it will seem the destroying fiend; the Eng-

lish host is but some twenty leagues distant from this castle."

"The English host!" shrieked the lady, "what dost thou with them? the French, where are they?"

"To the French I am a deadly foe."

"Thou art a Frenchman, Morbeque; this is thy native land, and dost thou cast it off?"

"My country cast me off," said the knight, bitterly, "and now I have the power to wreak my wrongs upon my foes, thinkest thou that I have not the will?"

"And dost thou think, Morbeque," said the lady, withdrawing her hand, which as yet he had held, "dost thou think, proud man, that I will smile upon a traitor?"

"Lady," said the knight, retorting her cold tone, and rising from his knee, "it is to wash that stain from my seutecheon, that I have now landed in France. Whence has all my misery sprung," he continued, increasing in vehemence as he proceeded, "if 'tis not from this land? Was not the lying caitiff that dared brand my name with treachery, a Frenchman? Was not the monarch that denied me combat with that caitiff, the king of France? Were not all my persecutors Frenchmen? Ay! and they shall rue their birth; but chief of all the false traitor Montigny."

"Denys, one course still remains to thee. The king hath but lately offered thee trial by combat; present thyself at the French camp; cause the false villain to confess his treachery, and then, thy name freed from every shadow of doubt, return here, not to be more beloved by me, but to receive this pledge of love, my hand." Her voice failed not, and, filled with her high purpose,

she blushed not even as she spoke; but steadily regarded the knight, who (forgive him!) seemed, as he felt the soft pressure of her hand, to waver: but it was only for a moment; and he then sadly said—

“No Blanche, thus it cannot be; allied to thee, my lance must be couched, and my sword wielded against the English, who in my hour of darkness have alone shed light upon my path.”

“Think of them as thy country’s foes, and——”

“No,” said the knight, gloomily and firmly, “listen to my tale, and hear that it cannot be.—Thus cast off by all the world, save thee, I fled to England; to the royal Edward; and the natural foes of my native land became my friends. I fled to him as one by whose aid I might revenge my wrongs. He heard my tale, and promised me redress; he gave me lands; he gave me wealth; he would have given me a noble bride,” said the knight, bitterly. “All, all I accepted, save the last, and I swore to repay him well in France: here I now am; to-morrow’s sun shall set on thousands of corpses, and shall it then be said that Sir Denys de Morbeque raised his arm against the Black Prince? Shall it even be said that the English host was massacred to a man, while a few leagues distant, the good knight was toying in the arms of his lady-love, and had given his brand to her damsels to keep? No! no! thou temptest me strongly, Blanche, but my honour is a firm defence. Yet,” said he, more warmly, as the cloud half passed from his brow, “listen to me and all may still be well: to-morrow’s sun shall not set on Hugh de Montigny alive; my honour shall be cleared in the field, whether the Eng-

lish conquer or are vanquished: and rest assured that if they yield, Morbeque will not live to grace the victor's triumph. If, as I think, yet scarcee would wish to see, the oriflamme falls, then dost thou not believe that the young Edward can wrench from John this castle with its wide domains? Or yield thyself to me, under English banners, and the Castle of Marneil shall be richly made up, by broad lands in merry England."

"Now, by our lady, dost thou think me a slave, that thou profferest this? What! shall my true vassals be given as a guerdon to the best lance? shall I too, yield these possessions of my father's, to wend with thee to foreign lands, dependent on the bounty of that Prince who now is laying waste my native country? No, my lord, if other hopes you have none, farewell at once, for this indeed must not be," and she turned from the knight to the embrasure of the nearest window.

"Fiends of hell," muttered Morbeque, as he paced rapidly up and down the apartment, "I am unworthy of myself—unworthy of her, to offer this; but hear me, Blanche," he said aloud, "I meant not this: thou urgest me to despair, and then reproachest my frenzy; hear me," he repeated in a louder and more impetuous tone; "by heaven, I would not thus receive thee." "No, my lord," said the lady, fixing her dark eyes full upon him, "I have made a strange offer, and it has been yet more strangely received; I indeed believe with thee, that we must part," but losing at once her cold offended tone, and advancing towards the knight, she said, "thou sayest thy obligations to the English king are great; art not thou bound by stronger ties to thy country? thou

hast not yet given the first blow to the liberties of thy native land; and beware how thou dost it; for by the spotless virgin, when thou liftest thine arm against France, I cast thee off for ever!" and raising her beaming eyes to heaven, she seemed sacrificing at the shrine of patriotism all hopes of earthly happiness, so pale, so sad was her countenance; but the indignant knight knelt not to supplicate.

"By heaven, even thy soft hand shall not stain my shield; no, my Lady de Marneil, not for the sake of heaven, not for the sake of thee, will I thus prove my right to the name of traitor! farewell!" He turned and left the room. The lady's spirit could no longer sustain itself under this load of misery; she sank upon the couch in an agony of tears. Nor did the resentment of the knight long oppose his love; he had not traversed half the length of the hall, ere he turned, flung open the door of the apartment, and throwing himself at the lady's feet, "must we thus part?" he cried, "it cannot be; say, say once more farewell." "Oh, Morbeque!" said the lady, and yielding to his embrace, she wept upon his shoulder; the knight clasped her to his heart; then, not daring to trust himself longer, gently laid her on the couch, and rushed from her presence. Twice he turned his steps, but twice he again resumed his course; and as his squire entered from the court-yard, springing forward, he cried, "my horse!" then darted past his startled attendant, bounded on his steed, and went off with the rapidity of a meteor. Hawkestone staid not to gaze, but venting an oath of anger and surprise, mounted and followed him.

"Morbeque!" cried the lady, "he has gone, lost to me for ever!" and senseless she sank upon the couch: her attendants hastened to her assistance, but it was long ere she revived, and then it was but to shriek and wail; at times calling on Morbeque, at others execrating her own cruelty.

Here we must leave her, and join the English army, which towards the close of the same day on which the events last mentioned took place, had halted but two leagues distance from the French; and the Prince of Wales, attended by many of his chief nobles, was holding in front of the camp a grand council of war, to discuss the measures to be pursued. Their critical situation was now no secret; it was well known to all that their force, not exceeding at the utmost eight thousand men, was to be attacked on the ensuing day by seven times their number, and though no one had as yet even whispered a surrender, a retreat had been very generally spoken of throughout the camp. In the present council, however, both had become subjects of discussion; and the young Edward, indignant at the mention of the one, and maddened almost to frenzy by that of the other, wished for nothing so much as to break off the conference, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a knight, who, afar off, and followed by but one attendant, was seen urging to full speed his war-horse in the direction of the camp. As the rider approached, the Prince recognized him, and glad of the interruption, cried, "Morbeque, by St. George! I well knew he would not fail me." As he spoke, the knight cried aloud, "the French, my lord, are within a league's dis-

tance, and moving rapidly towards us;" and he reined in his steed to pay his obeisance to the Prince, but the noble animal was no longer able to support the burden; he stumbled and fell: "he bore me well away from them," said the knight in a sad tone, as he freed himself from the saddle, "but I could almost wish that he had fallen there, and given me to their swords."

"Back, my lords," said the Prince hastily to those who stood around him, "and prepare the army for combat;" then turning to Morbeque, he said, "what now, my lord, what means this fear?" "Fear! I know it not; but you, my Lord Prince, couch your lance, and raise your sword against your country's foes; I against those of my own land, my brethren, my own sovereign; and can you not believe that I feel as if 'twere well I had fallen to-day by the lances of my pursuers, before such blood should stain my blade." "Lances, said you, Sir Denys de Morbeque? the dungeon and the cord would have been your fate; if naught else can stir you up, remember Montigny." "Ay! ay!" said the knight, the deep gloom which had settled over his countenance breaking away as the light flashed from his eye, "thou touchest the right string, and with a master hand; I'll serve thee to the death—set on." As he spoke, the sound of the trump broke faintly on the ear of the Prince; "ha! this is no time for dallying; by heaven, they come! away sir knight"—and dashing the spurs in his horse, he rode furiously up the hill. Hawkestone had already prepared another steed for his lord, and mounting, he rode up to his band, who received him with loud and cheering shouts. But let not the reader suppose

from this conversation, that the Black Prince wished by any crafty excitement of the passions of Morbeque, to secure so good a lance in the approaching contest: no! such base thoughts never would have been reflected from the "mirror of chivalry;" he conceived that all the ties that bound the knight to his country were severed, and he bade him revenge his wrongs, as he himself would have done in the same case.

The sun was just throwing his parting rays across the plain at the foot of the declivity, on which the English were posted, when the French vanguard appeared in sight on a rising ground, that terminated the plain at about half a league's distance.

"Now, by St. George," cried the English Prince, as the troops poured down the hill, "the confiding braggarts throw themselves into the plain:" but his hopes were disappointed; for as the main body came up, the vanguard was recalled, and the French, by pitching their tents on the hill, gave sufficient evidence that they purposed to remain there during the night, deferring the combat to the ensuing day. On seeing this, the English army was also ordered to repose, to prepare them for the arduous conflict that threatened them. Night came slowly on—passed—the day broke—the sun rose, and gilded with his rising beams the armed chivalry of the rival nations. It was a day most unfit for strife, the sabbath: it was a fearful celebration of the holy day, and yet it was a brilliant one. On the declivity which they had occupied during the preceding night, was arrayed the whole of England's force, a small but goodly band: disease had thinned its ranks, the sword was now to con-

tinue the destruction. The Black Prince, attired in the polished steel armour which he ever wore, with the black surcoat thrown over his shoulder, mounted on a steed caparisoned in the same sable colour, gazed on the field, his bright eye undimmed by his knowledge of the dubious nature of the strife into which he was about to enter: the standard of his royal father waved before him, while all around floated the banners and pennons of his knights. On the hill where they had been posted on the preceding evening, was drawn up the French host: right brilliant was the sight; their king, attired in royal armour, and with the sacred oriflamme of his country planted before him, was attended by a gallant band of nobles; sixty thousand men there were that day drawn up on the plains of Maupertuis. All was now silent; the soldiers in either army instantly expected the opposing monarch to lead down his followers to the plain; when the wish of the Prince of Wales was suddenly granted, and the troops of France poured in fearful numbers into the vale below. The final preparations for the deadly strife were quickly made by the less numerous body; but the sun was high in the heaven ere the French were arrayed in battle order. "By St. Edward," cried the Black Prince, as the last division of the foe drew off to its position, "these lazy Frenchers must be roused; Sir James Audley, Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt," he said to two knights near him, who, in compliance with the custom of the time, had requested to be chosen to commence the charge, "your prayers are granted: set on! set on!" The knights bowed, closed their visors, and followed by their retainers spurred

forward to the charge. "Hawkestone!" said Morbeque, who was stationed on the left of the small force, and in whose kindling eye could be seen none of the indecision he had expressed on the preceding day, "Hawkestone!" he said in an under tone, "Montigny is on the right flank; and mark me, keep my band well together and follow me." The two knights had by this time reached the French vanguard, and had driven it back in confusion on the main body. "St. Michael," cried the incensed John to his peers, who were gazing in stupid astonishment at this chivalric feat, "shall this audacious canaille brave us thus! Set on! and crush them to the earth." To the soul-stirring sound of the trump and atabal, the whole array moved onward. As this formidable force was brought into action, the English Prince looked around on his knights, and seeing them eagerly awaiting the signal with their eyes fixed upon him, he no longer attempted to repress them. "Banner advance!" St. George's standard waved on high; the trumpets sounded; and the ground which was but now covered by thousands is left vacant—and where are they? The shock of the English and French was fearful, but wholly in favour of the former, for their rapid descent lent them a force which nothing withstood; and it was with difficulty they were prevented from wholly burying themselves in the French host. But in this *mêlée* we must not lose sight of the Lord de Morbeque; who, far in advance of all his retainers, save Hawkestone, was bending his way right onward towards the centre of the opposing army; when at once his eyes flashed more vividly, he set himself more strongly in his

saddle, grasped his sword more firmly, shouted his war-cry in a louder and more eager tone, dashed the spurs into his charger, and with one bound reached the foe who had thus roused him. "Argent, three pillars, gules!" muttered Hawkestone to himself, as he rapidly scanned the shield of his lord's antagonist, "Montigny by heaven!" "Ha! Montigny," cried the English partisan, as he reached his enemy, "here is Morbeque!" and as he spoke he struck at him a full blow. "Traitor, villain, die!" shouted the French knight, parrying and returning the blow. After this no word was spoken, and the contest began in deadly earnest: each fought both for honour and for life; and each, traitor though he might be, bore himself most knightly. Their retainers had, as it were, paused by common consent, and left it to their lords to decide the contest; and the small circle which hemmed in the two combatants, all the members of which sat in speechless anxiety, formed a strong contrast to the brawling and fierce conflict that raged all around. For a long time, the strife was nearly equal; until Morbeque's sword encountering fairly the French knight's helm, was shivered to atoms, up to the guard, while he received the blow unharmed. "Curse on the blade!" muttered the baffled knight, as he threw the hilt from him; "but this," he shouted, "will serve me better," snatching his martel from his saddle-bow: his antagonist also seized his battle axe, and the contest became more terrific. The French knight, wholly self-possessed and fully preserving his presence of mind, dealt his blows with circumspection and effect. He had, ere long, cleft in two the shield of his foe, and Sir

Denys was left to depend solely upon his skill; this was of but little avail, or rather but little remained to him, for in his impetuosity he had lost all government of himself and weapon, and he dealt his blows with the rapidity of lightning, neither parrying nor shunning the battle axe of his antagonist. All saw that the strife was now too unequal to last, and, as all expected, the axe of the Frenchman, in the space of a few moments, encountered, with fearful force, the helmet of Morbeque, leaving him unhelmed and wholly at the mercy of his foe. A horrid joy kindled his eye, and he slowly and coolly drew back his arm for the death-blow, when Morbeque compelling his horse to make a lofty curvette, in order to give his arm full scope, with all his force hurled his martel at Montigny. The blow was unexpected, and met with no defence: the French knight fell stunned and senseless from his steed; his antagonist stood over him almost as he reached the ground. The fatal dagger of mercy glittered as he unsheathed it, and as the blade entered the bars of the visor, the victor cried "traitor, confess or die." Thrice the call was repeated, thrice the dagger inserted and again withdrawn. When the fallen knight revived, he heard the third, the last call; he saw the steel for the third, the last time slowly hiding the light from his eyes—and a murmur was emitted from the casque. "Ha! caitiff, confess," and a sullen acknowledgement of falsehood and treachery reached his ears. He fell on his knees, and dropping the fatal steel, and clasping his gauntleted hands, "thanks to the blessed Virgin; thanks to our blessed Lord," he cried, and then rising, "the stain is

removed, the name of Morbeque is pure, his scutcheon spotless."

The reader may, perhaps, be of opinion that we have allotted to our hero an undue share of the field; but he should be informed that in the mean time the tide of battle had flowed towards the western part of the vale, carrying with it both armies, and the small body of men in whom we are interested, alone maintaining their position, were of course entirely separated from their comrades.

The sharp edge of the martlet had sunk deep into the head of the French knight, and the life blood was ebbing from the wound. "Unhelm him," said Morbeque to the retainers standing about him, "and let me see that face once more. Gently, villains!" he cried, as he perceived his followers were roughly handling the wounded man. The casque, as it fell from the head of his foe, disclosed the dark complexioned features, the dark hair, and the dark eye of his country; but the malignant fire of that eye belonged to Montigny alone: the angry flush was fast passing from the countenance of Morbeque as he looked upon his prostrate antagonist, but the fell passions of the vanquished man betokened not the approach of death. he shook his feeble hand at his hated enemy—"Your blow came in good season! fool that I was not to crush thee on the instant! Send no monk here," he said fiercely, as he heard Sir Denys bid a retainer seek one; "think you, because my deep-laid plans have failed, that I will whine out my soul into another world: you have succeeded, Morbeque; I know not but 'twas right you should, yet—" his voice failed him,

but his eye flashed more hatred and fury than his words could have expressed; it was but for a moment; he sank back upon the ground into a pool formed by his own gore, and sent his last breath gurgling through it. The conqueror looked for an instant intensely on the corpse; then, as it were, with a violent effort, shaking off the disagreeable emotions excited in his mind, he called for another helmet, and dashing by the stupefied followers of the vanquished knight, he threw his small force on the flank of the French army. But while his retainers fight with double energy, why has the brilliant light faded from their master's eye? Why does his sword fall so carelessly? Why is his courser curbed so tightly? The mist was now fast passing from the mind of Morbeque, and he was beginning to discover that he had previously been rather fighting with Montigny than with the French. The lives of his countrymen were too great a sacrifice to lay even on the altar of friendship; and though his sword still gleamed in the conflict, the light it emitted was but faint; and perchance that even might have been extinguished, had not fate at once, and suddenly, decided the contrary. As the French yielded gradually to the efforts of the English, the knight, almost without his own co-operation, drew nearer and nearer to their centre; and ere long he beheld waving, but a short space from him, the ancient banner of France, and recognized under its shadow the glittering armour of her king. "No! by heaven! never shall you fall by my hand," he muttered, and was about to turn his band in another direction; but they had already discerned the prize, and with loud shouts were

now endeavouring to break through the French and English, to share alone the honour of striking down the standard of their foes. Hawkestone too crying, "Notre Dame de Morbeque! give way for Morbeque!" instantly drew the eyes of all upon his lord; but he still wavered, and had half turned his horse's head in the contrary direction, when the cry of "Shame! shame!" arose; the enraged knight was at once decided; striking the spurs in his steed, "Give way, villains!" he cried, and, with a few blows of his martel, swept both English and French from his path: the truncheon was struck from the hand of the monarch, and he sat defenceless on his horse, while the shining battle-axe hung over his glittering coronet, and the words "Yield thee, sir King," were shouted in his ear. The English had followed up their knight in his desperate charge so closely, that at the moment he reached the person of the monarch, the French were driven back in such manner, that the king remained alone, wholly separated from his followers; and while the daring act received the cheering shouts of one party, the threats and curses of the other were unheeded or unheard. But though John saw his desperate situation, his courage forsook him not; "I yield me to no nameless man," he said. "Thou canst not have a conqueror more noble on this field; I am—" and there was a slight tremulousness in the voice of the knight as he spoke, "I am Sir Denys de Morbeque." The king started in his saddle, but then coolly said, "Conduct us to our royal cousin; he is a princely scion of a kingly stock." Shouts on shouts arose from the victorious party, as they witnessed this

termination of the conflict, while their foes rent the air with threats, curses, and wailings; the English separated to open a passage for the royal prisoner, and closed behind him, opposing a barrier impenetrable to the fury of the French, which now burst forth, though too late.

That night a solemn feast was held in the English camp, graced by all the noblest of both nations: a pavilion had been planted on the level ground, at the top of the declivity, from which in the morning they had rushed down upon their foe: that foe had been crushed; their monarch was a captive, and this feast was now held, not to celebrate their own triumphs, but to soothe the bitter regrets of that conquered enemy: on the elevated dais, with the young Edward, sat the French monarch, the lord Philip his son, and all his noblest followers, attired in silken festive robes; the ground was carpeted with arras; the purest snow-white damask covered the tables and benches, but none of the treasures which had been that day gained, shamed the eyes of the guests; it could never have been known which were the victors, which the vanquished; all displayed the noble soul of the "Mirror of Chivalry." Each and all were now awaiting the commencement of the feast, when the attendants entered, in a long train, bearing the costly carved gold dishes, freighted with the richest burthens; they were about to perform their customary offices, when the Black Prince rose, and taking a charger from the hands of one of them, and bending his knee to the French king, placed it before him: the same was done by all his nobles to the other guests, and

with their caps of state in hand, they awaited their bidding; all sat amazed until the incensed John spoke, "What means this mummary, sir Prince? we are indeed thy captives; but methinks, this shame need not have been added."

"Thou art not *my* captive, sire; my royal father has overcome thee; and so, please God, no other pages shalt thou have, so long as thou shalt grace my tent." "My Lord Prince," replied the soothed monarch, "thanks for thy courtesy; we accept it from a hand so noble, with all joy."

The feast went on, the gloom passed from the brows of the French, and mirth ruled the hour: the wines and spices were now served up by the same noble attendants, and while the sparkling Champagne, the thin Burgundy, and the sweet Sicily passed round, spiced with the products of the east, the minstrels entered the pavilion: long robes of cloth of gold, trimmed with ermine, decked the favourites of song: they carried, one the rote, the other two the harp, and stationing themselves at the lower end, and near the entrance, they broke forth into a loud and joyous strain—they then paused, when the first, accompanied by his rote, sang the following lay:—

The feast! 'tis not for the traitor knave—
The feast! 'tis not for the coward slave—
The feast! it is for the chevalier brave,
Who dares his hand in blood to lave,
On the battle field to die!

And love! 'tis not for the traitor knave—
And love! 'tis not for the coward slave—
Oh love! it is for the chevalier brave,
Who danger and death would gladly crave,
For a glance of his lady's eye.

Glory and love are the chevalier's right—
Glory and love are his beacon light—
For glory and love will he ever fight,
Till he sink for aye in death's dark night,
Without one recreant sigh.

As the minstrel concluded, again burst forth the festive strain; each in turn sang the song of love and deeds of prowess; and after each, was again poured out the mirthful melody. With music and with wine the hour was whiled away long and merrily, and all gave loose to their hearts, and drank in greedily the joy which was offered; all save the sovereign of France; he only sat with gloomy and discontented brow, brooding over his battle, army, and kingdom lost. At length, in the interval of the music, he thus addressed the English Prince: "The song and the wine-cup are for the victor, but the vanquished should wail in silence; my lord, we thank thee for thy courtesy, but we would leave this too joyous scene;" as he spoke he arose, and at once all his subjects bade adieu to mirth, and followed their monarch. Their noble host essayed not to detain them; the feast broke up, and orders were issued to prepare to march on the following day towards Bourdeaux.

The morrow's dawning sun saw the English army on

its way for Bourdeaux: all fear from the French was now removed, and they marched on, the vanquished mingling with the victors, as in a triumphal procession. But the ground which they had occupied was not yet entirely vacant; there still remained a knight surrounded by perchance a score of mounted men at arms, who gazed steadfastly for some time after the retiring army; but as the last division was hidden from his sight by the rising ground of which we have spoken, he gave in a few words his orders to his attendants, and followed by them rode rapidly off, taking a direction a little oblique to that of the main body. It was Morbeque; the closing scene of the drama was now about to be enacted; he had raised his arm against his countrymen, he had even captured his monarch, and he was now on his way to learn whether indeed the fair Lady Blanche would adhere to her vow, or whether he should be able to soften her. His outward demeanour gave evident tokens of the feelings that were at work within: now cheerful and joyous, he gave vent to his gaiety by striking the spurs into his charger, and dashing rapidly across the plain; now melancholy and sad, he forced his war-horse to assume a pace more in accordance with his feelings, and would angrily repress the mirth of some heedless retainer. The sun had nearly reached its zenith, when the band was encountered by another body of men of about double their numbers, and Morbeque on inquiring, as he closed his visor, who was their leader, received for answer, "the Lord John de Grielly." "What! the Capital de Buch?" "Even so, my lord, and with him the

Count de Foix." "Tis well, all friends!" and as he spoke, the knights came within spear's length of each other. "As friends we meet, my lords, I trust?" said the English partizan, lowering his lance to salute the strangers. "Aye, Sir Denys de Morbeque, if so be that you still follow St. George; but indeed, as for ourselves, we have sworn never to lay lance in rest against other foe, before these rascal Jacques are utterly destroyed."

"What! the peasants! are they again in arms?"

"And have you not heard that Meaux contains all the beauty and nobility of France? At this very moment that we are wasting words, the canaille may have butchered all the fair inhabitants of that city; aye, all the noble ladies of the country of Brie and of Coucy have fled to Meaux, to take shelter within its walls, from the outrages committed by these rascal peasants."

"Of Brie!" shouted the astonished knight; "and are we here? On, on, gentlemen, all my little force must join you."

The two bands of retainers, in all but sixty men, quickly incorporated themselves into one, and without the least delay pushed forward to adventure against a mob of nine thousand.

The afternoon of the next day saw the venturous knights within a short distance of the city of Meaux, and on suddenly ascending a slight hill, the besieged and besiegers burst upon their sight; a moment's glance was sufficient to show the meanest soldier there, that the defence had already been prolonged to the utmost, and that a few hours more would have given the city to the

lawless multitude. As they spurred on, a loud shout bursting from the ranks of the Jacquerie, announced that they were seen; but relying on their numbers, and neither terrified nor dismayed, they prepared in good order to receive their antagonists, who charging with couched lances, were borne, in despite of all opposition, nearly to the brink of the fosse which surrounded the city. On turning, they instantly found themselves hemmed in on all sides by the infuriated peasants, who, though possessing no weapon save their long knives, were, from their numbers, no mean foe. The lance and the sword were now almost useless, and though the heavy martel cleared for itself a path, like the brand of the destroying angel, yet the contest was long and desperate; but the unarmed peasants finding their efforts unavailing against their courageous and well-appointed enemy, began gradually to give way, and soon fled in every direction. The men at arms pursued them long and hotly, and having dispersed them with immense slaughter, in so much that not one was to be seen alive on all the broad plain which surrounded the city, the gates were flung wide open to them, and amid the thanks and blessings of the fair beings whom they had rescued—thanks as fervent as well-deserved—they entered.

In the crowd of fair and noble dames who had rushed forth to welcome their deliverers, the Count de Foix quickly descried the beautiful Lady Blanche, and dismounting and saluting her, he gaily said, "my Lady de Marneil! and where is Morbeque?"

"Morbeque!" cried our astonished heroine; "and why should he be here?"

"Why should he be here, fair lady? methinks that question would sound harshly to him. But have you not seen him? Upon mine honour, I thought he would ere this have reached you. He fought like a mad demon, or as you would say, perchance, like a good angel."

"And is he then indeed with you?"

"Aye, my lady, in very deed, and did good service too—but what means this?" he said in an under tone, as looking round, his eyes rested on a knight, who, supported by two attendants, and evidently badly wounded, was slowly approaching the place where they were, "by heaven 'tis he!" and, unperceived by Blanche, who was intently looking for her lover in another direction, he sprang to meet him. "How now, Morbeque, not hurt?"

"Yes, badly hurt; these peasant knives have reached my life blood; but my failing limbs have borne me where I would spend the few moments I have left." As he spoke, Blanche's eye caught his form, and instantly recognising him, she would have darted forward; but the shock was too great, and she sank into the arms of her maidens: when she revived, Morbeque was at her feet pressing her cold hand to his bloodless lips.

"And thus do we meet, Denys?"

"Aye, Blanche, even so; yet is this bitter hour sweeter, far sweeter than to die away from thee; wert thou not near me, these my last moments would be dark indeed; but thus, 'tis a foretaste of hereafter! Mourn not so,"

continued the wounded knight, as the lady's convulsive sobs prevented her speech; "Morbeque dies happy; his last blood flowed in your defence; his life saved yours; and perchance when you think on Meaux, it may be you will forget Poitiers."

"Oh, Denys," said Blanche, her grief for the first time finding utterance, "I have mourned over thee as one worse than dead to me; but now, methinks I could pardon all—"

"I could have wished to live to ask forgiveness of thy justice; but now—yes, now I may ask it of thy love"—Blanche bent over him, and their cold lips met.

"Oh," said the dying knight, "never was fondest kiss of love more sweet than this in death! My life has been a short one, and sunlight and shade have been strangely mingled in it; but this last hour repays me for all that I have suffered. Hawkestone," he continued, addressing his faithful attendant, "farewell! Nay, bear it like a man; thou hast not long borne my banner, but I trust thou wilt not forget it soon—Ah! I go—Blanche, farewell!" and as he breathed his last, a smile of love rested on his lips.

A year had scarcely elapsed from the time at which the events last mentioned took place, when a novice who went by the name of sister Blanche, took the black veil in the convent of "Les Sœurs de la mort," remarkable for her beauty and for the sadness which ever rested on her countenance; and though in those troublous times, these domestic griefs were but little known and scarce inquired into, when peace came, and public calamity no

longer usurped the place of private sorrow, every one was anxious to hear the events attending the extinction of the two ancient houses of Morbeque and Marneil.*

* Should by any chance an antiquarian light upon this humble tale, and should he by a still greater chance, think it worthy of perusing, he will perceive that the siege and rescue of Meaux is antedated nearly a year; but he will need no further information concerning this rising of the peasants, or as they are more commonly called by Froissart and other chroniclers of that time, "Jacques;" speaking of whom the same writer says, "he who committed the most atrocious actions, and such as no human creature would have imagined, was the most applauded, and considered as the greatest man among them." The leader, who was actually elected as most fitting to do justice to the character of the body he was to command, was termed, in "biting irony" it would seem, "Jacques Bon Homme;" and from the period of his election, till the insurgents were put down, which was not completely effected before the end of the English wars in France, that kingdom was, from this cause alone, in as lamentable a state as can be imagined.

SONNETS TO AMBITION.

"Methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon."
Shakespeare.

LIGHT of the noble mind! the proud of earth
Have ever breathed to thee their matin song;
And lofty hearts have mingled in the throng,
That gazed entranced upon thy brightness. Worth
To thee a minister hath been; and birth
No heritage hath claim'd; the student's lore—
The poet's verse—for thee their visions soar;
Thy beams may gild a throne, or peasant's hearth.
Fond worshippers have follow'd o'er the wave,
And watch'd thy rays as mariners the sun;
Danger hath stood upon the battlement,
Where rush'd thy votary with his banner rent—
Yet press'd he on till victory's meed was won,
In wreaths upon his brow, or glory on his grave!

DESPOTS have bound thee to their crimson'd car,
And havoc led the way o'er reeking fields
Where trampled freedom all her birth-right yields,
And rapine stalks, while mercy flies afar;

Yet hast thou been full oft the guiding star,
That lighted patriots to a deathless fame;
Their guerdon—but the lustre of a name,
Their field—the council-seat, or front of war.
Shall godlike reason veil her ardent eye,
Or eaglets grovel with the bird of night?
Shall swelling bosoms shun bright honour's race,
When glory's light is beaconing the chase?
The soaring spirit wings its towering flight,
Nor stoops its falcon-crest beneath the spreading sky!

THE WITHERED LEAF.

UPON a lofty forest oak, a leaf,
Fann'd by the breeze, or sparkling in the dew,
From infancy to age in beauty grew,
Though all its life was but a season brief:
Wither'd and shrunk, at length, to nature's grief,
And loosen'd from its parent stem, it blew
Into my bosom. "So, alas! thou too
Shalt fall," it seem'd to say; "nor be thou deaf
To this my voice: like a swift running stream
Thy youth, thy loveliness, have pass'd away,
And all thy years have vanish'd like a dream:
Thy song must even fail, which day by day
Was heard among the flowers; nor shall one gleam
Of cherish'd glory, light thee to decay!"

PICKERING.

CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.

This picture, a chef d'œuvre of Rubens, is now at Windsor Castle.

ALL loved who saw her for her noble mien,
Not for the splendour of her rich attire;
'Twas not those robes that might become a queen,
But her sweet looks that kindled soft desire.
Her sparkling eyes, and cheeks with roses spread,
These could the hearts of fond adorers draw,
Not the bright gems that streaming radiance shed,
Nor the gay flaunting of THE HAT OF STRAW.

Yet was that hat of straw her fondest pride;
Form'd by the labours of ingenious art,
Fancy and fashion all their powers had tried
To make it catch each passing gazer's heart.
The maidens envied, and the youths admired,
While rivals sicken'd as its charms they saw;
But other charms th' enamoured heart required,
That sweetly bloom'd beneath THE HAT OF STRAW.

And yet, fair hat, is thine a happy lot;
While rival hats to Lethe's realms are gone,
The withering hand of time thou fearest not,
Beloved by beauty, and by genius drawn.

F 730



Painted by Rubens

Engraved and Coloured by H. Smith

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Painted by Rubens.

Engraved in Steel by W. Kneller.

CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Fashion and taste may alter as they will,
Thou art not subject to their varying law,
For Rubens has, with talismanic skill,
Made thee immortal, beauteous HAT OF STRAW!

Oh! how to thee auspicious was that day,
When midst the brilliant train in festal bower,
Thy noble mistress bore the palm away,
Of graceful beauty in that joyous hour.
And well might pride that fair one's breast inflame,
When art's great master, copying what he saw,
Transmitted to the care of deathless fame
The high-born beauty and her HAT OF STRAW!

JAMES M'HENRY.

STANZAS

*Occasioned by hearing a Little Boy just let loose from
School, mocking the Bell, as it struck the hour of
Twelve.*

AYE, ring thy shout to the merry hours!
Well may you part in glee—
From their sunny wings they scatter flowers
And laughing look on thee!

Thy thrilling voice has started tears—
It brings to mind the day,
When I chased butterflies and years,
And both flew fast away.

Then my glad thoughts were few and free—
They came but to depart,
And did not ask where heaven could be—
'Twas in my little heart.

I since have sought the meteor crown,
Which fame bestows on men—
How gladly would I throw it down,
To be so gay again!

But careless joy has gone away—
In vain 'tis now pursued—
Such rainbow glories only stay
Around the simply good.

I know too much to be as blest,
As when I was like thee—
My spirit, reason'd into rest,
Has lost its buoyancy.

Yet still I love the winged hours!
We often meet in glee—
And sometimes, too, are fragrant flowers
Their farewell gifts to me!

L. M. FRANCIS.

THE PLAGUE OF BLOOD.

HARK! 'tis the wail of wo—the dire lament
 Of wretched Egypt—by her waves of blood
 'Thousands lie prostrate in the gasp of death!
 'The blooming youth, the aged bow'd with years,
 'The infant of a day, whose radiant eye
 Scarce open'd on a world of sin and gloom;
 All—all lie there, blasted beneath His pow'r,
 Whose dread Omnipotence, so oft defied,
 In vengeance desolates the hapless land!
 The limpid fountains, and the cooling streams,
 Whose crystal waters leaping into life,
 Beguiled the pilgrim wanderer to pause
 And taste their sparkling nectar, where are they?

And thou, dark rolling Nile, thou in whose praise
 'The minstrel's harp hath rung, thou to whom kings
 Have brought their tribute, and the joyous hosts
 Have offer'd incense, as to gods divine,
 Where are thy flowing waves? polluted now
 To pestilential blood; on thy rank breast
 The loathsome crocodile alone is seen,
 Sporting amid the gross corruption there!
 In vain the frenzied mother bears her babe
 To the green wood, to search for one pure drop
 To quench the fever of his dying lip!
 From pool to pool she hastens, while despair
 And love, maternal love, that holy tie,
 Strengthen her failing footsteps; "Peace, my boy,

I know a spot, deep in the forest's shade,
Where the dread God of Israel hath not been,
There will we go, and from that sacred well,
Hallow'd to Isis, thou shalt drink and live."
They reach the grove, and now, with trembling hand
And pray'r of agony, she dips the vase
In the dark fount, she draws it forth—'tis blood!!

In vain, with ceaseless toil and desperate arm,
Men delve the bosom of the sterile earth,
The oozing stream still wears the hated hue,
And multitudes despairing, gaze and die!
Behold with haggard mien, and eye whose glare
Is fixed in maniac madness, one whose lip
But lately wore the smile of bridal joy,
Still, 'midst the tresses of her glossy hair,
The consecrated orange flowers are seen;
Ah! when around that young and lovely brow,
The fragrant wreath was twined, what dreams of bliss
Quicken'd the pulses of her glowing heart;
Consum'd with burning thirst, and rack'd with pain,
Unwise she quaff'd the poison of the wave.
List to that piercing shriek—again—'tis o'er!
'Twas nature's conflict with victorious death.

And now upon her lover's breast she lies,
Like a pale flowret, crush'd before the storm!

And see approaching, Egypt's guilty king—
Wrapt in his sinful pride, harden'd, unmoved,
At the wide waste of human life around,
His fierce eye turn'd to heaven, as if he scorn'd
The unknown God, whose mighty power he feels,
He enters the rich temple, where enshrined
'Mid costly gems, the produce of a world,

The Pagan idol, robed in splendour, reigns.
Before the senseless deity he kneels,
And with dark superstitious rites invokes,
Vengeance against the mighty King of Kings!
"Who is this God the Israelites adore?"
His impious lip in blasphemy exclaims,
"I know him not, shall I obey his voice?
I will not let his bondaged people go,
With added burthens shall their strife be quell'd,
Their rebel necks be trampled to the dust;
Then if this unseen God of Hebrews live,
Let him appear, and save his chosen race—
Call up the Magi! bid them mock his art,
Then will we laugh his miracles to scorn."

Oh! darken'd spirit! fearful is the doom,
Decreed by the Eternal Lord for thee.
A few brief days, thy pageantry, thy power,
Thy martial train, with all its gaudy pomp,
The myriads that surround thy jewel'd throne,
Offering vain homage to a fallen worm,
Swept in a moment from the face of earth,
In universal ruin shall be lost!
And thou degraded Israel, who hast long
Wept those sad tears that captives only shed,
Awake, arise, behold the sovereign arm,
Outstretch'd to save—thy Saviour and thy king!
He comes, he comes! swift as the lightning's bolt,
Prostrate before his power the tyrant falls.
Let every harp in tuneful praises ring,
Whilst awe-struck nations tremble and adore,
Mighty and glorious is the Lord of Hosts!

THE BOWER OF CONTENT.

In a vale far sequester'd from tumult and noise,
Content rear'd a lonely bower,
She fashion'd it fair as the visions of joys
That glow in life's morning hour,
And she said, "the pure fancies and feelings of youth
Here are fix'd by my potent spell,
And none but the heart that loves nature and truth
In this holy bower may dwell."

Ere she ceased, a proud chariot roll'd slowly along,
Down the narrow and winding road,
The rich man hath come from the world's giddy throng
To rest in that lowly abode;
But where fashion and flattery blend not their art,
Will Content bless the wealthy and vain?
Will he welcome the calm and commune with his heart?
He hath gone to the world again.

Then poverty's victim came hastily on,
Repining had furrowed his face,
And he sigh'd while he said, "all temptation to shun,
He must dwell in that lonely place."
But the half-hidden roses attract not his eye,
As it roams o'er the fair domain;
O, see!—doth not Hope's meteor flash gild the sky?
He hath gone to the world again.

Then slow, with a frown dark as hate on his brow,
Sad and solemn the devotee came,
Yet he speaks of the love that the heavens could bow,
Of the joys that religion may claim—
Of the vile barren earth—of the glories above—
Of his hope—but none echo the strain—
Men hear not the prayers pour'd in grotto and grove,
He hath gone to the world again.

And the bower of Content is all blooming and gay,
But the slaves of the world heed it not,
They may pause at the threshold, but never will stay
To examine the lone, lovely spot,
Where the days glide as noiseless as angels draw near
The couch where the good repose;
And joy hath no tumult, and sorrow's meek tear
From passion all purified flows.

Hark! a breathing of music is borne on the air,
As soft as the south wind's sigh,
When it hastens the summer's pure dew-drop to bear
Where beds of sweet violets lie;
'Tis the song of Content, and at morning and even,
Go list to her soothing strain,
"Bring a book, and a lyre, and a heart bow'd to heaven,
And the world cannot lure thee again."

S. J. HALE.

THE BRITISH CAPTIVES AT ROME.

WRAPT in their garb of skins they stood
Amid the pomp of Rome,
They who had vainly pour'd their blood
To guard their cabin home.

They who had plunged amid the tide
That laved their native shore,
And with the invader's warrior pride
The dangerous battle bore.

They who the spear had fiercely plied
On Albion's leagured field,
And to its hilt the rude sword dyed
Despite of Roman shield.

But now, where sculptured columns glow,
Where sparkling fountains glide,
They trace with eye of wondering wo
The Eternal City's pride.

Their pure cheeks flush with gallant blood,
Their fair locks wildly wave,
And there 'mid gazing crowds they stood,
The 'beautiful, the brave.'

THE BRITISH CAPTIVES AT ROME. 167,

The music of those echoing streams,
Round which their boyhood play'd,
Return'd, and freedom's cherish'd dreams
But deepen'd slavery's shade.

Revolting from the lash and chain,
They loath'd the name of slave,
And tyrant Cæsar learn'd 'twas vain
To bar them from the grave.

Ah! had they 'mid their dark despair
But pierced the veil of time,
And mark'd their future offspring fair
Like princes move sublime—

Amid the scenes where now they bow'd
With yoked and fetter'd neck,
Beheld those classic glances proud
Explore the Vandal wreck—

Trace marble fanes of ancient birth
With ivied wreaths o'erspread,
While Rome, no longer queen of earth,
Deplored her mighty dead—

Perchance that prophet view had woke
One smile of vengeful gloom,
And they whose noble hearts were broke,
Had calmly sought the tomb.

H. SIGOURNEY.

BENHADAR.

A CERTAIN bashaw of Smyrna, being on his way to Constantinople, by order of the commander of the faithful, with his retinue of Janisaries and servants mounted on fifty camels, arrived about noonday at a fine grove of oranges, in the midst of which a pure spring bubbled forth from beneath a rock, and wandered about like a snake in the grass, diffusing a richer tint of green wherever it passed. The camels hesitated, pricked their ears, and looked wistfully towards the gurgling waters and cooling fountain. "Halt here," said the bashaw to his troop, "and let us rest in this shade." The bashaw sat down on a rich cushion of silk, ordered his pipe to be brought, and crossing his legs, directed his poet or storyteller, to relate some tale to pass away the time. The poet bowed his head, and began as follows:—

A merchant of Balsora, who was called Benhadar, one day sat smoking his pipe under the shade of the pomegranates in his garden, and amusing himself with summing up the items of his wealth. "Let me see—I have fifty thousand piasters in merchandize with the caravan which will soon be here; I have thrice that sum invested in my two ships coming from the Indies with rich spices and silks; I have eighty thousand owing to me by the great bashaw Albacil; and my house and gardens are

worth as much more. Truly, Benhadar, thou art rich; enjoy thyself, and be happy." He was interrupted by a messenger, who came, in breathless haste, to inform him that the caravan which was bringing his merchandize, had been overtaken by a whirlwind and buried in the sands of the desert. Another came, in equal haste, to say that his two ships had been wrecked on the Isle of Serendib, where they were plundered by the natives and their crews massacred. A third followed with the news that the great bashaw Albacil had fallen under the displeasure of the commander of the faithful, who had sent him the bowstring and confiscated all his property: Here the bashaw of Smyrna looked a little uneasy, but said nothing.

Benhadar, continued the storyteller, rolled himself in the dust, in despair—he tore his head, and scattered his hair to the winds. "O Allah!" cried he, "what sort of a world is this, and what short-sighted mortals inhabit it! A moment ago, and I was happy in the imaginary possession of boundless wealth; now I am a beggar. I fancied myself rich when I was not worth a piaster. Miserable, miserable mortals that we are, why cannot we know what will happen, as well as what hath happened in this world? Had I known the former, I would neither have adventured my wealth to be sported with by the whirlwinds of the desert, nor the tempests of the ocean, nor, what is still more uncertain, by the freaks of fortune, who delights to pull down the pageants that she sets up. I that am a descendant of the Prophet, and have the privilege of wearing a green turban, know no more of what shall take place the next mo-

ment than the camel that fears no God. Why is this, O Allah!"

"Who calls on Allah?" answered a voice that smote upon the heart of Benhadar, who gazed bewildered around. "Who calls?" again repeated the voice. Benhadar looked towards the spot whence it seemed to come, and beheld what appeared a vast column of mist, gradually swelling into the outlines of a human figure of gigantic size. As he continued to gaze in fixed and awful silence, it condensed by degrees into form, symmetry, and substance, brightening at the same time its dark, dusky hue, till the whole face and figure shone with inconceivable brightness. With a look of mingled haughtiness and contemptuous pity, it cried out in a voice that shook the inmost soul of Benhadar—

"Thou hast called on Allah—I am here to hear thee. What wouldst thou, descendant of the Prophet?"

"I was lamenting the wreck of my fortune," at length replied the merchant, trembling, "and complaining to Allah that we mortals were not permitted to know the future, as well as the present and the past."

"Well, and what if they did?" answered the Genius contemptuously.

"They might then peradventure avoid the disappointment of their hopes, and be happy."

"Thou thinkest so. Wouldst thou, O man! know the future as thou knowest the past? Reflect—for Allah has promised his Prophet to grant one wish to all his posterity. Tell me thine; but be careful—the gift will be irrevocable."

The merchant did pause and reflect. I have it now

in my power, thought he, to receive back my treasures a hundred fold. But without the gift I covet, I may lose them again, as I have already done. By knowing what will happen, I can at any time command wealth, as easily as I shall know how to preserve it.

"Hast thou decided?" said the Genius.

"I have," replied the merchant.

"Name thy wish—but again reflect."

"I have made up my mind."

"Name then thy wish, but again, and for the last time, reflect, for again I say the gift is irrevocable. What is it?"

"I wish to know all that will happen to myself, and to the followers of the Prophet, during my natural existence."

"O rash, infatuated man!" cried the Genius, "thou hast sealed thy doom on earth! I pity thee, but it is done. Look!" The Genius then held an immense mirror, which seemed to reflect in its bosom a world like that which the merchant inhabited, teeming with every variety of occupation, and exhibiting in detached yet confused groups and compartments, all that is done and suffered by mortals. The merchant gazed, and shuddered.

"All is so mingled and confused," at length he said in a low and quivering voice, "that I cannot comprehend the different parts, or select those that particularly refer to my own fate. Canst thou not separate them into distinct pictures?"

"I can," he replied. "Which wilt thou behold

first; the mutations of this world, or the vicissitudes of thy own life?"

"The mutations of the world," at length Benhadar replied, shrinking with a gathering horror from the withdrawing of that veil which was to disclose his future fate.

"Look!" cried the Genius in a withering voice, "behold, and weep, and tremble. What seest thou?"

The merchant gazed awhile and answered, "I see a country laid waste with fire, and cities smoking in their ruins."

"Look again," said the Genius, "and tell me what thou seest."

"I behold a city stormed by a vast army bearing banners which I know not. I see them enter its gates, and now a gallant figure, wearing a crescented turban, sallies forth from a splendid palace, to meet the assailants. See! now they encounter—they mix pell-mell in deadly conflict—beautiful women in the dress of my country, stand at the palace gates and windows, stretching forth their hands, and casting their eyes to heaven, as if to beseech its aid in behalf of the chosen people of Allah. See! now—now the crescent falls to the earth—the bearer of the sacred banner is slain—the gallant leader lies prostrate on the ground, bleeding and writhing in agonies—the soldiers of the Prophet are mowed down like a harvest field—they falter—they turn their backs—they run. Of those bearing the cross, some engage in pursuit—others enter the palace. I hear the shrieks of the women, dragged forth into the streets by their long black hair. I see in the next moment the palace in

flames—the crescent trampled in the dust—and the city a smoking ruin. My sword, my sword!” exclaimed Benhadar, carried away by the scene, “that I may revenge the wrongs of my countrymen and religion!”

“Look once again,” said the Genius.

Benhadar looked, and saw a train of sorrowing men, women, and children, with turbaned heads, slowly marching down to the shores of a great sea, where lay at anchor a fleet of ships. As they proceeded, he could hear their sighs, sobbings, and groans of anguish, and see them looking back and clasping their hands in lingering despair, as they were driven along by troops of armed soldiers, bearing the badge of the cross, and laughing exultingly at the woful scene before them. Arriving at the beach, they were pushed rudely into the boats that awaited them. He beheld two or three, as if in the mad anguish of the moment, plunge into the sea, and perish. He heard the name of Allah shouted by a thousand voices in accents of despair, as the miserable exiles were pushed up the sides of the ships. He saw the sails unfurled, the anchors weighed, and the pageant swiftly disappear, leaving the pure mirror without a single object represented in its vast surface.

“What is all this?” asked Benhadar.

“It is the history of thy countrymen in Spain,” answered the Genius. “The country thou sawest laid waste, is one that will be wrested from the dominion of Mahomet, by the Christian dogs, who have been for ages the slaves of the crescent; the city thou sawest stormed, sacked, and set on fire, is the capital of the caliphs of Spain; the figure which issued forth from

the palace, and perished in its defence, is the caliph himself; the women whose shrieks thou didst hear, and whose insults thou didst witness, were his wives, and the wives, sisters, and daughters of the Abencerrages and the Zegris, the most illustrious of all thy countrymen settled in Spain."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed the merchant. "But what is the meaning of the other pageant, and who are those sorrowful pilgrims I beheld embarking at the sea-side?"

"They are thy countrymen, the descendants of the mighty conquerors of Spain. After the destruction of their empire, they sought shelter in the recesses and impenthrable fastnesses of the mountains, where they were hunted like wild beasts, robbed like pilgrims in the claws of banditti, tortured for their faith, and treated like men who had forfeited the rights of nature and humanity, until at length the measure of oppression was completed by sending the wretched remnant, men, women, and children, to perish on the barren plains of Africa."

"And where was Allah—where was his Prophet all this while?" cried Benhadar.

"Peace mortal, 'twas his will," cried the Genius with a frown, and again presenting his vast mirror.

"Look again!—and tell me what thou seest."

"I see vast cities and plains almost deserted, save here and there a pale staggering mortal, wandering about as if not knowing whither he is going. And now they fall to the ground, rolling about as if in the paroxysm of delirium; and now—now they stiffen and die, and their bodies become loathsome, with blotches, and biles, and black malignant spots."

"Look again."

"I see in one house ten dead bodies, and not a soul alive near them. I see in another a miserable spotted leper, sitting like a malignant genius, contemplating with a grin of despair an audience of departed souls; all around him is nothing but death; yet he laughs—while he is tearing his hair, and thrusting his hands into his corrupted flesh. A little further on is a man walking as if nothing was the matter with him; he staggers—he falls—he writhes in agonies—he stiffens—the angel of death has stricken him—he is dead! Close by sits a woman, between an old man, with a long white beard, and a little boy, apparently about six years old. They are both expiring—she first goes to one, and kisses and embraces him—and then she throws herself upon the bosom of the other. Now she puts her hand to their mouths—she places it on their hearts—she shrieks, and falls insensibly on the body of the little boy—they are both dead. Further on I behold a mother lying dead, and an infant drawing poison from her bosom, while a wretched maniac, covered with ulcers, is laughing at it—but—" The heart of the merchant sickened—his eye grew dim—and he covered his face with his hands, "Spare me, O my Genius, I cannot look that way any more!"

"Thou hast wished, and it has been granted," replied the Genius; "all must be shown, and all must be seen, ere my errand is done. What thou hast just contemplated is the plague, a scourge, which, before thou passest from this world, thou wilt behold, sweeping thy countrymen, and the followers of thy Prophet, from the

face of the earth by thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions! It will pass from plain to plain—from city to city—from nation to nation—over all the earth, which acknowledges the faith of thy Prophet. It will desolate wherever it passes—the ties of kindred will be severed—the living will become the dead—populous cities will be peopled by hyenas, wolves, and foxes—and the fruitful fields grow up into thorns and briars, because there will be none left to say this is my heritage, I will plant it with corn; all will be dead that lived, and the tribes of the mountains shall become the heritors of the green pastures, because there is none else to inhabit them.”

“And I shall live to see all this,” groaned Benhadar.

“All this, and more,” replied the Genius. “Look again.”

He looked, and saw the plains of Asia covered with a multitude of armed men, followed by crowds of women, marching over the fields, singing allelujahs, trampling and consuming the fruits of the earth; sacking and setting fire to the cities, and smiting the turbaned heads where-soever they met them. He beheld this mighty host, each one of whom bore a red cross on his garment or his shield, encountering the armies of the Prophet, driving them before it with irresistible impetuosity, annihilating host after host of the soldiers of the crescent, and fattening the earth with the best blood of one half the world. He beheld famine and pestilence hovering over the progress of these conflicting powers, which was every where strewn with dying and dead—and heard the wolves and vultures howling and scream-

ing their bloody exultation, as they tore the quivering flesh, and lapped the yet smoking blood of heroes. Finally, he beheld the invaders of his country, the enemies of his religion, entering and sacking the capital of the sacred empire; tearing down the crescent, and substituting the cross, and the religion of his Prophet giving place to that of the Nazarene.

"Accursed mirror!" he exclaimed, "I will see no more;" and in the rage which possessed him, he took up a stone with an intention to break it in pieces.

"Hold!" exclaimed the Genius, in a voice of thunder, "Fool! dost thou think thou canst break the chain of fate with a pebble? But I have shown thee what will happen to the vast empire of Mahomet—I will now bring thee nearer thy home. Look!"

Benhadar shuddered, but was drawn by an irresistible impulse, and beheld with delight his native city of Balsora basking in the beams of a bright evening sun. Its beauteous bay was all one polished mirror, bright as burnished gold; a thousand little barques were flitting airily upon the smooth expanse; the city reared its minarets and spires as it sent forth the busy hum of a thousand careless voices, and a thousand careless, happy people who were sporting in the streets, or on the sandy beach, or sat enjoying themselves at their doors.

"Happy scene!" cried Benhadar, "it almost makes amends for what I have just witnessed. It is my own Balsora."

"Look again!" cried the Genius abruptly.

Benhadar looked, and lo! the whole scene was changed. He beheld the earth trembling as if with an ague,

and the mighty Gulf of Ormuz, concentrated in a single wave, rolling towards the shore in overwhelming fury. He heard a roaring and tremendous noise, as if of ten thousand chariot wheels, rattling in his ear, and beheld the stately minarets waving to and fro like flexible reeds to the wind. In the next moment the inhabitants were seen rushing into the streets, shrieking, and clasping their hands in agony. Fathers were seen leading their children by the hand, mothers pressing their infants to their bosom. Old age crawling forth with tottering steps and falling to the earth, overcome with weakness and terror, there to be trodden under foot by the frantic crowd. The merchant turned away in the bitterness of his heart, and when, on hearing a horrible crash, he looked once more, nor stately tower, nor towering minaret, nor swelling dome was to be seen. In the midst of groans, and shrieks, and curses of despair, he beheld the houses splitting, and shivering, and falling, to bury their former occupants in their ruins—some to be crushed to instant death, others to remain half buried, uttering their agonies in doleful groans or piercing screams. In one place, a vigorous youth was bearing away a decrepid old man upon his shoulders, when scared by the crashing of a falling mosque, he dropped his burthen, and rushing wildly along, fell into a yawning chasm, that suddenly opened, and then closed upon him for ever. In another he beheld a woman standing rocking to and fro with the motion of the unsteady earth, over a pile of smoky ruins, clasping her hands, and moaning with bitter anguish, calling upon her husband and her children, who were never more to hear or answer her

call. In a third, a faithful dog, unscared by the horrors around, was scratching in a pile of ruins, where his master was buried up to the chin, licking his face, and howling piteously at intervals.

"Spare me, spare me, O my Genius," cried Benhadar; "let me see no more!"

"Look again!" cried the Genius in a commanding voice.

He looked; the city had disappeared, and in its place a black impenetrable mist obscured the whole scene. As it slowly passed away, Benhadar distinguished nothing but a dark sulphurous lake, over which the birds of prey were skimming and screaming, and darting downwards on the dead bodies floating on its surface. There was silence and death, where but an hour before all was life, hope, and hilarity. There was a dead sea in the place of a living world!

The merchant shuddered, and bowed his head and wept. "And is this all," at length he cried; "is this the end of the most glorious works of man? Is it thus that my beautiful native city shall perish from the face of the earth, and be swallowed up in stinking waters! Is it thus that the friends of my youth, the companions of my manhood, are destined to be crushed in the falling ruins of their own mansions, and buried in the waters of oblivion, or devoured by birds of prey? O Allah! why dost thou suffer this? Tell me, O terrible Genius, why is all this permitted?"

"Peace!" cried the Genius in an awful voice; "permitted! it is ordered. Allah permits nothing; every thing that happens is by his express command. But I

have only promised to show thee what is—thou art unworthy to know more.”

“But my wife and children!” exclaimed Benhadar with a sudden recollection. “They, too, have perished. Let me go—let me go and see what hath become of them!”

“Stop,” cried the other; “what thou hast seen will happen when thou, and thy wife, and thy children are far, far away. But for thy presumptuous wish, thou wouldst never have witnessed this scene.”

“Where shall we be?” answered the merchant; “and yet I beseech thee not to show me. I have seen enough, and more than enough. Spare me the rest, and I will humble myself to the dust. I dare not see any more.”

“It is too late—behold!”

The merchant looked, and it seemed to him that he saw his family happily engaged in domestic pleasures and pastimes. His wife at her embroidery, his little daughter playing with a kitten, and his favourite boy eating sweetmeats, with a face overspread with laughing blushes of health. His heart expanded at the sight, and the tears gathered in his eyes.

“Happy scene! happy mother! happy children, and still more happy father! I thank thee, O my Genius, this sight repays me for all I have seen!”

“Look again!”

The merchant looked, and saw a beautiful youth, whom he did not know, in the hands of a party of Turkish soldiers, who were tearing him away from the embraces of an aged woman, and the clingsings of a lovely

girl, whose tears and shrieks mingled with those of the matron. The young man made no resistance, but silently and sullenly submitted to be carried off by the soldiers.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked Benhadar.

"Be silent, ask no questions, but observe," replied the Genius.

The scene now represented in the mirror, was that of a field of battle. The cross waved high in the banners of one party—the crescent as proudly floated in those of the other. A dead and silent stillness, like that which precedes and follows death, reigned over both hosts that stood marshalled in stiffened ranks, bristling with spears, and gorgeous with waving plumes of thousand dies. On a sudden, the trumpets brayed, the cymbals clanked, the horses neighed, the dust rose in clouds, and the work of death began. Blood spirted from a thousand hearts, and groans broke from thousands of maimed wretches, trampled upon by friends and foes. All was horror, confusion, exultation, and dismay; and such scenes of carnage presented themselves in quick succession, that the merchant for a moment withdrew his eyes. But it was only for a moment. A shout rent the skies, and again he turned towards the mirror. The crescent had stooped to the dust; the turbans of the faithful were flying in every direction across the field, the dark, iron-cased Franks in their rear, and a youth was seen on a swift horse bearing away the standard of the Prophet, on which the existence of the empire of the faithful is supposed to depend. He smoked athwart the plain, his horse flying like the wind, and raising a long cloud of dust behind him, while a single Frank, on a horse

equally, nay still more fleet, was following close in his rear, gaining at every leap. On a sudden the bearer of the standard dexterously reined in his horse, wheeled him in an instant, fixed himself high and firm in the stirrup, and as the pursuing Frank glanced past like lightning, unable to arrest his speed, dealt him a quick blow with his sabre, which made his head leap from his shoulders. Again the youth wheeled and fled across the plain, pursued by a body of four or five, bearing the sign of the cross, and shouting "Deus vult! Deus vult!" in his rear. The horse of the bearer of the standard of the Prophet, now began to relax in his speed, and the others to gain upon him. They neared, they approached, they overtook him, and one of the pursuers struck a blow which lopped off the arm of the young Mussulman, and with it fell the standard. The youth turned to recover it, and with the sabre in his right hand, maintained a momentary fight, but was soon cut down by the Franks, who, raising the sacred flag, with shouts of triumph returned to the tent of the leader of the army of the cross.

"He defended it bravely," at length exclaimed the merchant, who had watched the progress of the chase in breathless agitation. "Though he lost the standard, he yielded it only with his life, and the Prophet will bless him."

As he again turned his eyes towards the mirror, the scene was entirely changed. A rich and gorgeous tent was seen, almost filled with bashaws, splendidly attired, and surrounded by bands of Turkish soldiers, apparently in great agitation. In the midst of the officers and bashaws, bound hand and foot, stood the youth who

had defended the standard of the Prophet, pale, silent and stern. The sleeve of his jacket hung loosely down from his left shoulder, showing that no arm was there; his leg was bound up with ligaments, and across his high forehead was a broad red scar that seemed scarcely healed up.

"Oh! how I am rejoiced," cried Benhadar; "doubtless he is brought into the sultan's tent to receive his reward."

"He is indeed," answered the Genius. "Listen!"

Benhadar listened, and heard the young man charged with cowardice, in delivering up the standard of the Prophet, and thus endangering the existence of the empire of the faithful, by transgressing the law which ordains no Mussulman shall surrender it but with his life.

"What hast thou to say?" cried the commander of the host of the faithful, to the young man.

"I surrendered it only with life," replied he calmly; "my life was at least suspended when they tore it from me."

"Thou sayest so—who else will answer for thee?" said he, looking round as if for an answer. No one answered.

"Thou art unfortunate, if thou sayest true. But the sacred standard was taken from thee, and thou art alive. Let the son of Benhadar of Balsora die!"

"Let the son of Benhadar of Balsora die!" responded the circle of bashaws.

"Let the son of Benhadar die!" shouted the multitude without the tent: and the bowstring was placed about his neck.

The merchant on hearing this started away as if pos-

sessed by a phrensy, crying out "stop! stop! in the name of Allah and his Prophet—I will answer for him—I saw him defend the sacred standard—I saw his arm drop with it to the ground, the hand still clenching it—I saw him fall, fighting from his horse, and fighting as he fell—I saw him cut to pieces—I saw him—die!" faintly added the merchant, sinking down as the bowstring did its work, and the youth calmly without a struggle yielded his life.

Benhadar lay some time without sense or motion, and as he slowly revived, he cast a shuddering, avoiding look towards the mirror, which again presented a pure and polished surface, without spot or blemish.

"'Twas but a dream!" sighed Benhadar.

"'Twas not a dream!" replied the Genius. "Look again!"

The eyes of the merchant were directed by an irresistible power to the mirror.

On the margin of one of those rare springs which at long distances gush forth in the desert, and under the shade of the trees which never fail to mark the spot where these blessed fountains are found, sat a middle-aged matron, supporting the pale, emaciated, fainting form of an old one, who seemed gasping for breath. She was holding a cup of water to her lips, and seemed to be beseeching her to drink: but it was all in vain. The old woman turned away her head, then tried again; but it would not do. The angel of death had smote her. Her head by degrees sunk down on her bosom; she tried to raise it; it fell again, and never rose more. A shriek from the other proclaimed that all was over.

The survivor sat for a while wringing her hands, and kissing the cold cheek of the dead. Then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she started up, and proceeding a little distance into the grove, began to dig with her hands into the sands. Having scooped out a hole, she returned, and lifting the dead body carried and deposited it there; then lingering a few moments, and gazing upon the face of the departed, she filled up the grave, and sat down upon it disconsolate. The night set in; the wind moaned across the desert; the quick lightnings leaped back and forth from cloud to cloud, and the thunders muttered at a long distance. As the hours advanced, the howling of wild beasts was heard to mingle with the dread music of midnight, advancing nearer and nearer to the green oasis. A flash of lightning enabled Benhadar to see a tiger slowly creeping towards the spot where sat the disconsolate woman. His eyes shone like coals of fire in the anticipation of his approaching prey, and he licked his lips with savage gluttony. Taking advantage of the intervals of darkness between the flashes of lightning, he crawled nigher and nigher, and nigher still; then crouching low, gathered his strength for a mortal leap.

At this moment loud shouts broke on the dead silence of the night. The tiger paused, looked round apprehensively, then snuffed his prey, as if unwilling to leave it, and darted over the sands with the speed of a whirlwind. The shouts were repeated, nearer at hand, mingled with sounds of music, and in less than a quarter of an hour a troop of Arabs was seen approaching tumultuously towards the spring.

"Allah be praised!" cried Benhadar, "the poor woman has escaped."

"Perhaps it had been better she had perished here," replied the Genius; "but see, and be silent."

The dogs of the Arabs soon scented out the poor woman, who remained still sitting on the grave, apparently quite unconscious of the danger she had escaped, or that which was approaching. Their barking attracted the attention of the troop, who recognizing her with a barbarous shout, dragged her towards the spring, around which they had seated themselves. They questioned her rudely, but she seemed incapable of answering, and only clasped her hands and called on Allah to protect her. From insults they proceeded to outrages—from outrages to pollution, but ere the consummation of this last and worst outrage upon woman, the conflicting passions of these barbarian freebooters rose to frantic ferocity, and they proceeded to decide their claims by the sabre.

"Hold!" cried their leader, "shall we spill our blood at the feet of a worthless trifle?" A pause ensued, and he went on. "Her person is not worth contending for; but she will sell for something. We will divide the price, and laugh at our folly in fighting for her." The proposition was acceded to, and the troop disposed themselves to sleep, after tying the poor woman to the legs of a camel.

"Allah be praised!" exclaimed Benhadar, "the poor woman has escaped this time."

"Look to the end, before thou rejoicest," replied the Genius. "Behold!"

Benhadar looked, and beheld a ship sailing pleasantly before the wind, with her sails gallantly set, and thought of his own vessels wrecked on the coast of Serendib. The deck was animated with busy figures passing to and fro, and as he gazed more attentively, he could see a richly dressed woman under a canopy, on the quarter-deck, surrounded by female attendants. Benhadar suddenly exclaimed—

“Tell me, O my Genius, do I not see the same woman who sat on the grave at the spring in the desert?”

“The same,” answered the Genius. “She was rescued from the hands of the Arabs, and is the favourite wife of the Bashaw of Epirus, now on his way to his government.”

As the Genius spoke, Benhadar saw a vessel approaching at a distance, and at the same time an appearance of great commotion in the ship, on board of which was the bashaw and his train. The confusion increased as the other vessel approached, and a hail passed between them. The strange vessel then bore up right across the bow of the other, and, as if by accident, caught by her rigging. In an instant a hundred figures started up from the deck of the stranger, and rushed on board the bashaw's ship sabre in hand, crying “Down with the Mussulmans—down with the enemies of the cross.” A scene of bloody contention ensued. “Pirates! pirates!” shouted the Mussulmans, and stood upon their defence, determined to sell every drop of blood at its full price. The bashaw, with his attendants, guarded the canopy under which sat the lady and her women, surrounding a little boy of four or five years old. Long

and desperate was the conflict; but the pirates were three to one, and finally, the bashaw being cut down, the captain of his ship lying covered with wounds upon deck, and not a Mussulman left unhurt to defend the ship, all resistance ceased. A scene of plunder, outrage, lust, and pollution then ensued, too horrible to describe, and only to be judged of by the shrieks, and groans, and supplications of the females, which rent the air. At length they were brought out from the pavilion.

"They are Turkish women," cried the leader of the pirates. "We cannot sell them at home—we dare not let them go."

"To the sea with them," shouted the crew.

They then tied them one by one in bags, and threw them overboard, leaving the bashaw's wife to the last. She stood holding her little boy in her hand, and hovering over him with speechless anguish in her eye.

"O part us not, I beseech you, if you are men. In the name of Allah, do not part a mother and her only child!"

"Fear not," replied the ruffian chief, "you shall not be parted." She sunk on her knees, embraced his legs, kissed his feet, and thanked him in the name of the Prophet, while he stood with a smile of bitter meaning, as he looked down at the bleeding body of the Bashaw of Epirus.

"Your husband too—'tis pity you should be separated," said he, making a sign to the surrounding miscreants. They brought a huge bag, into which they tossed the dead body; then seizing the boy, thrust him in after it, in spite of his screams and those of his mo-

ther. "I offer you your choice," said the ruffian chief: "wilt thou accompany thy husband and thy child?"

She clasped her hands, looked up to heaven, crying Allah! Allah! and then pausing a moment, exclaimed in a firm unshaken voice—

"I will—the daughter of Benhadar of Balsora will not desert her husband and her child! I am ready!"

They thrust her into the sack, and Benhadar saw no more. A dimness came over her eyes—the sea seemed to turn upside down and dance in the firmament, as he reeled and fell to the earth.

The wretched Benhadar lay for some time insensible to the horrors of his future fate, until the voice of the Genius awoke him to a recollection of his misery.

"Away!" cried he, in the madness of reckless despair; "away, thou art no messenger from Allah, but a demon in disguise. Begone and leave me, minister of the powers of darkness!"

"Look again!" cried the Genius.

Another look presented a rude, rocky dell, overshadowed with trees, through which ran a foaming torrent, dashing tumultuously from ledge to ledge, and losing itself at length in a deep abyss. Seated on a moss-covered bank, as if enjoying the cool shade and the music of the waters, the merchant saw a person richly dressed, sparkling with chains of gold and dazzling jewels. At a little distance behind him, and hid from his view, lurked a ferocious figure, whose dress, manner, and look distinctly indicated his intentions. From time to time he peered over the rock which intervened betwixt him and the figure on the mossy seat, like a watchful, wary tiger,

waiting a favourable moment to spring upon his prey. Presently the sitting figure seemed overcome with lassitude; it gradually reclined upon the projecting side of the rock on which it sat, nodded backwards and forwards a few moments, then sunk its head on its crossing arms, and seemed to be asleep. At the same instant, the lurking villain, springing from his retreat, plunged a dagger in the heart of the sleeper, and rifling all the chains and jewels, precipitately retreated into the recesses of the dell.

Benhadar shuddered, but ere he had time to make any remarks, his attention was arrested by new objects. He beheld the same assassin revelling with the spoils of his crime, in the midst of a crew of bravos and lascivious women, whose looks and gestures too surely indicated the last stage of human depravity. Lascivious songs, mingled with curses and blasphemings, and stories of horrible crimes that shocked humanity, arose from the polluted receptacle of murderers and those who shared their spoils, and the whole scene was such as makes the blood of innocence shudder and run cold. As the passions of the wretched actors became stimulated by maddening draughts of intoxication, their boisterous merriment gave place to violent contentions. The men unsheathed their daggers, while of the women, some stimulated their rage, and others clung shrieking about them, essaying to hold their hands, or avert their mad indiscriminate blows. The scene became too horrible, and Benhadar turned his eyes away, sorrowing to think that such exhibitions formed a part of the drama of human life.

When he again turned his eye towards the mirror, it represented but a single solitary figure—a decrepid old man, bent almost to the earth, ragged and wretched, led by a little dog and a string. The haggardness of incurable misery was imprinted upon his cadaverous face; his tottering limbs wavered tremulously, as if on the point of surrendering the care-worn body to the dust from whence it came; and the staff on which he leaned rocked to and fro, like a reed trembling in the breeze. As he turned his face from time to time towards the heavens, the deep tenantless sockets proclaimed that his sight was as dark as his fate. He was stone blind. Led by his dog, the aged beggar passed on from door to door, bending his body still lower than it was bent by poverty and years. He seemed to be asking charity, but his petitions were met with ridicule, scorn, abuse, and sometimes violence. At length he was rudely thrust from the door of a house Benhadar recognised as having belonged to an old friend, and fell headlong into the street, from whence a stranger more good-natured raised him up, and sent him on his wretched pilgrimage again.

“Poor wretch!” exclaimed Benhadar, feeling in his pocket, and pulling out a piaster, “Poor wretch, his course is almost run.”

“He has yet another scene to play,” replied the Genius; “Behold!”

Benhadar looked, and saw the same miserable old man in a paroxysm of raving madness. He was tearing his tattered garments, and scattering his few white hairs to the wind, in howling fantastic exultation. He rolled himself upon the ground, alternately laughing and

shrieking—he scattered the sands on his bare bald head, and filled his mouth with the dust, as he buried his furrowed face in the earth. Then, as if inspired with new vigour, he started on his feet, and striking furiously about with his staff, at length dealt a blow which laid his dog dead at his feet, and essayed to pass forward on the way. In a few moments he missed his accustomed guide, and passing his hand along the string till it reached the dog at the other end, he ascertained that he was dead. The conviction appeared to bring him back to himself for a little while. He raised the poor animal in his arms, caressed, kissed, and mourned over it as over a lost child. The momentary energy of madness subsided into helpless imbecility, and death closed the scene. The old maniac and his dog lay dead by the side of each other.

“Miserable man!” exclaimed Benhadar, lost in the scene; “Miserable man—but Allah be praised, his sufferings are at an end.”

“His sufferings are not at an end, they are just beginning,” cried the Genius. “Knowest thou that wretched old man?”

“Alas! no,” replied the merchant; “how should I know him?”

“’Tis the same wretch thou sawest stab the sleeping stranger in the rocky dell; ’tis the same wretch thou didst behold revelling among robbers and lascivious women; and that wretch is Benhadar of Balsora!”

Benhadar stood for a while stiffened with horror, unable to withdraw his eyes from the wretched old beggar, whom he saw taken up rudely, thrown into a cart,

and buried in the Potter's-field among outcasts. At length a thought seemed to strike him, and he exclaimed exultingly—

“Allah be praised! I know all this beforehand, and will take measures in time to avoid these calamities. Blessed are those who are wise in the future!”

“Presumptuous fool!” answered the Genius; “Dost thou believe that to escape from evil it is only necessary to foresee it? Dost thou think fate is a spaniel, to obey thy will and crouch at thy bidding? Know, O wretched merchant, that thou hast gained by thy knowledge nothing but the misery of anticipating what thou canst not avoid. Allah has vouchsafed, as the descendant of his Prophet, to let thee see to what thou art doomed; but not even for the Prophet himself will he alter that doom.”

As the Genius uttered these terrible words, he disappeared, leaving the merchant in despair. He joined his family, and received their caresses in silent agony; for he remembered the old woman of the desert, the adventure of the sacred standard, the scene of the pirates, and last of all, the murderer—beggar—maniac. He wandered whole days in the solitudes of the tombs without the city gates, whence he returned only to weep over his children. His wife tenderly inquired what was the matter with him, his children sought by a thousand caresses and tender assiduities to make him smile, and his friends consoled with him in his misfortunes. All availed nothing; he could not endure the present for his anticipations of the future, and gradually sunk

into the abyss of despair—enjoying nothing, hoping nothing.

One day he sat in the same spot from which he had beheld the horrible scenes of his future fate, recalling them one by one in sad succession to his shrinking memory.

“O Allah!” at length he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, “Why cannot I die? It is better to perish, than thus to live!”

“Who calls?” cried the same terrible voice he had heard in the same spot, at the same hour, exactly a year before. He looked, and saw the same majestic figure gradually evolving itself from the dark mist. “Who calls?”

“The most miserable of men,” answered the merchant.

“What wantest thou, Benhadar?”

“To die.”

“Art thou then tired of thy present existence?”

“No, but of the future. Take me, O Allah! from this miserable life!”

“Thy wish is granted,” cried the Genius; “Behold!”

Benhadar looked, and saw the angel of death advancing towards him, clothed in all his terrors. He shook his terrible dart, and held an empty hour-glass to show that his sand was run out. Lightning was in his bright sunken eye, that shone like a lamp in some dark recess, and his lip was curled in scorn of weak mortality. In his train followed the terrible ministers of his wrath

—disease writhing in agony, remorse devouring his own heart, despair turning his dagger upon himself, fever counting his quickening pulses, and old age lagging in the rear, looking wistfully behind, as if meditating to skulk away, and suffer yet a little longer the lingering nothingness of a burthensome existence. The merchant covered his face to shut out these appalling spectres.

“Art thou ready?” cried the Genius.

“Not yet, not yet,” replied Benhadar; “I wish to settle my affairs, to take leave of my wife and children, and to beseech the Prophet to bless them.”

“It is too late now—death cannot wait thy time; at this moment millions of breathing mortals have their hours numbered—fate cannot stop for thee—prepare!”

The angel of death advanced towards the shrinking merchant, who essayed to fly, but was riveted to the spot; each step he approached, the heart of the merchant beat weaker and weaker, and the intervals of breathing became lengthened; his knees trembled—the cold clammy dews condensed upon his forehead in big round drops—his eyes grew dim—his breath was as if it came from some icy cavern—and as the angel touched him with his dart, he sunk to the earth without sense or motion.

In this state he was carried into his house, and laid upon a couch, where he remained for some hours. At length he awoke to a perception of his present situation, but of the past, so far as it related to the Genius, the pageantry of the vast mirror, and the visit of the angel

of death, he remembered nothing. All had faded from his memory, as if it had never been. Benhadar rose from his couch, and whatever misfortunes afterwards befel him, they were not embittered by the horrors of anticipation.

“The moral of thy story is just,” said the bashaw of Smyrna; “And yet I wish I knew what the commander of the faithful wants of me at Constantinople.” So saying, he mounted his camel, and proceeded on his journey at the head of his attendants.

J. K. PAULDING.

THE LAST DAYS OF YOUTH.

LAST days of my youth! ye are come, ye are come,
And the tints of life's morning will soon fade away;
I once vainly fancied my cheeks' purple bloom,
Immortal as angels', would never decay,
Nor can I believe the cold words of my tongue,
When it falters that I am no more to be young!

But yesterday I was a boy, and I wore
My jacket of blue and my bow round the neck,
And I danced, and I sung, and I laughingly bore
To my fair little mates wreaths of flowers to deck
Our ivory foreheads, where clusters of gold
Hung so bright—could you think they would ever grow
old?

Blest years of the past! how I love to retrace,
With memory's pencil, your images dear,
Like a painter call'd late, to take the sweet face
Of the beautiful, as she lies dead on her bier.
But oh, as your picture I fondly peruse,
A soft-stealing tear-drop my eyelid bedews.

No wonder! for who can unmoved bid adieu
To mysterious raptures, warm youth only knows;
And, on the world's dim awful threshold to view
The opening scenes of his joys or his woes,
Who gazes—nor sighs, with a heart deeply wrung—
Why can we not always be blooming and young?

J. H. NICHOLS.

BORODINO.

THE transient and eventful day
Was fading pauselessly away;
And now the dim and sulphury cloud,
That form'd the battle's thunder-shroud,
Far stretch'd along the stormy sky
Above the plains of Muscovy.

The battle ceased, and all was still
On the wide plain; o'er wood, and hill,
And valley of the rushing stream,
Not an alarum-gun was fired,
Naught but their twinkling lances' gleam
Told that the northern hosts retired.
A glow of red and shadowy light
Was lingering in the horizon west,
And lit the curtains of the night
Around the day-star's place of rest.
The length'ning lines of watch-fires rose,
The wearied armies sought repose,
The soldier, stretch'd upon the soil,
Court'd oblivion of his toil.

Upon the morning of that day,
The far-responding reveillé,
Had summon'd in embattled line
The leagued nations of the Rhine.

The impulse of one mighty mind
Had led those glittering legions forth,
And bade them seek in realms afar,
'Neath the proud turrets of the north,
The glory, and the boon of war.

There moved the phalanx of the brave,
Far swelling as the ocean-wave
Of the dark Arctic, when it rolls
Amid the icebergs of the poles.
On their proud frontlets you might trace,
Adown the far historic page,
The character of many a race,
The chivalry of many an age.
The sons of sires whom Cæsar led,
The Lithuanian and the Goth,
Were marching with a measured tread,
In the same mighty sabaoth,
Beside the noblest youth of France—
All sharers in the same romance.
There was young recklessness of life,
And lofty fearlessness of eye,
That gloried in the fiercest strife,
Nor cared, as heroes live, to die.
And there the veteran's war-wrought form,
The soldier of Marengo's field,
Inured to battle, and to storm,
Of lion-heart, unused to yield:
That soldier who in early youth
Had met the Arab's whirlwind-lance,
Still follows here with changeless truth,
The yet ascending star of France.

Amid his chosen chiefs of war,
Napoleon from a height survey'd,
The mighty masses of the czar,
In countless density array'd;
And thought, as rose the cloudless sun,
'Twas thus—when Austerlitz was won.

Now 'tis the evening, on the plain
Are strown the battle-drifted slain;
The tawny children of the Moor,
The Calmuck, the Carinthian boor,
The belted Cossack of the Don,
The plumed knight of Arragon,
The emblem lion and the bear,
Have met in death's stern conflict there;
And many a youth of fearless eye
Beneath this dark and storm-swept sky
Reclines upon the turf to die:
Still, o'er the soldier's dying hour,
Memory bestows her magic power,
And lights the flickering lamp of life
As though its streams were fresh and rife;
For each has left a vacant hearth,
His loves, the valley of his birth,
His altar, and his childhood's home,
The kindling of a mother's eye,
When lust of conquest bade him roam
To march beneath a distant sky—
The peasant of the winding Rhine
Has wander'd from his vine-wrought bowers;
The shepherd of the Apennine
Has left his flock—his mountain flowers;

Yon dresser of the olive-grove
Has torn him from his plighted love—
Upon Italia's hills afar
She gazes on the evening star,
And tunes for him the sweet guitar,
But her sad faithfulness is vain—
That youth will ne'er return again;
When the last rallying charge of horse
Spur'd proudly on o'er many a corse,
His form was crush'd—upon his brow
The dews of death are falling now:
Ere yet the coming dawn of day
Shall wake again the reveillé,
His life's last impulse will be o'er,
He'll hear the bugle-note no more;
He may not meet his blushing maid
Beneath the bowering myrtle shade—
Siberia's ravens riot here,
In gather'd flights the wintry year,
And ere the far return of spring,
His bones are bleach'd and glistening.

But soon the sun will light again
The battle on this reeking plain;
Italia's gayest, bravest knight,
The wildest meteor of the fight,
Leads on his clouds of prancing steeds,
His dreamers of chivalrous deeds—
The farthest banners as they float
Shall tremble to the trumpet-note,
And seas of nodding plumes shall wave
To the firm foot-fall of the brave.

Gallia's untiring eagles fly
Yet onward, 'neath the northern sky,
Where coldly shines the pivot star
O'er the bronzed towers of the czar:
But thence those eagles shall be driven
By the dread tempest winds of heaven:
For they shall find a fiercer foe
E'en than the desert-nurtured men;
And their proud bearers shall lie low,
Entomb'd in wastes of wolf-traced snow.

T. FISHER.

TO A METEOR.

PHANTOM of beauty coldly bright!
Lost ere the eye can trace thy flight!
A gleam in air! a ray in thought!
Quenched ere the mind its hue has caught!
How like art thou to joy below!
Which mocks the soul with transient glow,
Which shoots athwart life's troubled dream
A formless, scarce distinguish'd beam,
And having waked the soul to care,
Fades as if naught had brighten'd there!

V. CAREY.

LINES TO AN OLD TOWER.

LONE ruin'd tower! in thy decay
Beneath the breath of time,
A faded glory falls away,
Impressive and sublime.

How calm and beautiful thy sleep!
Thus in oblivion crown'd
With the wild flowers, that o'er thee keep
A mockery around.

No banner waves upon thy walls,
Nor wreathes the lofty arch;
No loud note of the bugle calls,
To tell the soldier's march.

No more the wild harp of the bard,
In plaintive tone is heard;
The shrill sound in the warder's yard,
Is from the rushing bird.

Thy pillar'd hall, where knight and king,
In banquet crown'd the cup,
Hath now the cold wind's murmuring,
All revelry is up.

How like a vision of past years!
 It brings through memory back,
 A light for smiles, and shade for tears,
 From time's reflecting track.

A gloom is on thee dark and deep,
 And all thy bright and brave,
 Beneath the path of ages sleep,
 In a forgotten grave.

J. W. STEBBINS.

SOLITUDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF MERZLAKOFF.

UPON a hill which rears itself 'midst plains extending
 wide,
 Fair flourishes a lofty oak in beauty's bloom and pride.
 This lofty oak in solitude its branches vast expands,
 All lonesome on the cheerless height like sentinel it
 stands;
 Whom can it lend its friendly shade when Sol with fer-
 vour glows?
 Or who can shelter it from harm when the rude tem-
 pest blows?
 No bushes green, intertwining close, here deck the neigh-
 bouring ground,
 No tufted pines beside it grow, no osiers thrive around:

Sad e'en to trees their dreary state in solitude if grown,
And bitter, bitter is the lot for youth to live alone:
Though mines of countless wealth be his, how vain the
selfish pride!
Though crowned with glory's laurel'd wreath, with
whom that wreath divide?
When I with an acquaintance meet, he scarce a bow
affords,
And beauties, half saluting me, but grant some transient
words,
On some I look myself with dread, whilst others from
me fly,
Yet the world lavishes its smiles till the dark hour
draws nigh.
But where my aching heart relieve?—now woes assail
me sore,
My friend, who sleeps in the cold earth, comes to my
aid no more;
No relatives, alas! of mine in this strange scene appear,
No wife imparts love's kind caress, soft smile, or pity-
ing tear;
No father feels joy's thrilling throb as he our transport
sees,
No gay and sportive little ones come clambering on my
knees;—
Take back all honours, wealth, and fame, the heart they
cannot move,
And give instead—the smiles of friends, the fond em-
brace of love!

W. D. L.

CELIA'S SMILE.

Oh, smile not so! those looks of thine
Fall on my heart as bright and chill,
As sunbeams upon snows that shine,
And warm not, though they dazzle still;
While with the false deceitful ray,
The melting snows consume away.

Oh, smile not so!—or still smile on,
Like sunbeams on young flowers that spring
At their warm touch, when snows are gone,
Hope's golden harvest promising,
With fruit and fragrance to repay
The glances of each sunny ray.

Smile on me thus!—that look will wake
Thoughts of the heart that long have slept,
And bid all Eden's freshness break
Where sorrow's wintry storms have swept;
Smile ever thus!—and from thine eyes
Let earth draw gleams of paradise!

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HESITATION.

HESITATION.

A SONG.

Why that downcast eye, lassie,
Why that cheek of change-fal hue,
Why that rising sigh, lassie,
When thy lover darest to woo,
Is there aught in love to fear,
Aught in love to harm thee, lassie,
Does the vow—the plaint—the tear,
Serve but to alarm thee, lassie.

Why those lips so mute, love,
Why that trembling hand denied,
A word might end thy suit, love,
A touch would pledge my bonny bride:
Dost thou doubt thy lover's truth,
Cannot prayers move thee, lassie,
Wilt thou scorn a faithful youth
Who will ever love thee, lassie.

Shall I break the spell, dear,
Which thy modest fears have weaved,
May I dare to tell, dear,
What those mystic signals prove:—

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Painted by R. B. B. B.

Engr. on Steel by F. Keating

THE MOUNTAIN.

HESITATION.

A SONG.

WHY that downcast eye, lassie,
Why that cheek of changeful hue;
Why that rising sigh, lassie,
When thy lover dares to woo;
Is there aught in love to fear,
Aught in love to harm thee, lassie;
Does the vow—the plaint—the tear,
Serve but to alarm thee, lassie.

Why those lips so mute, love,
Why that trembling hand denied,
A word might end my suit, love,
A touch would pledge my bonny bride:
Dost thou doubt thy lover's truth,
Cannot prayers move thee lassie,
Wilt thou scorn a faithful youth
Who will ever love thee, lassie.

Shall I break the spell, dear,
Which thy modest fears have wove?
May I dare to tell, dear,
What those mystic signals prove:—

If language live in eye or cheek,
If aught a sigh can say, dear lassie,
If that silence e'er may speak,
Ye're my own for aye, dear lassie.

J. N. BARKER.

THE CONTRASTS OF MEMORY.

AND canst thou smile, as memory throws her light
On the pale forms that time has darken'd o'er?
And while the visionary scene grows bright,
Reflecting back the things which are no more,
Is there no lingering sorrow in thine eye,
No line of care retraced upon thy brow,
No echoed breathing of a former sigh,
To agitate thy peaceful bosom now?—
Then raise thy glowing thoughts to heaven—and there
Pour out thy purest thankfulness in prayer.

But oh! from me, let memory hide the years
O'er which my soul has past with pain and grief;
When hope's young ray was quench'd in early tears,
And chill'd affection closed her opening leaf;

When from the fearful distance love drew back,
Shrinking to tread that cold and barren way;
But shed a heavier darkness on the track,
To lead the troubled spirit more astray;
Shading with clouds, the peace of future hours,
Mingling with streams of wo, more bitter showers.

Cease—be the breath of my complaining still—
I hear a deeper, holier voice within—
“From whence arose thy sorrows? by whose will?
Is there no kind chastiser, or no sin?
Hast thou forsaken this—the Almighty thee,—
Or hast thou never lost the guide He gave,
That thou from human suffering shouldst be free,
And heavenly blossoms bloom around thy grave—
Remember with thy woes the mercies given,
And weigh thy merit with the gifts of heaven.

“Nights of forgetfulness, in deep repose;
Enduring strength, to bear the dreaded day;
Bright thoughts that over deadly grief arose,
Like flowers which open in the desert’s ray;
If restless memory still distracts thy sight,
And shadows forth alone each gloomy form,
Do thou look upward to the glorious light,
Which brought thy spirit through the darkest storm—
Then bow beneath the throne thy humble brow—
Rejoicing in the blessings thou hast now.”

THE CATHOLIC.

THERE is still to be seen in the village of Springfield, in Massachusetts, a house of antique and singular construction, well calculated to excite the curiosity of strangers. Within a few years it has been dismantled of some of its peculiarities: huge aboriginal elms that stood before it have been cut down; but its solid walls of brick, its angular chimneys, and a sort of puritanical disregard shown in its position to the more modern road before it, make it appear like a thing of other times. It was evidently the mansion of one of those English gentlemen, who came with the earliest emigrants to our country; strength only was regarded in its construction; the roof was of the high and pointed form, on which the fire of the incendiary Indians would not rest; the windows frowned beneath the projecting tiles, and in front was a portico, consisting of a chamber with a sharp roof and a chimney, supported by heavy masonry of the red stone, in which that region abounds. This last piece of magnificence has been removed, and in a few years no vestige of the original scenery will be left, but the brook which flows through the meadow at a little distance from the door.

The proprietor of this mansion, just before the time of Philip's war, was a son of the father of the settle-

ment, a man whose prudence had secured the little village by conciliating the neighbouring Indians. The clergyman, who accompanied him, was of the English church, and his own religious faith was more than suspected of unsoundness, according to the standard of the day. Some difficulties arising from this suspicion, induced him to return to England; but he left this son, who inherited and deserved his father's influence. His authority was so singular that we are tempted to describe it. He held the dignified office of magistrate; and though others were associated with him, the executive, military, and judicial authority, seems to have resided in his hands. Before him, the evil-doers with cards and dice were used to tremble; he sentenced the disturbers of the long sabbath service to the stocks or whipping-post on Monday; the names of those whose marriage was intended, were published upon his gatepost, and the clerk was once severely punished for attaching to such publication his own vain attempt at humorous rhyme. A case is yet extant, by no means a solitary one, in which a lady, whose name we deem it prudent to suppress, was brought before him, charged with "exorbitancies of the tongue;" "for the which," said he, "I sentence her to be gagged, or else dipped in cold water, as the law provides, shee to choose which shee pleases: shee chose neither: I ordered her then to be gagged, and soe to stand in the streete half, an houre." No wonder that all was peaceful under his administration; none were ever known to complain: and if they had, little would it have availed them.

We will not say that there was no exultation in this

good man's breast, when he looked upon his little dominion, not unlike his mansion with its lordly gate and military port-holes, towering above the thatched roofs below. He sometimes enjoyed the surprise of the Indian, not the less real because not betrayed to the eye, while, with his bow indolently slung upon his shoulder, he gazed upon the mighty work of art. This happiness was shared by the worthy architect, who had come from England for the purpose of erecting it, and doubtless felt that pleasure in astonishing the natives, which is not confined to any age or nation. Certainly, many a young heart was conscious of its first aspirations for greatness, when "the Major," as he was called, walked to church on the sabbath with his family in his train. When he reached the place of worship, a building of remarkable appearance, having a high sharp roof, surmounted by two towers, one for a sentry, the other for a bell, the aged men bowed respectfully, and he gravely returned their salutation. Then he walked solemnly into his pew, bowing from side to side, and followed by his wife, a lady of great simplicity, whose stateliness was only worn on such occasions. A reverence was then paid to office, or we may say to personal merit, hardly known, at least in its external forms, to our generation.

About a year before the time of our story, the village had been agitated, as settlements of the kind are apt to be, by the arrival of a stranger. He was a man apparently in years, of foreign aspect, and had with him a servant and two children; one a fine girl of seventeen, the other a young and playful boy. He was entirely unpretending in his appearance, though his manner was rather com-

manding. This would have created a favourable disposition towards him; but the inhabitants of the village had discovered, what he was at no pains to conceal, that he was believer in the faith of Rome. The episcopal clergyman's place was now filled by the reverend Peletiah Glover, a man of stern manners and puritanical spirit, who often took occasion to warn his people against the enormities tolerated, if not introduced, by his predecessor, and often held forth, in no gentle terms, upon the fatal corruptions of Rome. They were thus prepared to be prejudiced against the stranger; but he had brought letters to the magistrate, who was therefore bound to protect him from insult. A small house was built for him by a water-fall in the little river, nearly a mile below the town, where he resided with his family, seldom making his appearance in the village. Neither he nor the magistrate threw any light upon their doubts as to the stranger's history and character; and the villagers at last quieted themselves with the belief, probably a correct one, that some political reasons had compelled him to reside in this country, and he had chosen that place of residence where his religion would be least regarded.

The person who seemed most acquainted with this retired family was William Cooper, an orphan, who had resided from his youth in the family of the magistrate. He was son to that Cooper who was wrecked, if we may believe Cotton Mather, while conveying supplies to the Fresh River, as the Connecticut was often called. His son was left in the Major's care; who had discharged his trust with judicious kindness, and was

now quite proud of the character he had formed by his instruction and example. The young man had a small fortune, sufficient to dispense with labour, and chose to spend much of his time in hunting and fishing; now, these might be another name for idleness; then, they were among the necessary arts of life. His habits of life gave him a taste for adventure; and he determined a thousand times, as soon as he was free from restraint, to visit the father land.

It must not be forgotten that he had a deep hostility to the Indians, who had murdered his father after his shipwreck, as soon as he reached the shore. The worthy magistrate, though he always treated the Indians with justice and kindness, seldom failed to pray for the "driving out of the heathen" in his morning and evening service. But the savages, if they were acquainted with this fact, were little moved by it; the worst effect of it was, that our fathers generally looked upon them with contempt. But no one in that region thought of danger from them; they came freely into the village on all occasions; sometimes one would enter the church on the sabbath, and would stand through all the service with a steady gaze of attention, that might have put even the elders to shame. So little was apprehended, that the sentry had long before left his nightly station in the church tower.

This young man had for some time been intimate in the family of the stranger, which had been reduced in its number and happiness by the loss of the little boy. The father, though he was often absent and thoughtful, was pleased with the society of an ingenuous youth; and

the girl, in her solitude, was delighted to find any intelligent companion. It could not escape the father that a strong attachment might be the result of the young man's frequent visits; but to this he seemed to have no objection; he knew that their faith was different; but this was in his eyes a matter of very little importance. The magistrate perhaps was of the same opinion; or he might have been too much engaged with official business to notice it; and he was in the habit of expressing so little gratitude to those who interfered with matters not their own, that no one cared to remind him of the danger and his duty.

It must not be supposed that the young persons interested, had weighed or even thought of these prudential considerations. They were hardly conscious of their own friendship; they had never dreamed of love; they only knew that their tastes were similar, and thought this enough to account for their love of each other's society. Every thing about them was favourable to romantic feeling; and the father, who had once been an admirer of nature, went with them in their walks, and as he pointed out the beauty of the scenery, compared it with that of other lands. The situation of their house was lofty, and commanded a wide prospect. Nothing could be more beautiful than the landscape beneath in a summer evening, when the soft sunset light was in the sky and the stream—the cottage windows, and the clear outline of the church turrets glowing with its yellow radiance, and a distant mountain, whose sides were darkly tinged with purple, rising as a boundary to the scene. One evening, when they were gazing upon this

prospect, seated on the brow of the hill before their door, they saw, as was not uncommon, the broad red glare of an Indian fire upon the skirts of the forest; this perhaps suggested the maiden's exclamation—"How beautiful! and what folly to change it into a wilderness again."

William did not understand her allusion; and in fact was unacquainted with the maturity of mind which led her to think much and justly on subjects which generally have little attraction at her age. "I see you do not understand," she said, "and I will explain; but first look at that cloud beyond the western hill. I have seen a cloud like that rising over that ridge in just such an evening as this, and casting a sort of midnight over the valley; the gust swept by me like the waving of a death-angel's wing; and then the thunder ran like a breaking wave along the whole border of the valley—or like the fire along the line of the fleet in the battle of the Solebay, when I accompanied my father."

Her father, who had not seemed to be listening, here turned to her and said, "you grow poetical, Maria; but our friend here is I suspect little the better for your explanation."

"I will give it," she said. "You know that your worthy citizens have been rather disposed to class us with the savages, and this has induced me to cultivate an acquaintance with my brethren. I have visited their cabins familiarly, and gained their confidence, as you might easily do. But your contempt of them will irritate them to madness, and bring ruin upon you all." "If so," said he, smiling, "we shall find means to put

them down." "Ah! there it is: the confidence you have built upon their forbearance. But they are beginning to be alarmed at your pretensions, and they would rise against you upon any call. Then there would be a wilderness again, where we see the smoke of the village winding upward, like the incense in some vast cathedral."

The young man was struck with her suggestions, which were quite new to him. They were confirmed by her father, who said that he had observed of late some mysterious agitation among the Indians, which they perhaps were less careful to conceal from him, because they knew that the villagers were unfriendly to him. William could not but feel that there was truth in what they said; the Indians, when they welcomed the first settlers, little expected that rapid increase which threatened to drive them from their lands; and he saw that if any thing should excite their revenge or even their fears, the English would find it impossible to resist their numbers. We should sin against the truth of history, if we did not confess, that his thoughts sometimes wandered that evening to the delightful vision he had left, while his guardian opened the brazen clasps of his ponderous Bible, and read from the book of Nehemiah, before he commended the family, in a fervent prayer, to the care of him who "never slumbers nor sleeps."

We will not pretend to say what were the feelings, which led the young man the next day to the stranger's habitation. He stood and gazed upon the waterfall, then sparkling in the dewy light of the morning, endeavouring to trace out the unformed purposes of his mind. He then turned away toward the encampment of the In-

dians, where they were kindling their fire with knots of pine, or candlewood as it was called, whose deep, crimson light was brilliant even in the sun. After wandering all the day, he found himself at evening at his usual resort, and met with his usual welcome.

"I was waiting for you to come," said the maiden, "to enjoy this lovely evening here. My father's thoughts are travelling in some distant land; but as I have had my share of wandering in the world, and shall probably have still more, I am content to rest while I may; more especially as I do not believe that any other country has a clearer sky or finer scenery than this."

It is said that if one of two harps in a hall be struck, the other will return a similar sound. Whether it be so or not we cannot say; but it certainly is so with the hearts of the young. There is a sympathy of soul, as Isaac Walton calls it, by which they unconsciously grow dear to each other; and those who were so earnestly admiring the loveliness of nature that evening, did not separate, till they felt and declared to each other, that thenceforth their hearts and destinies should be one.

The clergyman and magistrate were walking that same evening, through a footpath which led from the church to the bank of the river, where, with a more delicate feeling than was common in those days, the fathers of the hamlet had always buried their dead. The place was then retired and shaded, such as suits the mourner's feeling. The broad stream was transparent and still; from its highest reach, to the woody cape where it gracefully retreated from the view, every object was perfectly reflected; the mighty elms that look-

ed down in thoughtful majesty upon the shades of death, the dark masses of foliage that overhung the opposite shore, the gilded clouds floating in the upper sky, were doubled in the deep mirror below. Even Master Glover, though little prone to such emotions, thought fit to notice it, and remarked that this was indeed "a land of rivers and fountains, of valley and hills, and the blessing of God was upon it from the beginning to the end of the year."

"My thoughts," said the magistrate, "are carried back to the fair land of our fathers, where the blessing of God was made of none effect by the tyranny of man. I know not that I ever saw any thing there resembling the fanciful colours of these leaves."

The mention of tyranny, however, had awakened the feelings of the clergyman, who went on in a fierce denunciation of the backslidings of those whom God had brought, so mercifully, out of the house of bondage. "And truly," said he, "I marvel at your father, who not content with entertaining a priest of the corrupt church of England, even bade God speed to some who had been ensnared by the Jesuits, and driven out from our stricter towns."

The magistrate saw that the censure was meant for himself, but such freedom was common in that day. He contented himself with simply asking the clergyman if he knew aught against the strangers.

He answered that it was enough to know that they were of the church of Rome. "I know not this foreigner; but nearly a year ago he lost a boy. I thought it my duty to visit the family, though they never appear

in the congregation. The father was absent, but the maiden was weeping, with her face hidden in the folds of the bed, on which the corpse was laid. I told her my errand of consolation, and she thanked me, in a voice whose tones were so mournful and sweet, that my heart was singularly moved: but I said to her, in the strength of the Lord, that I would fain restore her soul from her profane delusion: she said that she hoped to die in the faith of her fathers; but she trusted that in 'every nation, he that feared God and worked righteousness should be accepted with him:' and when I would have pointed out the error of her way, she said, 'I pray you take it not in unkindness, if I would bear my calamity alone.'" The worthy man proceeded, in a calmer tone, to point out to the magistrate the danger of exposing his charge to such attractions as those of the stranger maiden. "For," said he, "you know that the professors of this faith are children of perdition, and if he were thus yoked together with an unbeliever, he must lose not only his prospects in life, but his soul."

The guardian had never been much acquainted with the gossip of the village; in fact there are cases recorded in his reports still extant, in his own hand-writing, of certain individuals punished, "for being too active in that, the which concerned them not." He never had thought much of the chance of their becoming attached to each other, and of course had never reflected on the consequences. But, on reflection, he was obliged to confess, that such was the abhorrence in which the Catholic religion was held, his ward, if he bound himself to a maiden of that religion, must give up all hopes of be-

ing respected and useful, and so far as society was concerned, of being happy. As to his spiritual welfare, he had less apprehension, but he could not be entirely exempt from the prejudices of the time and country. Still he saw enough to fear without including this.

William was now exposed to constant persecution. His guardian conversed with him like a friend, and the clergyman with the authority then universally conceded to his profession. The elders, too, thought themselves called on to interfere and give their warning. He answered them gently, but firmly; but when he had silenced their remonstrances, he found himself shunned by all; even his guardian looked on him with concern almost amounting to displeasure; for though not unacquainted with the young man's feelings, he thought that he ought not to hesitate between duty and affection. The young, though conscious of doing right, can ill bear to be treated with reserve and coldness; nothing is more distressing to them than the altered eye of friends, and we must acknowledge that William, though his good faith and affection never for a moment faltered, became sad and thoughtful, his countenance grew pale and wasted, and he could no longer disguise from his friend that something depressing lay near his heart.

But she learned the history of his suffering from another; one of those persons who are found in every village, who delight to indulge their bad feelings under the names of duty and religion, had told her the sentiments of the friends of her lover. She blushed for one moment with indignation, for though she must have anticipated it, she had never realised it till then. She felt too

that if ever she returned to her own friends, she must, in like manner, be disowned by them, for giving her affection to a heretic and puritan. With a decision, which the many changes of her life had made rapid almost as a decree of fate, she determined to give up what was dearest to her heart. Her lover she knew would suffer, but she could not consent to be the means of making him an outcast from society. She felt that the severest sacrifice was on her side; she would be left in her cheerless solitude, but he would be restored to his friends, and perhaps in many future years would be useful and happy. When they met again, she told him it must be the last time; and with a forced resolution on her part, and a despairing feeling on his, they bade each other farewell—he would not say for ever. We are not bound to defend her resolution; every one can judge for himself whether it was right; that it was dictated by generosity none can question. He knew that a year at most would leave him free to act for himself; then he trusted to meet her again. But when he had left her, her momentary strength was gone; she gave way to a passionate burst of tears.

The autumn had now come. It was one of those stormy days so common in that climate, when the wind howls for hours in advance of the tempest, the forests roar like the sea, and a sublime though comfortless desolation seems to prevail over the face of nature. In the evening the magistrate was seated with his family, in an apartment which for extent and splendour of decoration was unequalled in the village. Two large dipped candles, of a green colour, in mighty brass candlesticks,

threw their light throughout the room, casting portentous shadows of high-backed chairs upon the floor and walls. The walls were of the colour of the wood of which they were made, and great ridges revealed those joints of the pannels which modern art is less ambitious to display. One corner of the room was taken up by a closet, glazed like a window, to display some massive silver, and sundry wine-glasses, resembling tulips in form, the stalk embellished by a white spiral line. In another corner was an embroidered screen, representing a mourner leaning on an urn beneath a weeping willow; and the family arms, apparently by the same hand, garnished the wall. The mistress of the house was quietly knitting in a great arm chair; the guardian and his ward were engaged in conversation; a child was studying the shorter catechism; and a great dog was quietly sleeping before the fire, opposite to a tortoise-shell cat, who was meditating in a kind of sleepy wisdom.

Once or twice, as the wind shook the heavy casements, which were made to exclude more formidable enemies than the air, the dog started and seemed to listen with attention. A moment after the clattering of hoofs was heard. The magistrate had hardly risen, when a loud knock was heard at the heavy oaken door, and the strange maiden entered the apartment, with a light cloak thrown round her. William was immediately at her side to welcome her with delight; but he saw marks of alarm on her countenance, as she begged the magistrate to pardon her intrusion. "But," said she, "the Indians are to attack the town this night; Philip and his tribe are with them."

The magistrate recovering his courtesy, which was that of the day, led her to a chair with kindness, but with a deliberation which showed that he doubted her intelligence.

She said, however, that the alarm was given them by a friendly Indian, who would not have deceived her. The Indians had no enmity to them, and their safety was cared for; her father could not leave his home without exciting suspicion, but she had stolen away to give the warning, favoured by the darkness of the night. A few signs, communicated by the Indian, showed that the danger was real and close at hand; and the magistrate, who knew their truth, no longer doubted.

He went immediately to give his orders, and directed William to secure her in her return to her home, which was out of the path of the savages. He went with her to the gate, and was preparing to return with her; but she told him that her father had sent his servant to attend her. "I came most unwillingly," she said, "but if I can have any influence with you, I shall rejoice to have come. Keep yourself from all needless danger—there is safety in the garrison; for my sake—yes—for my sake." As he raised her to the saddle, she could not prevent her cheek from meeting his; and he felt her tears upon it, as she said farewell; then after one quick pressure of the hand, she rode hastily away.

In a few minutes the alarm was confirmed by other messengers, and a broad bright signal fire was kindled in the midst of the village. The light was reflected from the windows of the church and the neighbouring houses, while the smoke rolled away in dark red masses,

driven furiously by the wind that howled through the sky. Here and there a figure might be seen coming out of the darkness into the glare, which discovered the gun firmly grasped in his hand, the belt with the shot-pouch buckled round him, and the powder-horn slung beneath his arm, his strong features expressing neither fear nor impatience, but a quiet resolution and conviction that something was soon to be done. Near these were women with children clinging to their garments, whose fears they endeavoured to hush with trembling hands and faltering voices; young men and boys were seen arming themselves for the occasion, and trying to lose their alarm in the excitement of the scene. In the square many were already assembled, hastily asking the cause of the tumult, or leaning on their long guns and listening to some aged men, who had many years before been disciplined in Indian warfare. The magistrate soon made his appearance on the steps of the church, and called for silence in a commanding voice. He said that he had received sure advices that Philip was in that region, and was prepared to assault the town that night. Few in number as they were, they could do nothing but remove with their families into the garrison, and when they had joined in prayer, this must be immediately done. Meantime he had stationed sentinels at the outposts to prevent surprise. The clergyman then stepped forward, and there was a dead silence: his powerful voice rose high and clear as he prayed that "God would make bare his arm;" and the fire-light showed many a face, animated by that lofty enthusiasm inspired by perfect confidence in heaven.

The magistrate was much surprised at the conduct of his young friend on this occasion. He had never been tried by exposure, and this was his first alarm. Since he had ceased visiting at the stranger's too, he had seemed indifferent to every thing; but the moment this summons came, he was at once in active and useful exertion; visiting the outposts, taking care that every thing was safe, while he seemed to be only conversing with the sentinels, or assisting the aged to the garrison, and sometimes giving to the children, who looked up to him with happy confidence, assurances of that security which he did not feel. The moment this duty was done, he threw himself on a horse, and rode to the house of the stranger. No light appeared within: though his errand required haste, he stood for a minute gazing at the dark outline of the building drawn on the black side of the forest: when he came near the door, every thing was silent; it was open, and the tenants were gone. For a moment he was breathless with dismay; but his eye was attracted by the faint glittering of an object hanging near the latch; he took it, and found that it was the golden crucifix worn by the stranger maiden, and he felt confident that she had anticipated his visit to the house, and left this as an assurance that the house was not plundered, and its inmates were gone to some place of safety. He put it in his bosom, and returned with the same haste to the town.

He found the villagers still waiting for the assault, but uncertain when it would be made. The hours of the night rolled heavily on, and some began to believe that the alarm was unfounded; others suggested in whis-

pers that messengers might be sent to the usual haunts of the Indians, to ascertain if it were not so: but no one dared propose to hazard his own life or another's in such a perilous service. At length William Cooper approached the magistrate, and said, "Would it not be well, sir, to send scouts to the Indian settlement?"

"The service is too hazardous: no one will undertake it."

"With your permission, sir, I will go upon this service immediately."

The magistrate shuddered at the thought of exposing a life so dear to him: and thinking that none else would offer, he said, "Alone you shall not go."

An old man mounted his horse at the word, saying, "If the young are ready, it little becomes the old to hoard their lives."

They immediately rode away, followed by the anxious gaze of the multitude, and their dark forms were lost in the gloom. The silence was soon broken; several reports of fire-arms were heard, followed by the clattering of hoofs; then came an object that chilled every heart almost to stone. A horse darted into the square, with blood flowing from his sides, and supporting a sinking rider; his steps became less and less firm, and when he reached the fire, he sunk down exhausted with his burden by his side. His young rider started up, and called to the people to fly; but the words were his last!

One bright flame after another sprang high into the air, marking the path of destruction in which the enemy were advancing, till the skies were filled with a thick, red,

and suffocating light. A constant but irregular fire was kept up by the garrison, where the villagers saw from the loop-holes and windows, their houses burned, and all their property laid waste. It was autumn, and the loss of their winter stores could not be repaired; they were far from any who could relieve them; but as soon as the Indians were dispersed by some sudden alarm, the voice of praise was heard in the garrison, as earnest and firm as ever, blessing God that most of their lives were spared in the conflict, so remorseless, fatal, and disheartening, of civilized man with a savage foe.

Two days after, the villagers were assembled to bury their dead. A slow procession came from the brick mansion of the magistrate, which towered among the smoking vestiges of ruin, as if rising above the waters of an inundation. As they came near the place of death, they were joined by the stranger, with a veiled female figure in the deepest mourning, leaning on his arm. A convulsive shudder was observed to pass over her frame, as the dust was committed to dust in profound silence, without a funeral service, or a word of prayer. As they were leaving the place, the magistrate approached her with respect and kindness, and placed in her hand the crucifix which he had taken from the bosom of the dead. The hand which touched his own was colder than marble; but he neither saw her face nor heard her speak.

The house of the stranger was soon found deserted. its inmates were not seen again in the village, and the fate of the young Catholic was never known!

THE EGYPTIAN MAIDEN.

The oldest of historians records a very beautiful custom common among the damsels of Egypt. They would go out at night-fall to the damp banks of the Nile to watch their little floating lamps as they glided upon the bosom of its waters, at the same time chanting hymns of love to the appropriate goddess of the ceremony. If the light was extinguished, they departed in tears, to indulge the lonely sorrow of Jephtha's daughter, when she called on the virgins of Mizpeh to lament, that her footsteps should no longer be seen upon the mountains, nor her voice be heard among the stately maids of Judah. If it passed down the tide glimmering fainter and fainter till lost in the distance, they returned with songs and gladness, for they then knew that their lovers were faithful in their absence to their early vows.

SUNSET had thrown its latest smile
On the blue waters of the Nile,
And when the evening star appear'd,
Woman's low, trembling voice was heard;
Then came a dark-eyed maid to prove,
With beating heart, the lore of love.

She came to try a powerful spell,
The strength of plighted vows can tell;
Her burning lamp, with odours fill'd,
And extracts, from fair flowers distill'd,
Slow, to the eddying stream she gave,
Then sung to her who rules the wave.

"Float on, float on, my token light,
Nor heed the cold, damp dews of night;

Float on, float on, with conscious flame,
Trace every letter of my name,
That he may know, to whom you glide,
Who placed you on the fickle tide;
Hear, Goddess, hear, behold my tears,
Thou knowest all a maiden's fears.

"Keep the storm-spirit from its path,
Too weak to meet the tempest's wrath;
O! guard it from the wild bird's wing,
Too weak to meet the breath of spring;
Hope lingers till that feeble ray
Fades from my aching sight away,
Then, Goddess, hear, behold my tears,
Thou knowest all a maiden's fears."

The distant torch seem'd sinking now,
She dash'd the green wreath from her brow;
It gleam'd again—then came the flush
That mantled in young love's first blush,
And ever as it rose or fell,
Answer'd her throbbing bosom's swell.

Slowly it pass'd beyond her ken,
She stood in speechless rapture then,
Her only voice—the sigh of bliss,
Brought to her cheek her lover's kiss,
And there they knelt—love's records tell,
And bless'd the Goddess, and the spell.

S. S. BOYD.

STANZAS.

"How beautiful is night."—Southey.

How beautiful is night!
The sky is blue before me;
In all their mildest light,
The stars are moving o'er me.
The blindest air is breathing near,
The balmiest gale is blowing;
With dulcet swell each little rill
From purest fount is flowing.

Over the clear blue sky
No darkening cloud is driven;
But from their thrones on high,
Shine out the hosts of heaven.
No lingering ray of closing day
On western hills is gleaming;
Nor the moonlight, so silver bright,
Across the scene is streaming.

How beautiful is night!
The freshest dew is falling,
While to its mate in flight,
The insect shrill is calling.

'Tis then we own the whisper'd tone
Of friendship's voice is sweetest,
Though like the air that's breathing near
We know those tones are fleetest.

J. P. BRACE.

SOLILOQUY OF A DUELLIST.

THEY all at length have left me—long I wish'd,
While round me with officious care they stood,
To dress this paltry wound, to be alone;
And now I find that solitude is dreadful—
Dreadful to one, upon whose burning soul,
The weight of murder rests! Oh, would to heaven
This day were blotted from the scroll of time:
Or, as indeed it seems, that some wild dream
Had wrapp'd me in its horrid tangled maze.
It is a dream, it must be—o'er my brain
Such strange bewildering scenes in memory crowd,
As are not, cannot be reality;
And yet this agony is too intense,
'Twould rive the chains of sleep. This stiffen'd arm,
These bandages, and the sharp pain which shoots
Across my burning temples—these are real—
Oh no, 'tis not the phantasy of sleep—

He does lie bleeding yonder, pale and dead;
I too am slightly wounded. Would to heaven
The erring ball that pierced this guilty arm,
Had found a goal within my guiltier breast,
Ere I had lived to be a murderer—
A hateful murderer, still living on
Beneath the weight, the torment of a curse.
Heavy as that of Cain, the stain of blood
Forever on my conscience, crying out
To heaven for vengeance. Yet my wounded honour
Claim'd sure some reparation for the blot
His language on it cast. Could I have lived
Beneath the brand of cowardice, and borne
The sneer and the expression of contempt,
That would have follow'd me from every lip.
He gave the challenge, and could I refuse?
I could not—yet I might—I could—I could—
The offence was mine, and mine is all the guilt.
Why, o'er my heated passions could I not
One instant hold the reins of self-control?
One single moment of deliberate thought
And cloudless reason, would have spared me all
This guilt, this agony. The approving smiles
Of peaceful conscience and mine own respect,
Had balanceed well the idle laugh of fools—
And now, what am I now? I dare not think;
The stain of life-blood is upon my soul—
The life-blood of my friend—he was my friend,
And I have kill'd him! Oh, that this dark hour
Of deep remorseful anguish might recall

234 SOLILOQUY OF A DUELLIST.

The moments that have pass'd. My wife!—My wife!—
I cannot meet thee thus. I hate myself—
All whom I loved, and even thou wilt hate me.
Oh! would that I were dead—I will not live
To meet thy tearful eye in sorrow bent,
O'er one who once could wake its proudest smile.
I cannot pray—I dare not call on heaven,
To pardon my offence—before the throne,
E'en at the mercy seat, his bleeding form
Would mock my agony, and drive me thence.
How can I look on those whose hearts my hand
Has made so desolate? His mother's eye
Has often smiled in kindness on my boyhood,
And such has been my gratitude, to wring
The last bright drops of comfort from her heart,
And cloud the evening of her life with wo.
His sisters, in their tears, demand of me
Their loved, their murder'd one—and there he lies
Cut off in all the bloom of health and youth.
There lies the fatal instrument, and there
Its fellow lies to tempt me—loaded still;
I dare not think, the future and the past
Are fraught alike with images of horror.
Blood calls for blood, and mine own hand shall pay
The debt of justice. Crime shall wash out crime—
I dare not look into eternity—
Oh, God! oh, God! forgive me for this deed.

E. M. CHANDLER.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,
To melt, and to sink unseen or forgot?"

And there will my course be ended?"
'Twas this a feathery Snow-Flake said,
As down through the measureless space it stray'd,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

"Oh! no," said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky!

For thou wilt be safe in my keeping;
But then, I must give thee a lovelier form,
Thou'lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

"And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness.

"To wake, and be raised from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or a diamond leap

 In a drop from the unlock'd fountain;
Or leaving the valley, the meadow and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
 Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or, would'st thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes

 A pencil of sunbeams is blending.
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth;
I'll give thee a new and a vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
 And never regret descending!"

"Then I will drop," said the trusting flake;

"But bear it in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to awake,

 Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning:
For things of thyself, they expire with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise and will live, from thy dust set free,
 To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied, by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
 And return to my native heaven;

For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time in thy sight to glow,
So thou may'st remember the Flake of Snow
By the promise that God hath given."

H. F. GOULD.

THE FUTURE.

THE flowers, the many flowers
That all along the smiling valley grew,
While the sun lay for hours,
Kissing from off their drooping lids the dew,
They, to the summer air
No longer prodigal, their sweet breath yield;
Vainly to bind her hair
The village maiden seeks them in the field.

The breeze, the gentle breeze
That wander'd like a frolick child at play,
Loitering mid blossom'd trees,
Trailing their stolen sweets along its way,
No more adventuresome,
Its whisper'd love is to the violet given;
The boisterous north has come,
And scared the sportive trifter back to heaven.

The brook, the limpid brook
That prattled of its coolness, as it went
Forth from its rocky nook
Leaping with joy to be no longer pent,
Its pleasant song is hush'd;
The sun no more looks down upon its play;
Freely where once it gush'd,
The mountain-torrent drives its noisy way.

The hours, the youthful hours,
When in the cool shade we were wont to lie,
Idling with fresh cull'd flowers,
In dreams that ne'er could know reality,
Fond hours, but half enjoy'd,
Like the sweet summer breeze they pass'd away;
And dear hopes were destroy'd
Like buds, that die before the noon of day.

Young life, young turbulent life,
If, like the stream, it take a wayward course,
'Tis lost mid folly's strife,
O'erwhelm'd at length, by passion's curbless force.
Nor deem youth's buoyant hours
For idle hopes, or useless musings given:
Who dreams away his powers,
The reckless slumberer shall not wake to heaven!

A. M. WELLS.

YOUTH.

IN youth, dear youth, through bowers of bliss
I roved with spirits that now are gone;
And my love's sweet smile or her sweeter kiss
Was all the heaven I thought upon.
Unfelt, unheeded my hours flew by,
For time, while he sped like an arrow of light,
So muffled his wings that no passing sigh
Escaped from their plumage to mark his flight.

Those bowers only bloom'd in my youth's short spring,
The smile and the kiss were too sweet to last;
And now, every flap of time's heavy wing
Sounds the knell of some pleasure for ever past.
Oh, youth, though the sun which illumed thee has set,
Though thy blossoming hopes have long ceased to
live,
More precious dear is thy memory yet
Than all that this bleak world has left to give.
R. SWEENEY.

THE LADY OF RUTHVEN.

TRAVELLING in the northern part of Great Britain, I turned aside from the road to view more closely one of those ancient edifices that stand, as it were a connecting link, between times gone by and the present. I ever took delight in contemplating these mighty piles of past ages, for they operate as a talisman on the imagination, and in an instant the mercurial mind, in defiance of space and time, lives whole centuries. While surveying the building an aged man approached, and accosted me. "You appear," said he, "to be a stranger, and interested with the exterior of the castle; perhaps the interior may equally excite your curiosity; if so, I will attend you through the building." I gladly accepted of the old steward's invitation, for such he proved to be, and I could not possibly have had a better guide, for he was communicative, and intimately familiar with the history of the castle and its inmates, from the time the corner-stone was deposited.

He led me through lofty chambers that frowned in all the gloom of gothic times; extended galleries and stately halls, concerning each of which some anecdote was rife in his memory. He paused with peculiar satisfaction in the armory, hung round with banners, arms, and the trophies of war. He was familiar with the history of

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THE YOUNG MAN OF THE TOWER

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Engraving Steel by J. A. Longacre.

THE LADY OF INTEMPERANCE.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

every weapon and coat of mail, and gave with tedious accuracy an account of the various conflicts in which the several indentations, perceptible on the warlike apparel, were received. From the armory we passed into the gallery of family pictures, which afford many of the rudest with some of the finest specimens of art. Here might be seen the mailed knight scowling death to his prostrate antagonist, or gazing with eyes full of devotion on his lady love; there a judge, with fat, unmeaning face and full-bottomed wig, looking askance at a hoop petticoat, and a diminutive countenance peering beneath a wilderness of curls, not unlike an owl from an ivy bush; a little farther, a group of corydons and shepherdesses, watching their flocks, which had called forth the greatest care of the artist; and then came the matter-of-fact portrait of modern days, which can do nothing more for an ugly face than make it handsome, or place a man in a studious posture with a book in his hand, though he scarcely comprehends the alphabet.

While surveying the different portraits, my eye fell on one calculated to make the spectator shrink at the first glance. It was a warrior clad in a coat of mail; his hair was gray, his countenance thin and cadaverous, and his eye as fierce as that of the enraged tiger. His forehead was bony, capacious, and reposed on a pair of thick, bushy brows. His cheek bones were high, his chin robust, and his thin lips compressed, indicative of cool determination.

"That," said the old man, "is the portrait of Lord Ruthven, who was at the slaying of David Rizzio. He left his sick bed, to which he had been confined for three

months, pale and emaciated, too feeble to bear the weight of his armour, or even to support his own body without assistance, to do a murder at the bidding of, and in the presence of his king."

"And is that," said I, "the man who shed blood in cool blood, and calmly sat down in the presence of his insulted queen, and tauntingly called for drink to quench his thirst, while his bony hands were still reeking with the life blood of her favourite! But who are those young men to the left, on the same canvass, whose countenances are full of manly beauty, and glow with intelligence?"

"The last of the name of Ruthven. The sons of that Earl of Gowrie, whose restless spirit burst forth at the raid of Ruthven, and finally terminated its earthly career on the scaffold. His sons were the pride of Scotland in their day, and fell at the same instant, while perpetrating the most inexplicable conspiracy that history has recorded. Their dead bodies were brought into parliament, indicted for high treason, their honours and estates were forfeited, and the ancient and proud name of Ruthven for ever abolished."

"And who is that," I inquired, pointing at a female portrait, "whose face rivals in loveliness all that the Italian artists have combined in their ideal beauty? Where female softness is so admirably blended with masculine vigour, that the trial for mastery at the first glance appears doubtful, but on a nearer view it is plain to see that the latter, in this instance, as in all others, maintains a transcendent influence over the former. Behold the arched brow where pride sits enthroned; the

eye beneath it beaming love, and the lips that would tempt an anchorite to press them, were it not for the latent fire in that eye, and the firmness of purpose indicated by that chin, at the same time that the curve of beauty is preserved, forbids even the passionless kiss of an anchorite. This I should judge to be the work of some enthusiastic painter, who, in a delirium of love, delineated the mistress of his imagination, rather than the being that nature had created."

The withered cheek of the old man glowed at my praise, and he replied; "That is the swan of the house of Ruthven, who was reared in the raven's nest when her own flock was scattered. She was the child of the last of the name; still an infant at the time of her father's murder; and when the storm tore up, root and branch, the noble tree that had withstood the rage of warring elements for centuries, this last frail scion was transplanted to a foreign land, where it grew in beauty worthy of its parent stem. Rightly have you judged in pronouncing that picture the work of an enthusiastic lover: it is by the celebrated Vandyck, to whom nature not only lent her colouring, but watched every touch and carefully guided his hand. Charles, the martyr, at whose court the orphan of the fallen house of Ruthven was a maid of honour, bestowed her in marriage on the impassioned painter, and never did the skilful artist exercise his brush with greater success, than when delineating the lovely features of the object of his adoration."

I left the gallery with my mind filled with widely different reflections from those which occupied it on entering. The mute canvass on which I had been gazing,

had read to me a striking lesson on the vicissitudes of human life, and the futility of the attempt to perpetuate a name. Here I beheld a long line of ancestry, who had kept monarchs in awe and been linked with royalty, extinguished by a breath—a single word—and the last remaining drop of their haughty blood, the very essence of their race, a thousand times distilled, indebted for its preservation to charity, and finally bestowed on one whose progenitors had passed as obscurely through the world as the purling stream through the untrodden wilderness: and yet to the talents of this man is she more indebted for the duration of her name, than to the daring deeds of her turbulent ancestors. I here also learnt that he who was the monarch's terror, the monarch himself, and she for whose charms the monarch might proudly have sighed, can obtain no more substantial fame than an outline of their features on perishable canvass, or a page in history seldom opened. Most glorious guerdon, after a feverish existence, when we reflect that—

There's not that work
Of careful nature or of cunning art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin.

STANZAS.

It is not meet that tears should flow for such a death as
thine,
Since selfishness alone could prompt the mourner to
repine;
And now, like winds that shed around the fragrant breath
of flowers,
Those thoughts shall visit me that bear an impress of
thine hours.

We mourn not when the shadow'd eve steals softly on
the west,
And brings to every wearied thing forgetfulness and
rest,
When flocks regain the welcome fold, and birds the
sheltering tree,
And even thus, oh deeply tried! my tears flow not for
thee.

To see the enchanted wreath of life for ever fall apart,
To strive when all the springs of hope were wasted in
the heart,
In loneliness of soul to tread a dim and thorny way,
And watch the friends of happier years drop, one by
one, away;

This was for thee, and I rejoice that all thy toil is
o'er,
The billow on a stormy sea will gain at last the
shore,
The wreck, when driving tempests cease, will sink be-
neath the wave,
And thou, though worn and wearied long, art sleeping
in the grave.

FREDERICK S. ECKARD.

A NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

"A happy new year," thou lovely one,
As bright as roses bathed in sun!
Around thy path may the dancing hours
Scatter wreaths of radiant flowers!

On thy smooth cheek health's mantling glow
Flits like a sun-blush o'er the snow;
And the soft shade of thy raven hair
Rests on a brow so passing fair,
I dare not think, majestic maid,
Thy soul-lit beauty e'er can fade---

And may it not! I would that thou,
With gentle lip, and lofty brow,
And the changing light of thy lucid eye,
Shouldst live on earth immortally!
Sure life and love must stay with thee,
Chain'd by thy potent witchery!
Yet would I not the flatt'ring throng
Should lure thee with a syren song—
'Twere better far, for one pure heart
To love thee for what thou really art,
Not a painted toy to please awhile,
To feign a blush, and act a smile,
But one whose noble generous soul
Spurns affectation's mean control;
Who life's most sparkling cup has quaff'd,
Uninjured by the dangerous draught—
'Tis this that binds me with a spell,
Whose power I find no words to tell!

"A happy new year," thou lovely one,
As bright as roses bathed in sun!
Around thy path may the dancing hours
Scatter wreaths of radiant flowers!

L. M. FRANCIS.

VISIONS OF YOUTH.

"The music we were wont to love, in days of bliss gone by,
In after years the soul can move, almost to agony."

THERE was a strain I dearly loved,
In boyhood's happy hours;
Amid youth's joyousness, I proved
Its fascinating powers;
It was a witching melody,
Like the music of a dream;
As sadly sweet as minstrelsy
Comes o'er a summer stream.

But when the smiling years flew by,
And cares came thronging on;
When life look'd on a cloud'd sky,
Where not a sun-beam shone;
Ah! then the warblings of that song,
With deeper thrillings came;
For they waken'd memories hoarded long,
And breathed of a treasured name.

Within my breast still lingering,
Those hallow'd visions dwell;
As mournful echoes fondly cling
Around the minster bell;

The sabbath vesper-chime will cease,
Its sound be hush'd at last;
But ne'er will come my bosom's peace,
Till I forget the past.

This heart—this care-worn heart of mine,
Responds that melting strain;
As Æolian strings at day's decline,
To night-winds wake again;
The harp will sigh to Zephyr's kiss,
Till all its chords decay;
And that song will call back thoughts of bliss,
Till memory fades away!

FUNERAL RITES.

O BURY not the dead by day,
When the bright sun is in the sky,
But let the evening's mantle gray
Upon the mouldering ashes lie,
And spread around its solemn tone,
Before ye give the earth its own.

The gaudy glare of noon-day light
 Befits not well the hour of gloom,
When friend o'er friend performs the rite
 That parts them till the day of doom—
Oh! no—let twilight shadows come,
When heaven is still and nature dumb.

Then, when the zephyrs in the leaves
 Scarcely breathe, amid their mazy round,
And every sigh that air receives
 Is heard along her still profound—
Then at night's dusky hour of birth,
Yield the lamented dead to earth.

Yield him to earth—and let the dew
 Weep o'er him its ambrosial tears,
And let the stars come forth and view
 The close of human hopes and fears—
Their course goes on—he ne'er again
Shall tread the walks of living men.

Far in the west the ruddy glow
 Of sunset clouds is lingering yet,
And with its brightness seems to show
 The relics of a "golden set"—
But soon the fading grandeur flies,
And sadden'd night assumes the skies.

It is an holy hour of quiet,
 By which the soften'd heart is woo'd
To thoughts that in the time of riot
 Are rarely welcome to intrude—

To thoughts, which evening's balmy kiss
Will often bring—nor bring amiss.

No sound awakes through all the sky,
Save the small voice of summer bird,
That chants his little note on high,
So distant, that it scarce is heard,
And yet comes floating softly by,
As 'twere a parted spirit's sigh.

A little cloud of snowy whiteness
Is sailing through the fields of air,
And seems with all its fleecy lightness,
Like a bright angel wandering there—
That little cloud, so calmly stealing,
Brings to the heart a sadden'd feeling.

A spell of silence breathes around,
Or if a single voice is shed,
It is a soft and stillly sound—
Oh! what an hour to quit the dead!
Choose not the day—take twilight's tone,
And let the earth receive her own.

C. W. THOMSON.

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

ON the margin of Lake Eric, on the Canada side; stands a neat village, every way calculated to induce those who are perplexed with the turmoils of a city life, to believe that there is no paradise on earth to compare with such a place of retirement. The spire of the church, which is reflected on the glassy surface of the lake, seems to extend a protecting care over the humble cottages beneath, each of which stands in a neatly planned and fruitful garden. The surrounding country presents a number of well cultivated farms, some of which are tilled by the villagers, and others by French emigrants and their descendants, who inheriting a portion of the manners of their ancestors, combined with the primitive simplicity and rudeness of their native border, compose almost an anomaly in the human race.

Among the farms in the vicinity of the village was one cultivated by JEAN BAPTISTE, a native, whose father had emigrated from Normandy, and being of a family once in affluence, he bequeathed to his son a proper sense of his importance; but, as is too frequently the case, neglected to bestow the means to support the dignity. This is an awkward predicament for a man to be in: to look upon himself and family through a prism,

by which they are decorated in the gaudiest colours, while their associates view them with the naked eye, or through glasses that are far from placing their defects in a pleasing light, or magnifying their merits.

Baptiste was finally awakened to a proper sense of the worth of his inheritance. While beggary was staring him in the face, he found it impossible to obtain a single sous upon the credit of his dead ancestors, and that a man may think of himself as favourably as he pleases, but unless the world coincides in opinion with him, it all amounts to less than nothing. His pride could not support him, nor would it suffer him to support himself, so in good time they parted. Baptiste cast his eyes around him, and they fell upon the pretty daughter of an emigrant to whom the little farm then belonged, where our worthy subsequently resided.

Baptiste was the beau of the village; a ragged one we admit, but as he led a life of idleness, played well on the flute, and knew the name of his great-grandfather, no one ventured to dispute his claims to gentility and family. He lost no time in making the customary protestations of eternal love, and considered it as a matter of course, that the charming LOUISE would be highly flattered with the overtures of a personage of his distinction; but he was received with a degree of coolness calculated to chill even those hardened by a Canadian winter. Mortified at this discomfiture, he consoled himself with attributing it to her rustic ideas and want of discernment.

There was enough of the raw material about our lover to make, if properly worked up, a very clever and

useful man; this the father of Louise soon discovered, and accordingly told Baptiste that the girl should be his on two conditions, which the impatient lover eagerly demanded, confident that in such a cause he could readily surpass the dangers encountered in days of old to obtain the Hesperian fruit.

"Louise shall be your wife," said the father, "as soon as you have satisfied me that you can support a wife, and that she is willing to marry you."

The latter difficulty, thought Baptiste, may be speedily surmounted, but the former was a stumbling-block, for she could not feed on air, and there was nothing within his reach of a more substantial nature to offer her. If lovers could only dispense with that terrestrial practice of eating, no poet could present a more glowing picture of Mahomet's paradise than this world would be; but many a rapturous dream of connubial bliss has been put to flight by the obtrusive spectre of a chine of beef or a shoulder of mutton. Baptiste, like Othello, "was perplexed in the extreme," and his hopes were daily approaching despair, when at length the old farmer again spoke to him:—

"You say you love my daughter."

"More than life, or even meat in Lent time," exclaimed the lover.

"What proof can you give me of your affection?"

"I will marry her to-morrow; if that is not conclusive, I will undergo the agony of waiting a month longer."

"Very fine; but what assurance have I of its continuance?"

"Oh, let her alone for that, she will keep me as true as the needle to the pole, I warrant you."

"Keep you! but how will you keep her?"

"Now that is a pretty question," exclaimed the single-minded lover; "look at me, and be satisfied."

"Right! she may feast her eyes upon you, but I am inclined to think that such a feast will not satisfy her hunger. When poverty stalks in at the door—you know the proverb."

"Eh!" ejaculated Baptiste, his lower jaw falling at least an inch from the other.

"Remember, she is no angel yet, though you fancy her such; she must have bread and meat, man."

"Oh, curse the realities of life! Bread and meat! There is nothing of the kind in Cupid's calendar from the title page to the last chapter."

"Still Cupid has no objection to a plentiful larder, and if you expect to marry my daughter, you must come over to my way of thinking."

"I am not prepared to argue against you, if that is your manner of reasoning," replied Baptiste. "You have made me a convert already."

"Then come to my farm to-morrow by sunrise," replied the other, "and the truth of your conversion shall be tested."

They parted; the old emigrant to pursue his daily labour, and Baptiste to dream of future happiness. Before sunrise the following morning he rose and dressed himself in his best apparel, which had descended like an heir-loom from the great-grandfather already mentioned, and which, in our lover's opinion, would have done

credit to the court of Louis le Debonnair. The suit consisted of a yellow levantine coat, a sky-blue silk waistcoat, with enormous flaps at the pockets, and a pair of scarlet satin small-clothes, all of which bore conclusive testimony to the uncommon magnitude of the aforesaid great-grandfather, and the degeneracy of his present representative. They hung around the slender figure of Baptiste like a surplice on a broomstick; yet it would have been worse than sacrilege to have made the slightest alteration; such an act, in his imagination, would have disturbed the endless repose of his ancestors, for every thread in those scarlet breeches was more highly treasured, and possessed as much magic as that fatal handkerchief which was dyed with the "conserve of maidens' hearts." How wayward and inexplicable are the affections of the human heart! Here we see one entrusting his happiness upon the uncertain existence of another; there we behold the miser locking up his whole soul with his gold and jewels; that fashionable fair loves nothing on earth like a splendid equipage; this sportsman despises the human race, when compared with his horses and dogs; that primitive damsel dotes upon her tabby and lap-dog, and our hero views with feelings bordering on veneration, the old scarlet small-clothes worn by his progenitors. But enough of moralizing, and to resume our story.

Baptiste having made his toilet, and buckled a rusty rapier by his side, which had descended from the same distinguished personage, took his flute in his hand, and sallied forth to the place of appointment. He had ruminated for twelve hours on the foregoing conversation,

and could not by any course of reasoning arrive at any other conclusion, than that the old man having discovered his merits, had determined to yield his daughter without further opposition. His heart beat wildly, and hope was on tiptoe, as he drew near the emigrant's romantic cottage. The neatness of all about the house did not escape his notice. Against the southern side of the cottage was an arbour overshadowed by the rose tree, jasmine, and honeysuckle. He drew near to it, and the fragrance of the flowers seemed to increase, as he reflected by what hand they had been planted. All was silent, for the family had not yet risen. He gazed with a wistful eye upon the small window, just above the arbour, and into which the vines were creeping, for well he knew who sanctified that chamber by her presence. He sighed as he gazed, and envied the jasmine flower that was slyly peeping through a broken pane of the window.

With throbbing heart he breathed a plaintive air on his flute, while the birds flitting among the trees and shrubbery, swelled their little throats to emulate the serenade. It was not long before the casement opened, and a smiling face peered among the green foliage, with lips that might have been mistaken for buds of the vine, and cheeks for full-blown flowers. It was too much for a lad of Baptiste's temperament. His flute was suddenly silenced, and without loss of time he called in the aid of words, as being more expressive than music. He poured forth his feelings with ardour and eloquence, for love works miracles, and had made even Baptiste eloquent, and as he proceeded in his declaration, the

smiling face among the foliage became brighter; the change did not escape the quick perception of the lover: "the victory is gained already," thought he, "she can never resist a personage of my family, parts, and figure"—on the instant the window closed, the smiling face disappeared, and Baptiste's ears were saluted with a sound that too nearly resembled laughter to be agreeable at that moment. He stood—not thunder-struck—for the morning was perfectly clear, and there was no thunder; but an electric shock would not have astonished him more than did the closing of the window, and the laughter that succeeded.

"What are you doing there, dressed off like a new-fledged popinjay?" exclaimed a hoarse voice. He turned and beheld the old emigrant, who repeated his question.

"Serenading Louise," replied Baptiste.

"Serenading! very pretty, by Saint Anthony! Henceforward, as you value my opinion, never let me hear a tune from your lips, unless it is whistled between the ploughshafts. And what is the meaning of this tawdry dress? Silks and satins, and of all the colours in the rainbow! Very well for a clown in a playhouse, but not altogether the thing if you intend driving my cart, or digging in my garden."

"I came to make myself agreeable to Louise," replied Baptiste, "and therefore put on my best apparel."

"Agreeable to Louise indeed! Do you think it was for this I asked you to my cottage! No: it was to make yourself useful to me. But in doing the one you may

possibly do the other; so begone, strip off your fool's dress, and come in homespun, and you will be welcome. Make haste back, or my breakfast will grow cold."

Baptiste bowed in acquiescence, started off with unusual alacrity, and the farmer entered his barn-yard to attend to his stock. In the course of half an hour Baptiste returned dressed in a more appropriate suit; the old man met him with a smiling countenance, and led him into the cottage, where Louise had already spread the plain but clean and inviting breakfast-table.

From that hour the prospects of Baptiste underwent an entire revolution. From being the most idle and worthless young fellow of the village, he became the most industrious and most respected. After undergoing a twelvemonth's probation, the farmer consented to his marriage with Louise, who by this time was nothing loath, and as Baptiste was a wag, the maddest charevari ever known in Canada, before or since, took place on this occasion. Baptiste was notorious for playing a conspicuous part in frolics of this kind, and accordingly many a rustic Benedict came far and near to retaliate. A mad scene ensued, compared to which, the sufferings of the redoubtable lieutenant Lismahago on his wedding night were as paradise to purgatory. Baptiste discountenanced charevaris from that day, and it is now looked upon as a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance." We omitted to remark that on the wedding night the splendid family dress, which had lain perdu ever since Baptiste entered the cottage, was again displayed, and his rusty

rapier suspended by his side. Thus equipped, he imagined the ancient glory of the Baptistes regenerate. His flute was again brought forth, and was often listened to with delight by the little family circle when the labours of the day were over.

Human affairs are but transitory. In the course of time Baptiste buried his father-in-law, and his beloved wife, who had brought him a daughter and a son, of whom more will be learnt in the subsequent narrative.

There resided in the village a wealthy advocate, who valued himself not only upon his fortune, but that his father before him had lived by his wits, and not by the labour of his hands. Counsellor Martin, as the rustics called him, had a son about twenty years of age, who had early imbibed all the prejudices of his father, and entertained an exalted opinion of his own inherent importance. He made but little progress at school, for he was too lofty a personage to be under the control of one who had neither wealth nor pride of ancestry to boast of. The village schoolmaster was a preacher also, and verily Frank Martin called into practice during six days of the week, the precepts of moderation and forbearance duly delivered from the pulpit on the sabbath. Frank, as he approached the state of manhood, was seldom seen abroad without his rifle on his shoulder, or his angle in his hand. He was dexterous at hooking a trout, and seldom failed to put out the eye of a squirrel at the distance of fifty paces.

Frank had from his childhood watched the growing beauties of Claudine, the daughter of Baptiste, as they were gradually developed, and daily became more sen-

sible of their influence; his pride, however, shrunk from the suggestion that the best feelings of his nature had been awakened by a rustic girl: he called to his aid what casuistry he could command to define his sentiments; he reasoned like another Locke to satisfy himself that he was not in love; he anatomised his mind; new-christened his feelings by the names of regard, respect, esteem, but even under their new titles they remained as irresistible as before, and still were as sensibly alive in the presence of Claudine, as though he had deigned to call them by the name of love.

Towards the close of a day in autumn, as Frank was returning home from a ramble through the hills, with his gun on his shoulder, he chanced to cross a meadow where Baptiste's little herd of cattle was at that time grazing. He had not proceeded far before he met a female approaching the meadow. It was Claudine. Frank's heart throbbed, and it flew to his lips as he accosted her—

"Good evening, pretty Claudine; which way do you go at this hour?"

"No farther than the meadow, sir."

"And why to the meadow, child?"

"Victor has gone to the village, and I have come to drive the cattle to the cottage."

"That must not be while I am with you."

"You will not prevent me, Mr. Francis," inquired Claudine, half jest, half earnest.

"Certainly; I will do it for you."

"You, sir! That indeed would be a strange sight," she exclaimed, laughing.

"Then we will do it together, Claudine, and the oddity will not appear so glaring."

She rallied him on his gallantry, and as her lovely features became animated, Frank gazed with increased delight, and doubted whether esteem or regard was a term warm enough to describe his feelings. Claudine was possessed of much beauty, and archness mingled with simplicity, and Frank felt more forcibly their influence, as he walked by her side towards her father's cottage. The succeeding evening, as the sun was declining, Frank unaccountably found himself lounging near Baptiste's meadow; the herd was still grazing there; he felt overjoyed at the sight, but was at a loss to tell why a few cows peaceably grazing occasioned such a throbbing at the heart. He remained quite restless for half an hour, with his eye constantly bent in the direction of the farm-house, the smoke from which was seen curling above a hill at a distance, when a shout was heard, and winding around the hill, little Victor appeared, running after a huge watch-dog in the direction of the meadow. One look was enough for Frank, for he felt little interest in the gambols of the boy and the dog. His heart beat twenty pulsations less in a minute, and as he slowly retraced his steps, he had time enough to investigate philosophically his feelings and motives.

Frank's intimacy with Baptiste increased from that day forward, and his visits at the cottage became so frequent, that it was a question with the curious whether he resided there or at his father's mansion. His field sports had given place to a love of agriculture, and few were more active than Frank in the hay-field or at harvest

time, for on these occasions the females left their housewifery to assist, and it was remarked that Frank was always near Claudine, and preferred doing her share, to his own, of the labour.

Claudine had now completed her seventeenth year, and the day that ushered in the eighteenth, was a day of hilarity beneath her father's humble roof. The affectionate old man arose in the morning earlier than usual, and when Claudine descended, she beheld his face dressed with smiles, and his person in the pride of his wardrobe, the legacy of his great-grandfather. To have started any objection to the antiquated cut of this dress, would have been to Baptiste conclusive proof of barbarous taste, for it was the standard by which he tested every modern fashion, and he looked upon it with reverence, as the connecting link between the present humble state of the family and its former consequence. At times when Baptiste was riding his hobby of family distinction, in the presence of some incredulous rustic, the scarlet breeches and rusty rapier were produced, and invariably closed the contest triumphantly.

The countenance of Claudine as she entered the room was overshadowed with grief, which in vain she endeavoured to conceal as her father rose from his seat to greet her.

"How is this, my child, you look sad, but are not ill, I hope?"

"I did not rest well, and my head aches in consequence."

"The truth is you are pale, but cheer up, it will never do for the pride of the village to be ill on this day;

your birth-day, and that of your happy old father too, Claudine."

Every nation has some peculiar custom, which is religiously upheld by the people as a birth-right, and looked upon as a spot of verdure in the waste of life. In Canada, from the earliest settlement, it has been the practice on the birth-day of any person, for his friends to assemble and present a bouquet to the individual, whose birth-day is commemorated. If a man, the present is usually a pipe decorated with flowers; and if a female, a cake similarly adorned, if it is the season for flowers, otherwise artificial flowers are substituted.

At an early hour the villagers began to assemble on the lawn in front of Baptiste's cottage. Among them were gray heads and light hearts; dimpled faces and elastic feet, for the companions of Baptiste's early days were seen among the young and gay friends of his charming daughter. The farmer soon espied them from his window, and went out to meet them, leading Claudine by the hand. It appeared as if they had changed the time and condition of life, for as they approached the crowd, they were greeted with strains of enlivening music, to which Baptiste's heart beat time, and his feet indicated the same propensity, but Claudine looked as if she were in a place of mourning, rather than of festivity.

At no time of life had Baptiste felt prouder than on this occasion. As he approached, he frequently cast a glance of delight upon his child, and then raising his eyes to his old friends, gave them an inquisitive look, which seemed to ask, is she not indeed the pride of the

village? Many a hearty greeting passed between the old man and the villagers, among whom were some who were conspicuous in the charevari, on the night of his marriage, thirty years before. Baptiste recalled that memorable event, and enjoyed the recollection much more than he had the circumstance.

A seat intended as a sylvan throne was speedily constructed, and Baptiste and his child were escorted to it with no little "pomp and circumstance." Frank was officious on this occasion, and, though an hour of general joy, his countenance was evidently troubled. Little Victor was delighted, as also was his favourite watchdog, and in the fulness of their joy, the one laughed and the other barked and turned somersets on the green together. During the ceremony a simple air was sung by the villagers. There was one voice distinguished from the rest by the richness and wildness of its melody. It proceeded from a young woman, who, in spite of both mental and bodily suffering, still possessed no ordinary share of beauty. Her tall and slender figure was covered by a shapeless, black gown, which descended so low that her feet were concealed; but still the perfect symmetry of her person was discernible. From her stately neck was suspended, by a string of large black beads, a little silver crucifix, with the image of our Saviour on it. Her dark hair hung in profuse curls around her neck, and rested in the hood of her dress, which at that time was thrown from her head. There was a nervous quickness in her motions; her eyes were wandering, the expression wild, and on her lips, which

were still beautiful, an unmeaning smile seemed to be constantly playing.

The ceremony of presenting the pipe and cake being over, the assemblage was about to adjourn to the cottage, when Frank inquired of the female just alluded to, who was at the time in a state of mental abstraction,

“Ninon, have you not your usual offering to make to Claudine?” The sound of his voice recalled her wandering thoughts; she hastened to Claudine, and presented her with a small cake, and a rich bouquet, and said—

“If you have been an apt scholar, Claudine, you may read my regard in this bunch of flowers; it has been carefully culled. There is the amaranth, that crowns all, the emblem of virtue; the budding rose will stand for constancy, and the sprig of rosemary that peeps between, bids you remember me. Here is a cluster of heart's-ease——” she was going on to illustrate the flowers, when Claudine interrupted her—

“But where is the yellow jonquil?”

“The emblem of sorrow!”

“Ninon, my bouquet should have been composed of the jonquil alone.”

She descended; Baptiste invited his friends to partake of an entertainment, and they moved towards the cottage.

Ninon Leclair was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant of Quebec, and, on arriving at marriageable state, her father destined her to become the wife of his

partner in trade, who was at least three times her age, and whose ruling passion was avarice. Ninon was accomplished both in mind and person, consequently such an unequal match could not fail to be revolting to her feelings, even if her affections had not been pre-engaged. The object of her passion was well calculated to please a woman's eye, but not to realize the golden dreams of her father, who soon discovered the bias her sentiments had received. He now strenuously urged a speedy marriage, with his old friend and partner, which she as obstinately resisted, and words losing their effect, Ninon was finally consigned to the walls of a nunnery.

She bore her seclusion from the world with resignation, for she looked upon herself as a martyr in the cause of virtuous love, and was consoled with the hope that the day would arrive when her constancy would be rewarded. Her swain belonged to that numerous class, who care not at what shrine they bend, or in what creed they worship, and Ninon being out of sight, she was soon out of mind also, and he married a friend of the lovely creature he had forsaken. She bitterly mourned his faithlessness, and as afflictions usually crowd upon the stricken, her father died shortly after, without forgiving her disobedience. The bulk of his property was bequeathed to his partner, and a certain sum to his daughter, on condition she married him, otherwise she was left destitute. The old man made an offer of his hand, which was rejected with scorn, and he left the heart-broken novice to console himself with his legacy.

Ninon still continued in the nunnery, and as her

earthly affections had been blighted, she devoted her whole heart to heaven, but doubts constantly arose whether the offering would be accepted, as she had not made it until this world had lost all charms for her. She dwelt upon the fearful trials undergone by the several saints in her calendar, and felt her own unworthiness when compared with their purity, fortitude, and resignation. Her doubts increased with study, and her distempered imagination clothed her God in terrors. He appeared a jealous God, who created but to punish, and weighed not the frailties that his own hand had implanted in the bosom of his creature. The stability of her mind was shaken, and as she had not taken the veil, she left the nunnery to lead the life of a mendicant, and encounter suffering, for she felt assured that our joys hereafter will be in proportion to the severity of our trials here. Since her arrival at the village, by her amiability, piety, and sorrow, she had acquired the respect and compassion of all, and to none was she dearer than to Claudine, who profited much by her instruction.

During the entertainment, which Baptiste had prepared for the villagers in his garden, Frank, who sat beside Claudine, urged her to taste of the present of her favourite, Ninon, as her feelings might be wounded by apparent neglect. She replied—

“Ninon knows that I too highly value the giver to slight the gift.”

Ninon bowed her head in acknowledgment. Claudine broke the cake, and added, in a tone which only reached Frank's ear—

"And as a proof of the value I set on it, I give one half to him whom most I value."

Frank slightly recoiled as she presented it, and replied in a hurried low tone, accompanied with a forced smile—

"True, the evil and good we should share alike, Claudine, but the good be wholly thine."

She sighed in a voice scarcely above her breath—

"The evil we have shared indeed, and it is right we also share this token of unmerited regard."

Frank remained silent; received one half of the cake, and Claudine ate the other. Frank's countenance became distorted; his eyes were kindling with fierceness, and his mind was evidently racked with contending passions. Claudine perceived the change without surprise, for she had of late been accustomed to these sudden and violent transitions in his moody disposition, from one extreme to the other.

"What is it ails you?" she inquired tenderly.

"Nothing."

"I fear you are ill."

"Slightly; but what troubles me will speedily be removed." He smiled, and Claudine would have shuddered, had she not been accustomed to his smile. She again pressed him to partake of Ninon's present.

"No!" he replied, "it would but increase my illness. But farewell, Claudine." He rose and left the table: she followed him.

"Do not leave me yet. Remember it is my birth-day, and it rests with you to say whether I should bless it or curse it."

"Bless it, Claudine, bless it; though it has cursed my earthly prospects, bless it."

"That thought is a curse heavy enough to outweigh every blessing this world could bestow," she replied, and wept.

"Forgive me, Claudine, I am a selfish wretch, unworthy of your love. But the next time we meet your mind shall be at rest."

"You have promised me that so often!"

"I now swear it: I will place it beyond your power ever to reproach me again."

"And have I ever reproached you! If so, it was not intended, and I ask your forgiveness. True, I have troubled you with my griefs, but if I may not unburthen my heart to you, in whom else on earth may I confide?"

"In none; for if our secret were divulged you would be cut off from all the world but me."

"I acknowledge the dreadful truth, but at times when you are kind to me, I feel, that great as my loss is, you are even more than all the world to me."

She fell on Frank's neck, and the plaintive tone of her voice touched a cord that had seldom been awakened. Tears stood in his eyes, which he hastily wiped off, and said in a hurried voice—

"Farewell, Claudine, for the present, and look forward to happier hours."

"I do, I do—in the grave."

The last words, though scarcely audible, did not escape Frank's ear, and he echoed them in the same tone; "Yes, in the grave." He pressed her to his bosom

and hurried away. Claudine stood gazing after him until out of sight, then returned dejectedly to the company, and resumed her seat at the table. She had not been long seated before she became as pale as death, and trembled violently. Ninon observed the change in her countenance, and inquired—

“Are you ill, Claudine?”

“Deadly sick,” she faintly replied, and supported herself on the shoulder of the other who sat beside her.

“What has occasioned it?”

“I know not: something I have eaten, I fear. I arose with a headache this morning, and now it feels as if it would burst. My sight fails me, and I tremble. Water, or I shall faint.”

She drank, and Ninon bathed her temples.

“I feel revived,” continued Claudine, “but still deadly sick. While I have strength, pray assist me to my chamber.”

They retired from the table, and the company dispersed in consequence of Claudine's sudden illness. Joy was an inmate in Baptiste's cottage in the morning, but sorrow had driven her thence before the close of the day. Claudine's illness increased, and the fears of her doting father were wrought to the highest pitch. Medical assistance was resorted to. Days and weeks passed away, still she was confined to her bed, and her recovery was doubtful. Ninon seldom left her bed-side, and by the most assiduous attentions proved the affection she entertained for the invalid. She read to her, and was the most tender and watchful nurse. Frank visited the cottage but twice during the illness of Clau-

dine. Finally, her constitution surmounted the ravages of disease, and she again rose from her bed, but was now little else than the shadow of the beautiful creature, once admitted to be the pride of the village. She had not smiled since the commencement of her illness, or in such sort as indicated more forcibly the utter hopelessness of her affliction. She became fond of solitary walks, and seclusion in some rustic bower.

Shortly after her recovery she went on an errand to the village. Night closed in, and yet she returned not. As the darkness increased, her father's impatience changed to alarm, for he could not assign any satisfactory cause for her absence. It was not probable she was detained at any of the neighbours, for she had not expressed such an intention, and knowing her father's affection, she was too considerate to occasion him unnecessary anxiety.

The old man went to the village in search of her; he called at every house she was in the habit of visiting, but could gain no tidings of the stray one. Some had seen her the day preceeding, others a week before, and others on that morning. This was all he learnt, and he hastened towards his cottage with a heavy heart, trusting, however, that she had returned during his absence. He opened the door with a tremulous hand, entered, and looked anxiously around the room.

"Has she not returned?"

"Not yet," replied Victor, who was there awaiting the result of his father's search. Baptiste sunk into a chair, and said, in a tone mingled with grief and despair:—

"Light the lantern, my son—sorrow has overtaken me in my old days."

The lantern was speedily brought; the boy whistled for his dog, who slowly crawled from his kennel, and they directed their course towards the margin of the lake, for the fears of Baptiste suggested the worst. The boy hurried on with the light, and the father followed in silence, which was only broken by his sighs. They walked near a mile along the beach, the boy stopping at intervals, and raising the lamp above his head to throw a light upon the surface of the water. The anxious father looked and strained his eyeballs, until the intensity of his gaze gave to every obscure object the outline of the image that engrossed his mind. He remained for some moments silent in this attitude, and at length cried—

"She is not here!" and turned away with feelings partaking of disappointment; for dreadful as even such a discovery would have been, it could scarcely have surpassed his agony of suspense. As the enjoyment of pleasure seldom equals the anticipation; so the pang of dreaded sorrow, when endured, is often found to be less acute than the apprehension. They again moved on in silence; again paused and raised the lantern. Baptiste gazed and trembled.

"Father of mercies, what is that! Raise the light, my son; higher yet; my old eyes are dim."

"What is it you see, father?"

"Look there. Your eyes are young. Tell me, is it my child; my dear Claudine?"

"Oh! no, father; your eyes deceive you again. It

is but the white surge. Cheer up, I soon will satisfy you."

He called the dog to his side, at the same time throwing a stick into the lake. The dog plunged in and swam through the froth which had there accumulated.

"Thank God! she is not here," exclaimed Baptiste. "We will search the meadow next."

They turned to execute this determination, when a figure was indistinctly seen receding at a distance. They hailed it, but no answer was returned. Baptiste conjured the person to stay and assist their search, but he hurried on, and soon disappeared in the obscurity of the night. The mastiff growled and darted off in pursuit. He seized hold of the fugitive, who fled with increased speed. The dog became furious, and as the person fled he in vain strove to beat the animal from him. He was now closely beset, and, in his fear, called several times to the dog by name. The dog then desisted; the man patted him, made himself known, and hurried away.

"Whose voice is that?" inquired Baptiste; "I know that voice as well as the voice of my own child."

"As I live, father, it was Frank Martin."

"I thought so. But why should he avoid us, and what does he out at this time of night?"

"You know, father, he is abroad at all hours, trapping and hunting; which I would not be if I were rich as he is."

"I now remember he was absent when I called at his father's house, in search of my poor Claudine," said Baptiste. "But why did he not answer when I hailed him? Impossible it could have been he!"

"I know his voice well," replied Victor, "and do not think I am mistaken now."

Baptiste's heart felt like lead in his bosom; his fears were increased, but the cause was undefined. The fact that Frank had not answered them, if it were he, was inexplicable; it wrought his apprehension to the most fearful pitch; he knew not why he feared or what he dreaded, but he knew enough of human nature and the course of human events, to pronounce the depression of his mind the infallible precursor of approaching sorrow. Baptiste implicitly believed, as many others believe, that there are times when the mind is permitted slightly to raise the dark curtain which conceals the future, and ascertain whether light or shade is to prevail. His feelings on this occasion, proved truer to him than the weird sisters to the thane of Cawdor.

The dog, with his nose alternately close to the earth, and raised in the air, made a wide and rapid circuit as if he were on the scent of some object. He frequently gave tongue, and after traversing the ground for some time, came to Baptiste, howled piteously, appeared restless, and darted off again in the direction of the meadow.

"Father, what ails Rover? he is on some strong scent."

"He scents blood!" exclaimed the father, in an agony of fear.

The yelping of the dog continued at a distance:—"Hark! the scent becomes stronger; he is on the trail. Come, my son, let us follow him."

"Do not give way to your fears, father. A fox or a raccoon may have occasioned all this."

"True, boy, true; but see, the dog is already back again."

The dog came to his feet, looked up into his face, howled, made a short and hurried circuit around them, and darted off again.

"He would have us follow him: come on, Victor."

They moved rapidly in the direction of the meadow; the dog kept far ahead, but at intervals gave a short bark, which served to guide them. They crossed the meadow, and paused in their progress; for the dog had not been heard for some time, and they knew not which direction to take. A few moments of doubt elapsed, when several short, hurried yelps were given by the dog, as if he were close upon a fresh scent.

"Where is he now, my son?"

"As I judge from the echo, in the cypress hollow, near the falls of the creek."

"A wild and dreary place," sighed the father; and the obtrusive thought flashed across his mind—"a place fit for murder."

A piteous and protracted howl from the dog now reached them: the sound was in unison with Baptiste's feelings.

"His search is done," said Baptiste. "Whatever it is, the faithful brute has found it. Listen, Victor. Do you know the spot?"

"He cannot be more than a quarter of a mile from us. Hasten, father, and we will soon be there."

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"Your limbs are young and light, but mine are old, and my heart is heavy. But move on, my son, I will keep pace with you."

They hurried forward; the plaintive moan of the dog continued, and as they entered the mouth of the deeply overshadowed ravine, the faithful creature appeared, and crouching at his master's feet, whined and licked the hand extended to caress him.

"Lead on, Rover, and we will follow you," said Baptiste. The dog continued to whine, but stirred not. Victor urged him on the scent, but he was spiritless.

"Why Rover, do you not know me, Rover? See father, how he looks. What is it ails the dog?"

"I fear the worst; move on, Victor, this is the path he came."

"A little higher up, father, and we can cross the stream more easily."

They followed the margin of the creek a short distance, and having crossed it, entered into the depths of the ravine. The dog preceded them, slowly and dejectedly. The aged pines towered loftily, and added their shade to the almost impenetrable darkness of the night. The lantern carried by Victor, served to discover the intricate path. Having walked some distance in silence, Baptiste inquired, in a voice scarcely articulate, and hollow with anxiety, "Do you know where we now are, my son?"

"Oh yes, sir, and Rover knows right well too; we are on the way to the Deer-lick."

"Raise the lantern; the path is nearly overgrown with laurel bushes."

"The walking will become better when we pass this rising, and draw near the basin of the creek."

"What a wild and frightful place it is!"

"Even in day-time, for seldom a single ray of the sun reaches it, and at night it is indeed a fearful place. They must love venison, who venture here at night to watch the licking."

They proceeded some distance farther, and having crossed a slightly elevated piece of ground, entered a dell where the creek had extended into a basin. This spot was free from the underwood which had heretofore obstructed the path of Baptiste and his son. The old man paused: "Hark! do I not hear music, or have my senses already become distempered?"

"I hear nothing but the raven and her young on the pine tree."

"Again! It sounds like a hymn for the rest of the departed."

"Father, you frighten me."

"Listen, boy. I hear it yet. What can it mean? Are there spirits in the air, or does it proceed from a human voice?"

Victor trembled, and drew close to his father; the dog did the same, and they observed a profound silence until the voice ceased, when Baptiste hurried towards the spot whence it proceeded. It came from the margin of the basin, and as he drew near, he indistinctly beheld a human figure seated on the earth; he heard it sob; and when he called to it, a shriek of terror was returned. The figure stood erect; the light of the lamp fell upon it, and discovered a female form, which glided

rapidly forward, and disappeared in the intricacies of the wilderness.

"What does all this mean?" exclaimed the father.

"I think," said Victor, "it was Ninon Leclair."

"I think so too, but she vanished from the glare of the lantern before my old eyes could distinctly see. The dog has left us."

"He has not gone far: I hear his moan."

They were guided by the sound to the spot where the dog stood, mourning over the object of their search. The light of the lamp fell full upon the pale features of the lovely Claudine, prostrate on the earth.

"God of mercy, my child!" exclaimed Baptiste, and sunk beside her.

"My sister Claudine dead! Oh! father, who has done this?"

"Her cheek is cold as ice; her limbs are stiff. See how her glossy hair is entangled, and her clothes are bloody. Oh! my child, my child!" He groaned as if his heart were breaking, and sunk upon the corpse and kissed it repeatedly.

"Raise her, father, from the cold earth; something may yet be done to save her."

"Not in this world! From the cold earth! to that she must soon return, for she is as cold as the earth upon which she lies."

His voice was lost: his son knelt beside him, and their tears mingled together on the body. The dog whined, as if he participated in their affliction.

"See here where the murderous wretch has stabbed her," exclaimed Baptiste, pointing to a rent in the left

side of her garment, which was stained with blood as it spouted from the wound. "And see, her right hand is all cut! God! what a fearful struggle she has had! My child, my child, why was I not near you in your time of need!"

Baptiste raised the body in his arms, Victor preceded with the light, and the dog followed dejectedly as they retraced their steps to the cottage. The stricken father did not quit the body for an instant during the night. The human heart will cling to the excess of grief with even greater tenacity than to the excess of joy. The following morning, Ninon Leclair was arrested on suspicion of having committed the murder.

The day of burial having arrived, the mourners slowly ascended the hill where were deposited the remains of the first settlers of the village. Their narrow abodes were designated by rough slate stones, on which the names of the tenants were rudely chiseled, while here and there might be seen a polished marble slab with a fulsome epitaph upon it, as if the grave admitted of distinction, and pride might be gratified even after the portals of death had closed.

The mourners drew near to the newly-dug grave, and the bier was placed beside it. The preacher commenced his functions; the father listened to his voice and strove to subdue his feelings, but consolation administered at the grave, by those whose affections have not been equally bruised, rather aggravates than allays the poignancy of grief.

At Baptiste's feet stood his dog, a mute but not unconcerned spectator of what was passing. The discourse

being over, preparations were made to deposit the coffin. Baptiste and his son sobbed aloud. Until the moment when the body is about to be taken from the sight of the mourner for ever, he is unconscious of the full extent of his heart's desolation.

Baptiste bent forward and rested his hand upon the coffin; Victor did the same, while the severest pang they had yet experienced rent the heart of each. A half-subdued groan indicated their deep mental suffering. It was audibly responded by one of the crowd, at some distance, who hurried towards the grave. His looks were pale and haggard; his dress neglected; his eyes inflamed and rolling widely, and the muscles of his face were in motion. He was the picture of despair. As he approached, Baptiste shrunk instinctively; the dog gave a warning growl, and Frank, for it was he, looked at the dog, and hesitated whether to proceed or not. He paused but for a moment; the dog kept his eyes fixed on him, and continued to growl. Frank was sensible of his danger, yet advanced and stretched out his right hand to touch the coffin. The dog seized him; a struggle ensued, and Frank fell to the ground. The dog continued the attack, and it was with difficulty that he was torn from the affrighted youth. During the contest, a wild laugh was heard to proceed from one of the spectators, which was followed by an exclamation—

“Old Rover knows him well, I know him, and the world shall know him too!” The words were uttered by Ninon Leclair, who stood near the grave in the custody of the jailer. She continued to laugh, and as the

dog worried the prostrate youth, she burst forth in a shout of triumph—

“Well done, old friend! You are the true and sure avenger! You wait not on the dull perception of man, nor the tedious ceremonies of his courts of justice, but act by never-failing instinct, and punish on the spot. Well done! well done!”

She still laughed and pointed at Frank, who writhed beneath the wild glare of her eye, more than he had while under the fangs of the mastiff. Silence prevailed in the assemblage, and he felt that all eyes were fixed on him. He heard nothing but the triumphant laugh of Ninon, and the silence was dreadful; every moment seemed an age. Ninon called the dog to her, and patted him; he fondled on her: she looked him full in the face, laughed, and pointed at Frank. The dog growled and darted towards him, but was driven back by those present.

“He knows him, and justice will yet be satisfied, and the guilty punished.”

“What does the idiot mean?” exclaimed Frank.

“That Claudine’s murderer is known; that he will be condemned before God and man; be punished in this world and in the world to come.”

The young man trembled like an aspen leaf, as he said,

“True, Claudine’s murderer is known: you are accused of the inhuman deed, and if not guilty, where is the wretch?”

“There!” exclaimed the other, deliberately pointing her finger at Frank, at the same time erecting her tall

and slender form. "There," she repeated, "stands the trembling, conscience-stricken, merciless murderer!"

Frank averted his face, tottered, and his limbs could scarcely support him.

"She raves!" exclaimed several voices at the same time. Frank's love for Claudine was known to all the village, and his deep affliction, occasioned by her death, was plainly indicated by his haggard and wo-worn countenance.

"No, no, I am not mad," continued Ninon, "though I have experienced enough to make me so, and he and the rest will pronounce me mad, yet I am not mad."

After a pause, Frank said, in a faltering voice—

"Who is my accuser?"

"Ninon Leclair."

"The accused the accuser!"

He endeavoured to assume a smile of contempt, but the woman fixed her penetrating eye upon him, and the conflicting passions which rent her bosom, were partially depicted in his countenance, but nothing fully expressed; combined they presented an object painful to look upon. Frank was conscious of this, and averted his face. Ninon appealed to the bystanders, and deliberately said,

"Look there and judge; innocent or guilty?"

"Enough of this, neighbours," exclaimed one of the villagers; "it is not for us to listen to such a shocking charge against one of the wealthiest, made by one of the humblest among us."

"True, I am the lowliest among ye, yet God makes no such distinction, though man in his wisdom permits it to influence every thought and action."

"She is crazed," said another, "and knows not what she says."

"Those who obstinately close their eyes, and those who were born blind," replied Ninon, "possess equally the powers of perception."

"Jailer, lead her to her prison," said the man who first spoke.

"I return to my prison with a light heart. My limbs are shackled for a time, but my soul is free;" then casting a look at Frank, she exclaimed, "Thy limbs are free, but thy soul is shackled with bonds which time cannot eat away—they last for ever." She then moved towards the coffin, and bending over it, murmured,

"Unhappy, murdered Claudine! the grateful tears of her you cherished are shed over you; receive them, for they will shine more brilliantly than diamonds or pearls on your garment, in that world where we shall soon meet again."

Ninon was taken back to the prison, the coffin was deposited, the grave was closed, and the villagers returned to their homes. How changed was the home of Baptiste! She who had made it all sunshine, was shrouded in the gloom of the grave; her gentle voice was hushed, and the cheering light of her eye extinguished for ever; but she still retained her influence over the little circle of which she was the centre, though that influence partook of her altered condition.

At the next assizes Ninon Leclair was arraigned and tried for the murder of Claudine, it having been decided that she was of sufficiently sound mind to be placed on her trial. Old Martin conducted the prosecution.

The evidence against her was strong, both circumstantial and positive. Frank testified to frequent evidences of marked dislike betrayed by the prisoner towards the deceased; recalled to mind the circumstance that Claudine was taken deadly sick, and continued so, immediately after eating the cake presented by Ninon on the birth-day of the former, and suggested that the effect might have been occasioned by poison.

"Oh! monstrous!" exclaimed the prisoner; "he knows that the cake was made at his father's house; that his mother gave me the ingredients; nay, assisted in the making. But I know not—" she paused; "if poison was in it, he can best tell who placed it there."

Frank shrunk at the implication, and proceeded in his testimony with a faltering voice. He stated that he was out on the night of the murder; that about a mile from the village he had met the prisoner; that sometime after he had heard a violent scream, but sought in vain to ascertain whence it proceeded.

"It is false," cried Ninon, "you did not meet me, though I had a faint glimpse of your figure. True, you heard a scream, but well you knew the cause, and from whom it proceeded. You heard a second shriek, which you could not account for, and it frightened you from your victim. I hastened to the spot you had left, and found Claudine bleeding; she was speechless; I raised her; her head reclined upon my shoulder, and she breathed her last. My situation was fearful; my mind became a hurricane; the rush and vividness of thought were too much for my brain; a light suddenly flashed

upon me, figures appeared, and I instinctively fled from the scene of horror. But mark, he confesses he was out at the hour the murder was doing, and now let him state what it was took him from the village at that hour."

"I went to the licking," said Frank, "to kill a deer."

"To kill a deer! true, and you did so, but one more innocent than the spotted fawn."

Frank's father arose and asked the protection of the court for the witness.

Baptiste inquired of Frank why he returned no answer when called to, the night the dog pursued him.

"The question is irrelevant to the matter before the court," replied his father, "nor do we admit that the individual pursued by the dog was the witness."

They proceeded in the examination. Baptiste and his son testified as to their having found the prisoner alone, with the dead body, and while it was still bleeding, and that her garments were stained with blood when apprehended.

"The old man's voice against me, and the boy's too," exclaimed Ninon, and laughed; it was the unmeaning laugh of an idiot. She sank upon the bench in the prisoner's bar; and from that moment took no note of what was passing. The elder Martin argued the cause, and gave to the testimony such a colouring, that an immediate conviction was the consequence. The verdict being rendered, Ninon was called to stand up. She looked about vacantly, and the command was repeated.

"Oh! I had forgot; I crave your pardon. I am in a court of justice to answer to a charge of murder. I now remember well."

"Ninon Leclair," said the judge, "after a patient and impartial trial you have been convicted of the crime of murder."

"What, is it all over? I did not think they would have been so speedy. Murder! I that would not harm an insect knowingly!"

"Due weight has been given," continued the judge, "to all advanced in your defence by your learned counsel; and after mature deliberation your crime is manifest, and so says the jury."

"Then so it needs must be," said the prisoner, without appearing conscious of what she was saying. "If they insist on it that I am guilty, be it so, for it will only anger them in me to deny it."

"Have you any thing to offer why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

"Nothing—but let me think."

"Take time to reflect, for after this hour we may not hear you."

"I have nothing. The meekest and the purest that ever was on earth, suffered by the blindness and iniquity of man, without complaint and without resistance; and I am ready and willing to suffer too."

Sentence of death was passed upon her, and as the words coldly fell from the lips of the judge, she appeared unconscious of their import. He concluded with the pious wish, expressed for all criminals, but frequently

in such a manner, as if it were nothing more than a mere legal form—

“God have mercy on your sinful soul, for there is no hope for you in this world.”

“Amen!” responded the stricken woman. “God have mercy on me, for there is none among men.”

Her countenance was placid and she was resigned to her fate. The court broke up, and as the prisoner was led from the bar, she passed near Frank Martin. He was absorbed in thought. She touched him, and he shrank as if he had been stung by a viper.

“Fear not, young man,” she said, “I have not the power to harm you. You have triumphed before this tribunal, where wealth is conclusive evidence of innocence and poverty of guilt: but remember, we shall again be heard before a court, where the dross of this world may not enter, and every thought is read by the searching eye of the Eternal Judge. Remember!”

She was led away, and Frank leaned on his father for support, as they retired from the court-house.

The day fixed for the public execution of Ninon at length arrived. The crowd assembled early to witness the fearful exhibition. Ninon was conducted to the gallows, and while beneath it she asserted her innocence, but expressed no regret at leaving a world, which for years had been one unbroken scene of sorrow, and entertained but little fear as to her future destiny. There was not an eye to shed a tear for her, though there was not a more deserving and less harmless being in the whole concourse present. The executioner was about to

perform his last office, and the crowd was in breathless suspense, when a horseman at a distance was seen riding at full speed towards the spot. He shouted, and the executioner paused. The horseman rode up to the gallows, and cried aloud—

“She is pardoned, she is innocent, and here is the governor’s warrant to set her at liberty.”

Ninon fainted at the shock occasioned by this sudden change. Her mind was prepared to meet death, but not to encounter again the ills of a life of hopelessness. She was removed to Baptiste’s cottage, amidst the fruitless conjectures of the crowd, at the manner in which the fact of her innocence came to his knowledge, who had never heard of her existence until he signed her death warrant. The mystery increased on returning to the village, and seeing placards offering a reward for the apprehension of Frank Martin, as the murderer of Claudine. Search was made for him, but he had fled the country, and no trace could be found of the course he had taken.

Baptiste lived to see his son Victor arrive at manhood, but seldom smiled after the death of his daughter. Among the best and purest feelings which nature has implanted in the human breast, there is not one so sublimated, partaking so exclusively of heaven, as that which a fond father entertains for a lovely and deserving daughter. He looks upon her as the very essence of all that is good in him; even more lovely than her who won his early affections, when romance threw the richest colouring upon the things of this world.

Ninon continued an inmate of Baptiste’s cottage until

her death, which occurred about two years after the events just related. The pride of the Martin family was humbled by the public disgrace of Frank, for like a baneful disease, disgrace, if it touch but one member, extends to the whole body. They removed to a remote part of the province, where it was not probable the name of the fugitive would ever be heard.

Thirty years after these events, on a fine summer evening, while the village boys were playing among the tombs in the grave-yard, an old man suddenly appeared, and approached the spot where Claudine was buried. His figure was covered with a black cloak, and his beard was gray and fell over his bosom. He supported himself with a staff, and trembled and wept as he bent over the grave. The boys suspended their sports and timidly drew nigh to him. One bolder than the rest, approached and accosted him.

"You appear tired, old man, and in sorrow."

"Indeed I am both, my son, for I have travelled far to-day."

"Then come with me to my father's house, where you may rest for the night and be comforted."

"Bless you, my child, the poor man's blessing be on you. Where is your father's house?"

"Not far from this. At the foot of yon hill on which the cattle are grazing."

"Ah!"—the old man trembled. "Your name?"

"Victor Baptiste."

"God of heaven!" His agitation increased as he asked, "Know you whose grave this is?"

"Who in the village does not know! It is the grave of my aunt Claudine, who was murdered by Frank Martin, many years ago, in the cypress hollow; and this beside it is the grave of my grandfather, who, I am told, never smiled after her death."

"Generations may pass away," sighed the old man, "but crime is never forgotten. It is perpetuated from father to son, and tradition proves as immutable as recorded history." He turned to the boy—"Your father is still alive?"

"Oh, yes: come with me and you shall see him in a few minutes."

"Not for the wealth of the world!—Look at me; describe me to him as I am; feeble, broken down in body and in spirit—tell him where you found me mourning, then give him this." He extended a paper to the boy. "God bless you, my child!—I leave you in a state of things where a pebble may turn the whole current of your life awry, but as for myself, old as I am, I return to the wilderness to find my grave."

After a mental struggle which agitated his feeble frame, he tottered from the yard and struck into the most unfrequented path that led to the forest. In a few moments he disappeared, and the boys returned to the village. The paper on being opened was to this effect:—

"Providence has implanted in the human breast passions which the weakness of our nature cannot subdue, and which it is eternal death to the soul to indulge; and as if our earthly career had not been sufficiently prescribed and straitened by the divine law, society has created distinctions, which, if observed, literally

verify the poet's dream, and render the path to heaven through purgatory, even before we have passed the confines of this world.

"Why should man make distinctions which God will not acknowledge! If intrinsic worth alone were the standard of the human-race, what a multitude of evils should we escape, since all would study to become more worthy; but as it is, the best feelings of our nature are debased to acquire that which alone elevates man in the estimation of the world. But it is not for the guilty to arraign the decrees of Providence, or call in question the justice of human laws.

"I was the victim of false pride. Having inflicted a lasting injury on one of the best of God's creatures, I feared to redress it, for the eyes of the world were on me, and rather than encounter the judgment of man, and be humbled in his sight, I trampled on the laws of God, and became a devil. Oh, Claudine! I attempted to poison her who loved me most, and failing in this, inhumanly murdered her. To screen my guilt another was convicted through my instrumentality. I calculated much on the prejudice created by the absurd distinctions among men, and matters terminated as I foresaw. I had the mind to plot and the hand to execute, but my load of guilt already weighed like a mountain on my soul. I dreaded an increase of the weight.

"My brain became wild, and as the day appointed for the death of my second victim approached, the fever of my mind increased. I had already sacrificed every hope of happiness in this world, and every hope in the next. The thought pursued me night and day. The

suffering and injured Ninon was constantly before my sight. I resolved to save her, but wavered, and when the time had nearly elapsed, I wrote to the governor, confessing my crime, and fled from justice; but let it not be supposed from punishment; an outcast on the face of the earth, the never-dying worm was in my bosom: death on the instant had been mercy, for cut off from communion with my race, I held it with my offended God alone in the wilderness. What punishment so appalling could be inflicted on a wretch so guilty as I had been! But I trust a life of sincere contrition may have atoned for an act, the recollection of which even at this distant day, sinks my soul in despair. Thus much I have written that you may know I am still in existence, and to beseech that your curse may be recalled before I die. Let me quit the world reconciled, at least, with those who are still living. I shall visit Claudine's grave once more, that my slumbering feelings may be roused to agony, and then in the wilderness await the fearful day, which I feel is not far distant."

RICHARD PENN SMITH.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

"WHY wilt thou tease me, Tray?—begone!

My fruit thou shalt not have—
These grapes to me, and me alone,
My dear, kind mother gave.

"Away! nor be so impudent,
UNWELCOME GUEST, and rude!
Go! give thy boldness elsewhere vent,
Nor longer here intrude."

The prattler thus, when honest Tray,
Indignant at the wrong,
Seem'd, with expressive looks, to say,
(For prudence tied his tongue,)

"My little friend, it makes me grieve,
You should be so unjust,
As to imagine I would thiefe,
Who ne'er betray'd my trust.

"But oh! it grieves me more to find
That one so young and fair,
Should be the owner of a mind
So full of selfish care.

F-465



THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

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F. 465



Painted by John Borden.

Engraved on Steel by Geo. Allen.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

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"Thou see'st no pilferer in me,
I covet naught that's thine;
But I beheld thy sportive glee,
And wished in it to join.

"Thy unkind words may damp my joy,
And all my mirth suspend,
But changeless in fidelity,
I'll ever be thy friend.

"Ah! how depraved mankind must be,
In nature and in will,
When one, unknown to harm, like thee,
Of others thinks so ill!

"For selfishness will ever send
Suspicious through the breast,
And make man treat his truest friend,
As an UNWELCOME GUEST."

JAMES M'HENRY.

DEATH.

LIFT high the curtain's drooping fold,
And let the evening sun-light in!
I would not that my heart grew cold
Before its better years begin.

'Tis well that such a holy hour,
So calm and pure a sinking ray
Should shine into the heart, with power
To charm its darker thoughts away.

The bright young thoughts of early days
Shall gather in my memory now;
And not the later cares, whose trace
Is stamp'd so deeply on my brow;
What though those days return no more,
The sweet remembrance is not vain,
For heaven is waiting to restore
The childhood of my soul again.

Let no impatient mourners stand
In hollow sadness near my bed,
But let me rest upon the hand,
And let me hear the gentle tread
Of her whose kindness long ago,
And still unworn away by years,
Hath made my weary eyelids flow
With grateful and admiring tears.

I go—but let no plaintive tone
The moment's grief of friendship tell,
And let no proud and graven stone
Say where the weary slumbers well.
A few short hours—and then for heaven!
Let sorrow all its tears dismiss;
For who can mourn the warning given
To call us from a world like this.

THE GUITAR.

ADIEU my sweet guitar!

My day of song is o'er—

And to the midnight star

I'll wake thy chords no more.

At moonlight's witching hour,

How oft, when I have sung

Of love in lady's bow'r,

Hast thou responsive rung;

But farewell sweet guitar!

Hush'd be thy former strain,

I am too sad by far

To wake such notes again.

When in my chamber lone,

My soul would lose its gladness,

I once found thy sweet tone.

A lethe to all sadness;

But times have alter'd much,

Youth's lightness all has past,

And sorrow's with'ring touch

Has left a trace at last;

Then farewell sweet guitar!

Hush'd be thy former strain,

I am too sad by far

To wake thy notes again.

Many a feeling fraught
With wildest ecstasy—
Many a gloomy thought
Is strangely link'd with thee;
Feelings, though sweet, too deep—
Too wild for souls all blest—
Dark thoughts that will not sleep,
Nor let the bosom rest.
Adieu my sweet guitar!
My day of song is o'er—
And to the midnight star
I'll wake thy chords no more.

Oft have I seen the tear
Forsake its secret cell,
When on fair woman's ear
Thy sadder music fell—
And I have mark'd the eye
Of age grow bright with pleasure,
When thou hast merrily
Rung to a lighter measure—
Then unskill'd hands shall never
Thy magic sweetness mar,
Once more farewell for ever—
I break thee—sweet guitar!

W. M. ROBINSON.

THE CAPTIVE.

My sunken eye is weak and dim,
My haggard cheek is wan and pale,
Strength has left each wither'd limb,
And life, and health, and spirits fail.

Years—long and tedious years have pass'd,
Since first this dungeon was my home;
I've wished that each might be the last,
As they've gone by me one by one.

The joyous seasons came and went,
And fill'd the world with mirth and glee,
In my lone dungeon darkly pent
Their gladness never beam'd on me.

I've felt the balmy breath of spring
Breathe gently through my window grate,
And warbling birds did sweetly sing,
And nature seem'd with joy elate.

And I felt a frantic wish to see
Once more the bright and glorious sky,
A desperate longing but to be
One moment out, if 'twere to die.

The fragrant gale, the twittering song,
The happy shepherd's jocund lay,
Brought back to memory a throng
Of scenes for ever passed away.

The varied earth and clear blue sky,
Shall I ne'er feel their charms again,
But in this loathsome dungeon lie
A man, but separate from men.

Shall I be destined always thus
To dream of pleasures once my own,
To think of human happiness,
And feel that mine hath ever flown.

To hear the gladsome sounds of mirth
Come from gay, happy mortals near;
To know that there is joy on earth,
And then to view the misery here.

To watch the few faint rays of light
That scarcely struggle with the gloom,
And then to think of earth's delight,
Its verdure, radiance and bloom.

To sleep, and see my father's halls,
To greet each loved, each welcoming face,
To wake, and see these hateful walls
Enclose me in their dark embrace.

To think of love and woman's charm,
To know that there is one soft eye
Would greet with joy this wasted form—
Oh, God! this, this is misery!

I once was happy—in my youth
Days pass'd like some sweet fairy dream,
The world—I doubted not its truth,
So gay, so lovely did it seem.

My heart was one of those which yield
So readily to joy's light tone—
I look'd o'er pleasure's varied field,
And smiled to think it all my own.

Fair nature's charms—soft beauty's power—
Sweet music's mild but magic sway—
All, all I loved—but like the flower
That's rudely crushed they've passed away.

I once was happy—would to heaven
I ne'er a day of joy had seen—
It was a boon but rashly given,
And now 'twere well it ne'er had been.

For if I ne'er had known delight,
Nor danced to pleasure's lively strain,
My present sorrows would seem light,
This cell be rob'd of half its pain.

LANG SYNE.

DAYS of lang syne, again upon my sight,
 Ye come with all your iris tints of yore,
 When Joy shed o'er my path a sunny light,
 And Nature with her ever-varying store,
 Open'd her riches to my wondering eye,
 Ere sorrow taught my youthful heart to sigh.

Time, with a heavy step, hath pass'd me by,
 Since those bright hours of pure unsullied joy—
 Hath torn the veil of magic from mine eye,
 And bade Reality's cold hand destroy,
 The bland delusions of my early youth,
 And taught my shrinking spirit—naked truth!

And one by one, like fading stars at morn,
 Sweet hopes have died, and feelings have been crost,
 Till, like a wreck, by adverse billows borne,
 All happiness within my heart was lost!
 And I have almost wish'd, amid the gloom,
 For the deep quiet of the lonely tomb.

Friendships have perish'd!—like those early flowers,
 That all too redolent their fragrance fling
 On Spring's cold bosom, nurst by treach'rous showers,
 Till the storm-spirit, with his icy wing,
 Impetuous passes by—and with a breath,
 Gathers each beauteous flowret for death.

But when all earthly joys my breast forsook,
Faith like an angel visitant appear'd,
Sublime and glorious was her radiant look,
And binding up the heart by sorrow sear'd,
A heavenly vision to my view she gave,
Seen through the gloomy portals of the grave.

I gazed transported—all earth's glittering toys,
Faded like painted bubbles on my sight,
What were all human pleasures, sorrows, joys,
Its hollow friendships and its brief delight,
Compared to the fair vision of that home,
Where every wandering prodigal may come.

Then days of auld lang syne, although no more
For me thy bright illusive dreams arise,
Though blessings past no time can e'er restore,
Yet shall my spirit seek beyond the skies,
A pure inheritance of perfect bliss,
Ah! never found, in darksome world like this.

THE WITHERED ROSE TREE.

WAVE on, thou lone and leafless stalk,
With not one living tint of green,
How well thy dreary whispers talk,
Of all that beauty once has been!

304 THE WITHERED ROSE TREE.

The spring-time comes, with sun and showers,
Breathing young life on every spray,
It ne'er can fling its leaves and flowers
On thee, poor victim of decay.

The careful hand, the gentle eye,
Turn from thee, thou hast naught for them;
The wild bird flits on proud wing by,
And scorns to touch thy wasted stem.

The worm that gnaw'd thy living heart,
Now, sated, leaves thee—all are gone—
For thee, so worthless as thou art,
Friend, lover, foe, there is not one.

Yet there remain—they shall not tear
Thy useless, joyless branch away;
Like me—alone, and scathed, and bare—
Wear out the season's changeful day.

Years may pass on, and thou shalt see
Spring's loveliest flowers around thee fall,
And summer's wild luxuriance be
In fate as thine—the fate of all.

If thou couldst feel, 'twere well, at last,
To bear the worst that may betide,
That when life's fitful storms have past
O'er thee, they may not tame thy pride.

Pride, misery's pride—that thou hast proved
The brightest, and the darkest lot,
In splendour and in bloom beloved,
In wo, in withering, scorn'd, forgot.

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A. S. G. Jr. pin.

Eng. on Steel by F. Kearny.

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE SHIPWRECK.

ARE, press them to thy widow'd breast,
No longer now that place of rest,
Where free from grief, from danger free,
They slept the sleep of infancy.

Within yon tempest-stricken bark
The billow's sport, the lightning's mark,
Weak and weary, faint and worn,
Their father, friend, their all is borne.

The storm is lowering from the sky,
The furious waves run madly high,
Loud and fearful is the roar—
Oh God! protect him to the shore.

'Tis vain—through many a danger past,
This scene of peril is his last,
Dear as he is to thy young heart,
The hour hath come which bids you part.

F 831-F



J. Steiner, painter

Eng. & Steel by F. Koenig

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THE ESMERALDA.

The brilliant exploit on which the following story is founded, was performed in the early part of the revolution in Peru. San Martin, after freeing Chili from the Spanish yoke, had pushed his army to the very gates of Lima; and with the co-operation of Lord Cochrane by sea, took possession of the ancient capital of Peru soon after the occurrences here detailed.

IT was on a bright and sunny summer evening, that a curious cavalcade was seen issuing from the gate of Lima, and taking the road to Callao. It was composed of the "liberty men"* of the American frigate *Macedonian*, then lying in the harbour. A crowd of Peruvian boys followed it; and the very sentinels forgot their military gravity, and indulged in the irrepressible laughter which it excited. First came some half dozen sailors, arm in arm, whom a tiny midshipman in vain strove to keep in order. Then followed some dozen mules, each carrying two drunken sailors, slung like panniers, amid-ships, and guided by a stout Peruvian lad, seated en croupe. Two or three midshipmen, with some twenty steady fellows of the crew, brought up the rear. The pinioned tars had no idea of the pro-

* Sailors on shore with leave.

priety of their mode of conveyance, and vented all their tipsy rage on the "after-guard," as they styled the driver. But once on shore during a three years' cruise, the sailors had gone from the extreme of temperance and abstinence, to the extreme of excess; and having spent their last dollar, were now literally carried back to their vessel. Those in front, as they passed the soldiers, cocked their eyes, thrust their tongues into their cheeks, and throwing out their legs horizontally, performed the mock military to perfection: then bursting into a roar of laughter at their own wit, trod on each other's heels, kicked each other's shins, shouted "heads up, ye lubbers," and set order at complete defiance. The living panniers were less noisy, and groaned and hiccuped their discontent at being "triced up" to such heavy sailers, as they termed the mules; kicked the sides of the animals, aimed ineffectual blows at the "after-guard," and ran desperate risk of life, as some restive beast throwing his heels in the air, threatened to dislodge them. The rear, exhilarated, but not tipsy, with just enough aboard to show off the sailor to perfection, cracked their jokes, trolled their songs, practised their manual fun upon the drunkards, and moved most merrily along. By dint of driving and swearing, the procession was urged over the seven miles from Lima to the sea, and reached Callao just as the sun flashed his last rays upon the Chilian brig, which was cruising, hull down, in the offing. The wharf or quay, alongside of which the frigate's boats were lying in readiness to receive the "liberty men," was crowded with people. Sailors, soldiers, guarda-costas, Indians, and

idlers of all descriptions, were collected there. The clattering of the oars of newly arrived boats, the roll and splash of those leaving the landing, the voice of command, the English and American "God damn," the Spanish "Caramba," the French "Saere," and the Dutch "Der teufel," were all heard, were all mingled in the general clamour and hurry at the close of day. These sounds were dying away as the Americans approached the quay; and by the time that the "liberty men" were tumbled aboard the two cutters and pinnace, nobody remained to witness their departure but a few guarda-costas, whose duty detained them along the shore.

It was a beautiful and tranquil bay across which the Macedonian's boats now pulled. On the right lay the castles of Callao, the long line of ramparts serried with the bayonets of the Spanish soldiers. On the left, anchored head and stern, were the frigates Macedonian and Esmeralda; the latter a new ship, fully armed, provisioned, manned, and equipped for a six months' cruise; and a little farther out lay the British frigate Hyperion; all three within half gun-shot of the castles. Within the men of war the merchantmen were securely moored. A few black whale ships dotted the bay; and far off in the shadow of the island of San Lorenzo, lay the patriot blockading squadron of Lord Cochrane.

The stern sheets of the pinnace were occupied by two midshipmen. At home, by his own fire-side on the Roanoke, the youngest would have been called a boy; but here in the Pacific, the officer of a yankce frigate, it would have been sword and pistol work to have rated

him any thing but a man. There was an air too of command about him, which sustained his pretensions to the character; and the sailors at the oars regarded him with that respectful kindness and ready obedience that showed he was a favourite among the crew. In place of a chapeau bras, like that worn by his companion, the large straw sombrero of the Peruvians lay beside him, while a black handkerchief twisted around his head, shielded it from the damp air which already began to float over the water. "In the name of sense, Hal," said his companion, taking up the sombrero, and measuring its immense brim against the sky, "where did you get this upper rigging? and what boot did you give in exchanging a chapeau?" "It is too long a yarn to spin now," said the Virginian, evidently willing to avoid the subject; "put the broad brim down, and mind the yoke ropes. Here we are athwart the hawse of a merchantman." The sudden shock which threw the oars out of the rowlocks, created a confusion on board the pinnace which effectually interrupted the conversation. The hail from the merchantman was answered. The commands "back water;" "steady;" "pull y'er starboard oars;" "altogether now;" "give way boys," followed in quick succession; and the pinnace shot by the obstacle which had momentarily checked its progress. All the vessels which the boat had hitherto passed, had hailed it at the usual distance, and it was now directly under the bows of the Esmeralda. "Strange that the Spanish frigate does not hail," said the Virginian. "So fine a ship should have a livelier watch on board. A sleepy dog that, whose bayonet I see just

abast the mainmast." "They're deep in a frolic," replied his companion; "I met a crowd of Spanish gentlemen going on board to dine, as I came ashore this morning, and the guarda-costa at the landing told me that they had not returned at sun-down." "The more fools they," answered the other, "to blow it out with Cochrane at two gun-shots of them." "He is not the man to interrupt them," was the reply; "he lies so idly under the island that his men will soon not know brace from buntline." "I don't know," continued the Virginian; "his vessels showed their teeth pretty plainly as we made the land here, and his flag ship walked across our fore foot in as gallant a style as I have seen this many a day." "Nothing but show," said the other. "The commodore did not think so, however, or else all hands would not have beat to quarters, the ship cleared for action, bulk heads down, decks sanded, and matches smoking. No, no. Cochrane will be alongside of the Esmeralda yet, and that before long. It may be superstition, Will, but for a commodore's broad pennant I would not sling my hammock to night to the best battens on board of her. In my eye she looks like a doomed ship. Her sails bent, her guns run out, and yet so still. Not a living soul to speak to us from her decks; no sound about her but the rippling of the tide against her hawse." The farther remarks of the Virginian were interrupted by the loud hail from the Macedonian. It was promptly answered, and in a short time the sailors and their officers stood upon the deck of the frigate.

The bustle occasioned by the arrival of the boats was soon over. The sailors betook themselves to the fore-

castle, and became listeners to an interminable love song, which a sentimental blue jacket was droning forth to his companions. The officers, after reporting themselves on the quarter-deck, either turned in for the night, or joined the different groups that were lounging about the after part of the ship. Seated on the breech of a gun, with his sombrero on his knee, and surrounded by a crowd of reefers, was the Virginian. The Peruvian hat had already been tried on the heads of all around, and made the subject of sailor jests; and assuming all the dignity of one who was aware of the interest attached to his story, its owner commenced his account of the manner in which he obtained it, and the cause of his wearing it.

"You see, reefers, the purser and I having come to a reckoning, I determined to have a regular blow out in Lima: not a tipsy spree, you understand, but something to recall the Roanoke and old Virginia. So off I started in the cutter; and having reached the shore, I hired the horse of a guarda-costa, to carry me to town, and engaged its master to serve me as a guide. I took the sheep skins, and he trudged it on foot. It was sunset when we left the wharf, and before we had proceeded half way the mist came rolling over from the sea, and concealed from our view even the trees which lined the sides of the road. We were the only travelers. Some loaded mules passed us, but, with the exception of these, we were the solitary occupants of the king's highway. I possessed Spanish sufficient to maintain a broken conversation with the guarda-costa, and we chatted cosily enough, until we heard the clatter of

a horse's hoofs upon the road behind us. In another moment, a horseman, nobly mounted, but dressed in the poncho and sombrero of the country, dashed by us at full speed. He came and he was gone. Here and away. Lightning could scarcely have been quicker. But still, as on he galloped, I was struck with his appearance. I noticed that he rode with civilized stirrups, and not the wooden shoes of the Peruvians. I thought too, that he had holsters; and I would swear to the long, straight sword which elinked against the stirrup iron. Small time for an observation you say. Well, so it was; but time enough for all. The guarda-costa saw every thing that I did. "Bravo," he said, as the stranger, unmoved in his saddle, bore the wide leap which his startled horse made in passing. "Bueno Caballero, that fellow sits well, Signor." "Like a hero," replied I, equally pleased with the dexterity of the horseman; but before the words had passed my lips he had disappeared, and we again moved solitarily along. When we had proceeded about a mile farther, to our great surprise, the single horseman again dashed by us at his utmost speed. But this time he came in the direction of Lima, and rode so furiously as almost to capsize the guarda-costa. After passing us he turned at right angles to the road, and continued his way far to our left. He had scarcely vanished in the mist before a vidette of Spanish cavalry came on us, with almost equal speed. The officer commanding it reined his horse upon its haunches beside me, and asked imperatively the direction taken by the single horseman, whose appearance and dress he described. I, however, had no idea of

turning informer, so I pretended not to understand him, and talked as fast in English as he did in Spanish. He cursed big and large, and then repeated his questions to the guarda-costa. I was afraid that all would be blown now, and was consoling myself by calculating the advantage the delay had given to the fugitive, when I heard my guide log a deliberate lie, in assuring the Spaniard that "Cabullero" had pushed on to Callao; and in a moment more, the vidette were, as they supposed, pushing after him. We now continued our way. The Peruvian chuckled, and did not pretend to conceal his satisfaction at having crossed the trail of the vidette. "Santa Maria! how he rode," said the guarda-costa, as if thinking aloud; "and those cursed Spaniards to think to overtake him." "You speak roughly of your friends," said I. "Friends," repeated the man, in as fiendish a tone as I ever heard. He laid his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, threw back the broad brim of his straw hat, and rose many inches in height, as he darted his quick keen eyes full in my face, to read in the deep gloom, the expression of my countenance. For a moment he looked cautiously around, and then rapidly whispered. "I, Signor, am a Peruvian, but not a free born man. Who made me? who made the Incas slaves? the Spaniards." The guarda-costa paused; then, pointing first in the direction of San Martin's camp, and then towards the Chilian fleet, he continued in the same energetic tone. "No, Signor, there are our friends." I scarcely recognised the stupid custom-house drudge in the man who now addressed me. His extended arm—his bold carriage—his upright figure, which loomed

large in the evening mist, belonged, I thought, to another being. But the change was momentary. The soldier turned slowly away, and before I could reply he was again as when I hired him.

"In the meantime we approached the city. The guarda-costa appeared to have struck upon a train of thought which was far from pleasing, for he strode rapidly along, and occasionally muttered discontented sounds, as thought came unwittingly to his tongue. I tried to catch his meaning, without success. His sullen answers prevented conversation, and we proceeded most unsociably, until challenged by the sentinel at the gate. "Que viva?" sounded hoarsely from beneath the old archway. "San Martin," fiercely replied my guide. In a moment the musket of the Spanish soldier on guard rattled in his hands. I heard the sharp click as he cocked it. Another second and the guarda-costa had been a dead man. I sprung from my horse in time to strike up the levelled weapon, and shouted "viva le rey," in tones that brought the whole guard to the spot. My guide was more alarmed than I was. San Martin was uppermost in his thoughts, and the name of the patriot chief, at which the Limanians trembled, was pronounced, instead of the usual reply to the hail of the Spanish sentinel. We were now overhauled by the officers on duty; and after some impertinent examination I was damned as a North American, and suffered to proceed. My guide, however, was detained. This was unlucky enough. I knew nothing of Lima, and none of those whom the bustle at the gate had collected seemed at all disposed to assist me. Recollecting that

Frank Lindesay's horse, in old Virginia, and I rode it often enough to know, stopped at all the grog shops, I threw the reins on the neck of my steed, hoping that he would carry me to the place where his master usually put up. The animal's intentions may have been good, but I soon saw that the crowd were determined to thwart them. To make a long story short, I was in the centre of a Lima mob, led on by a little contemptible looking rascal, who persuaded the people that I was the head spy of San Martin's army. At first I pretended not to understand what was said, but my valour at last got the better of my discretion, and I could not resist the temptation of putting my fist between the eyes of a villain who was grinning his impudence in my face. This brought things to a crisis: "A la muerte" was the cry, and the last thing I can recollect was a blow on the temple, which brought me to the ground.

"How long I remained insensible, I cannot exactly say. When I recovered, I found that I had been laid at the door of a huge church; under the idea, I suppose, that I was dead. I felt miserably stiff and cold, and for some minutes did not attempt to move; at last, after one or two efforts, I got upon my feet, and ascertained that my limbs were unbroken, and that my doubloons were still at the bottom of my fob. Some Peruvian gentleman had taken a fancy to my watch, and to a new chapeau, mounted for the occasion. He might have spared them, as they were borrowed articles. No matter, however, the watch never had any insides, and the hat must have suffered pretty severely in the scuffle. The first thing I did, on turning around, was to peep in at the door of the

church, which stood conveniently ajar. As I peeped in, some one from the interior peeped out; for I thrust my nose into the pale face of a tall, monkish-looking person, who was about leaving the building. Both of us were sadly scared, and starting back, we stood staring at each other in the star-light, until, recovering the first from the panic produced by the unexpected rencontre, I turned and ran with the best speed my stiff limbs would admit of. After going a considerable distance, I stopped to listen. No sounds came from the direction of the church; but from the opposite quarter, I heard the steps and clattering arms of a relief of soldiers. I stood by a low garden wall, and in a moment I was on the other side of it. The relief passed by, and the noise it made was soon lost in the turnings of the streets. I was now in a large and handsome garden. The smooth walks, the fountain which tossed its waters so coolly on the night, the broad grass-plats, the rows of flowers, the neatly trimmed hedges, amused me for some time; and resolving to await here the return of light, I threw myself upon a garden bench, and summoned all the recollections of past pleasures, to assist the slow progress of time. But time, notwithstanding, took his own way and jogged most lazily on. I got up—I drank at the fountain—I walked about, and at last, attracted by the sound of music, set myself to discover whence it proceeded. After losing it, and recovering it several times, I found myself under the verandah of the house to which the garden was attached, and which some lines of tall hedges had at first prevented me from seeing. Curiosity brought me to the house; curiosity led me into the verandah; and

curiosity placed me snugly enough at the window of the very room in which the musician was. Of course I went on tiptoes, and scarcely daring to breathe, ventured to peep into the apartment; intending, if all things permitted, to discover myself and ask for a night's lodging, and a hat of some sort or other. The room was a large one, lighted by a shaded lamp, which hung from the ceiling, and made every thing appear soft and moonshiny. Next to the window at which I sat, was the door leading to the verandah, directly opposite to which was another door, and in the right-hand wall a third, of a much smaller size, might have led to a sleeping apartment. A table covered with a crimson cloth stood in the centre, and upon a sofa beside it, and opposite to the small door, was reclining the minstrel of the hour. The guitar which had attracted me was lying on the table, and the lady who had touched it was reading what appeared to me to be a letter. I'll tell you what, reefers, she was worth looking at; I could not see her eyes, but then her exquisite figure, and the prettiest little foot you ever beheld, seen to such advantage on the dark covering of the sofa, and her jet black hair, and beautiful mouth, and high commanding forehead—she was a glorious craft, such as I have not seen since I left old Virginia.

"Thinks I, she can't be hard-hearted enough to refuse me shelter; and I was on the point of giving an introductory "hem!" when, "tap, tap, tap," on the opposite door, announced a visitor. Not at all alarmed, the lady put away the letter, and answering the summons, introduced a tall, strapping fellow, dressed in the common apparel of a guarda-costa. Matters looked pro-

mising, I thought, for another adventure, and drawing myself a little farther from the window, I awaited it. The guarda-costa sat down without much ceremony, and had not uttered twenty words before I ascertained the whole secret of the matter, and heard some of the finest love speeches that were ever made to mortal woman, so far as my knowledge of Spanish enabled me to comprehend them."

"Let us have them, Hal, do," said the listeners, crowding even closer round the orator. He shook his head, and proceeded.

"Such things always lose in the telling, and are, in fact, arrant nonsense to all but the parties interested. The Peruvian took off his straw hat, and showed a noble countenance, and a head of thick and curling hair. He threw the poncho over his shoulder, and I saw plainly enough, the uniform of one of San Martin's officers; another glance, and I became convinced that this was the stranger whose horsemanship had excited my admiration on my way from Callao. It was not very fair to be a listener, I allow, but I considered the Peruvian as a friend, having seen him before, and curiosity to see a real love affair, after one or two twinges, overcame all scruples of conscience. From what I could gather, the lady was the daughter of a Spanish royalist, and the officer was a lover of unprecedented constancy. Duty to his country had made him join the patriots; duty to her father had retained the lady in Lima, while her lover was conquering with San Martin and approaching the capital of Peru. Arrived at last in its neighbourhood, and fearing for her safety if the place was entered by force, he had obtained admission to the town in disguise, appoint-

ed the present hour, in the letter which I had seen her reading, for an interview, and now urged her rapid and immediate flight with him to Valparaiso, in a vessel lying in the harbour. She spoke of her father, his hatred of the patriot cause, and his consequent inveteracy against her lover; she urged her duty, and the danger of flight. To all this my friend pleaded like a hero, as I have no doubt he is. He rose from the seat which he had occupied beside her, and paced the room with impatient steps; and, at last, stopping before her with his back turned towards the smaller door, began to repeat his arguments for flight. Suddenly her eye became fixed, the colour fled from her face; she looked as if she would have screamed but could not. Her lover bent forward with anxious eagerness, and vainly solicited the cause of her visible alarm. I saw it, and one moment more found me involved in difficulty and adventure. While the impetuous lover was detailing his plans, the smaller door had been pushed gently open, and a person, whom I can swear was the father, followed by two others, all well armed, entered the room and sprung towards the Peruvian. I shrieked aloud, however, before they reached him, and he turned in time for defence. In a moment the broad straight sword was gleaming over the head of the companion of the old man, and would have descended fatally had it not struck against and extinguished the only light in the chamber, that hanging from the ceiling. All was shrieking and screaming for a moment, when some one jumped from the open window, overturned me, and darted into the garden. I was now very seriously bruised, and, when lights were brought,

was discovered lying in the verandah. But the Peruvian was gone, and the lady was no where to be found. The broken glass of the lamp, and an immense straw hat were all that remained in evidence of the occurrence.

"The old don swore at me until he was exhausted, and shut me up for the night in the cellar, as an accomplice of the Peruvian. In the morning, he carried me before a magistrate, who would have committed me to prison, had I not been recognized by a Spanish gentleman who had seen me in the frigate. By his exertions I was released, and with the sombrero of the runaway lover to pay me for bruises and broken bones, I joined the liberty boys; and here I am, spinning long yarns to a parcel of sleepy reefers."

The attention of many of the listeners had, during the latter portion of the Virginian's story, been diverted by the crowd which had collected on the quarter-deck, and were leaning over the larboard side of the ship, and the Virginian now joined a group of them himself, with the question, "Well, reefers, what's the go now? Is this the first time you have seen a whaler's boat towing his casks to the watering place, after eight bells?" "Devilish big casks those the leading boat has in tow," said a sailor, who had ascended a few feet in the main shrouds. "Casks!" repeated a midshipman, dropping a night glass at the same time into his left hand. "If those black-looking things are not boats filled with men, and coming on with a long and steady pull, this glass is not worth a rotten rope yarn." Every eye was now exerted to its utmost powers of vision; the glass was passed from hand to hand, and in a few minutes all on deck

were satisfied that a long line of barges, each crowded with men, was pulling up directly astern of the Macedonian. "The Scotchman is on the waters to-night," whispered the Virginian; "what did I tell you in the boat? My life for it, Cochrane is in the foremost barge; and see how he keeps us between him and the Esmeralda." His companion made no reply, but turned to look at the tall masts and taper spars of the Spanish frigate, and then again upon the advancing boats. By this time the word which had been passed below, had brought the whole ship's crew upon deck, every man of which watched with almost breathless interest the approach of the barges. The topmen stole silently aloft, and most of the sailors and officers instinctively placed themselves in the neighbourhood of their respective posts. Not a wave was upon the waters, and the night breeze, as it passed fore and aft the ship, was scarcely felt against the cheek. The Chilians came on with muffled oars, and their long steady strokes soon brought them under the stern of the Macedonian. So silently did they move, that, as they passed along side, no sound of voice or oar could be distinguished, and, clad as they were in white, they seemed like a band of spirits, rather than mortal men, moving on the deep. No hail was given by the American ship. Officers, quartermasters, sailors, were spell-bound with intense interest, and the very sentinels seemed to forget their existence, as they gazed on the Chilians, whose approach undiscovered by the Spaniards became every moment more doubtful. Already had they passed, and breaking off alternately to the larboard and starboard of the Es-

meralda, clasped the fated vessel in their embrace. Instead of following in the line, the last of Cochrane's boats pulled under the cabin windows of the Macedonian, and held on to the rudder chains. The officer commanding begged, entreated, threatened his crew. They would not proceed. In sullen cowardice they concealed themselves during the combat which followed. In vain did the officers of the Macedonian order them to let go, and urge them to avoid disgrace; the chaplain even joined his entreaties; they made no answer, but kept their place, the only cowards of that eventful night. When the fight was over, they pulled silently to the Esmeralda, and, preserving the secret of their baseness, participated in the honours of the occasion.

In the mean time one of the barges glided to a gun-boat under the bows of the American. The clash of sabre upon steel, the words "*silencio ò muerte*," a hum of voices, a dead stillness, and the gun-boat had changed masters. This broke the spell on board the Macedonian. A kedge was carried out, the gib hauled up, the chain slipped, and as the head fell off from the wind, a cloud of canvass dropped from her spars and solicited the breeze. Long ere these preparations were completed the Esmeralda was the scene of conflict. The first man who boarded from the main chains, after cutting down the sentinel at the gangway, was shot by the sentinel at the forecastle. Cochrane was the next, and in a few moments the deck was crowded with his followers. The Spaniards were sleeping on their arms, and as they struggled from below the contest became fierce and doubtful. There was one pause only in which

the assailants ceased to slay, as they watched with intense anxiety the effect of the wind upon the gib. Had the head fallen towards the shore, the Esmeralda must have been deserted and burnt by the Chilians; but fate decreed it otherwise, and there was one loud "hurra" as the bows gently turned towards the island of San Lorenzo. The Chilian sailors on the spars soon clothed the vessel with her canvass. From royals to courses every sail was set, and falling astern of the Macedonian the Esmeralda followed her slowly from the shore.

The fight continued while the vessel got under way, and "Jesu," "Santa Maria," "Caramba," joined with English oaths and exclamations, came loud through the din of battle. At one time the voice of Lord Cochrane was heard encouraging his men, and ordering more sail to be packed upon the spars. Then came a volley of fire arms, which drowned all sounds besides, and illuminating the deck, showed the rapid gleam of descending sabres. Then there would be a momentary pause, as one party or the other gained a temporary advantage, and then again the wild uproar swelled with redoubled fury. At last the Chilians collecting in a dense mass upon the quarter-deck, made a quick and fierce charge upon their opponents. It was met, and for an instant met successfully; but the strength of the Spaniards was broken, and the next moment they were heard dropping into the sea, as their pursuers forced them over the bows. The spar-deck was now still, but below all was confusion. A gun-brig, which had repelled its assailants, fired its single piece of artillery directly under the cabin windows of the Esmeralda, and the indiscriminate slaugh-

ter of friend and foe was the consequence. This, however, produced no effect upon the combatants, and the victory on the gun-deck was still doubtful, when Cochrane, with his successful followers, rushed down the gangway, and quickly decided the fate of the Spaniards. The wave was their only refuge; and springing from the ports, some gained the shore by swimming, others found their graves where they fell.

The Virginian, and his companion in the cutter, had watched the progress of the fight from their station in the fore-top of the Macedonian, and were still gazing on the deck of the Esmeralda, when a flash from the shore, the howl of a ball passing between the masts, and the dull report of a cannon drew their attention to another quarter. Lights were seen hurrying along the ramparts of the fortress of Callao, and the sound of drums came faintly from them. Flash after flash succeeded the first in quick succession, until one continued stream of fire gushed from the long line of batteries. To the eyes of the young men, every gun seemed intended especially for them. "What! not a spar gone yet? and only one hole through the main-topsail?" said the Virginian at last, after coolly casting his eyes upwards upon the canvass of the ship. "It can't be so long, however; the light duck scarcely draws, and the courses and topsails hang like lead. There goes the cross-jack-yard," he continued, as the crash of splintered wood was heard upon the quarter-deck. "The lanterns at the peak and gib-boom end would have distinguished us from the Esmeralda, if Cochrane had not hoisted them as soon as we did." "By heavens!

though, there goes his peak light," cried his companion, as a shot severed the rope. The lantern fell over into the sea, floated a moment, and was extinguished.

A better aim on the part of the Spanish gunners, or the gradual approach of the vessel within the range of some of the cannon of the fortress, made the situation of the ship more perilous than it had yet been, and three or four balls almost grazed the heads of the fore-top men. Still both spar and sail were uninjured, and the only effect of the shot was to hush the whispered conversation which had been hitherto maintained.

The silence was at last interrupted by an interjectional whistle from the Virginian, as a shot went through the sail immediately above him. "This firing will deaden the wind until canvass nor duck will hold it: and the Scotchman hangs on our quarter, determined that if he sinks, so shall we." "Don't whistle for the wind, Mister—" said an old sailor in a superstitious tone; "it never comes when it is called, and we want it too much to anger it." "That whistle brought it, though," cried the other. "The Esmeralda's courses draw, and our heavy sails begin to feel it; we'll walk yet if the puff holds." The communication was accompanied with a visible change in the spirits of the seamen, as the sail, after one or two heaves, swelled steadily before the wind. The progress of the vessel, however, was still slow, although the danger every moment decreased, and it was upwards of an hour before the shot of the fortress fell short. Daylight by this time began to dawn, and showed the sullen batteries, surmounted by a heavy dun

cloud, and frowning over a bay which they had so fruitlessly attempted to guard. The Macedonian cast anchor far beyond their reach, and the *Esmeralda*, uninjured, and in gallant style, moved towards the island of San Lorenzo:

During this eventful night, the captain of the American frigate had been detained in Lima, and at sunrise of the second day after the fight, the launch and gig were ordered down to Chorillos to meet him, and to receive on board such Americans as feared the consequences of remaining in the city, during the first moments of excitement which would follow the intelligence of the capture of the *Esmeralda*. The gig was commanded by our friend the Virginian, and after a long and heavy pull, he found himself beneath the high and rugged cliffs of Chorillos. Here the boats remained without the surf, while the Indians, wading through it, brought the passengers on board. "All aboard," had been already cried, and the oars were in the rowlocks to return, when the appearance of a troop of San Martin's cavalry on shore, and their loud shouts and earnest beckonings, delayed their departure. As the sailors rested on their oars, an officer, who appeared to be the commander of the soldiers, came hurrying to the beach, bearing on his arm a female, whose horse he had been seen to guide as his troops came full gallop on. He gave her to the huge Indian who offered his assistance, and followed him into the surf. A short and low conversation was held between San Martin's officer and the American commander. The former then returned to the shore, and the latter gave his rapid orders to proceed to Callao.

By evening the party were again in their frigate, and a knot was soon seen to assemble round the young Virginian, as on the preceding evening. He seemed to be urging a doubtful point with peculiar energy. "How did I know them? Why did'nt I see him plain enough in the room, and did'nt I hear his plan of getting her to Valparaiso? The captain ordered me to the launch, but not before I saw her face. No, reefers, no! True love got the weathergage of the old don, her father, in Lima, and kept it at Chorillos."

GODFREY WALLACE.

SPRING, SUMMER, AND AUTUMN.

ONE bright autumnal day a weak old man,
Had slowly totter'd to the mountain side,
As if once more his aged eye would scan
The prospect, ere the founts of life were dried;
When kindling at the view his glowing soul,
Pour'd forth the feelings it could not control:

“ Oh, parent earth! when first the laughing spring,
Came with her sweet-toned winds and rosy hours,
And bade the sky a golden mantle fling,
To cheer the hills, and brightening world of flowers,
Diffusing each clear hue the sunbeam weaves,
And calling forth the race of forest leaves:

In that pure season, I, thy fervent child,
Brought my first offering to thy cloudless gleam;
A soul, whose thoughts like thee were undefiled,
And feelings gushing as the mountain stream;
With these my treasures, and in lavish mirth,
I came to greet thy spring, oh, parent earth!

Well I remember the clear dream which rose,
Hope's joyous prototype of after days,
Where like thy vernal landscape's bright repose,
Life's vision'd beauty met my ardent gaze;

Music around, and odours on the breeze,
And blossoms blushing from the leafy trees.

Years cast their shadow o'er me, and once more,
Maternal earth! I came, thy alter'd child,
My thanks for ripen'd soul and strength to pour,
When summer in its full refulgence smiled;
Like thy unfolded buds, my dream of youth
Had brighten'd to the certainty of truth.

Yet death had cross'd my path; the fragile flowers,
Round which my heart its love had closest twined,
When not a cloud was on the sunny hours,
Heard his strong mandate, and in gloom declined;
But time, the unerring healer! had repress
My selfish mourning for the freed and blest.

And other wreaths enchain'd me; I had led
My fond soul's idol to the holy shrine,
And joy its heavenly glow before us spread,
Colouring existence with a hue divine;
But that long since hath past, and now I stand,
Summon'd by voices from the spirit land.

Earth take thy kindred dust, for years have laid
A withering curse upon my pulse and limb;
Even now, a dweller in the realm of shade,
My lamp of life is fading fast, and dim;
And my quick spirit pines for that far shore,
To which its brightest dreams are gone before."

330 SPRING, SUMMER, AND AUTUMN.

The old man's voice was hush'd, it seem'd that sleep,
With blessed calmness o'er his senses came;
Yes—and for ever shall that slumber keep
Its iron grasp upon his wearied frame;
Existence was fulfill'd, the soul had fled,
And dull oblivion triumph'd o'er the dead.

FREDERICK S. ECKARD.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

DURING life's blooming, blissful morn,
When youth clothes all in colours bright,
Love, Friendship, both the heart adorn,
View'd in one same alluring light.
But sometimes then the charms of Love
Much more our hearts than Friendship move.
But when old age comes o'er us, then
Love to your charms we bid adieu,
We follow Friendship's voice again,
But cast a ling'ring look on you.

INSCRIPTION.

WHOE'ER thou art to whom this sacred shade
 Inviting seems—where many a wild flower flings
 Its fragrance round; and many a murmur soothes
 Of distant falling waters the pleased ear—
 If Solitude may win thy thoughts awhile,
 Here rest and meditate—she speaks to thee.
 Does love, O youth, thy languid bosom bind—
 Thy heart all anxiousness—thy soul all sighs?
 Haply the virgin, in whose twining arms
 A promised paradise thy fancy paints,
 Whose heaving bosom swells upon the sight,
 More beautiful than ocean's foam-tipt wave,
 Whose kindling eyes will lavish lustre through
 Thy trembling frame—a meek simplicity
 And innocence assuming—specious show!
 Exults in wanton triumph at thy sighs,
 And mocks their incense. Waken from thy trance,
 And let the light of Reason guide thee safe
 To love's pure altar. Does Ambition urge
 Thy steps to tempt her dangerous ways? beware!
 Think how the storm can rage: yet the rough blast
 That spreads the mighty oak a ruin round,
 Passes as harmless o'er the lowly blossom
 As Zephyr's gentlest wing. The river strong,
 Rushing its rugged channel through, each rock
 Opposing, chafes to angry foam and roar;
 While the hush'd stream, fed from its placid fount,
 Winds, through the flowery vale, its silver way,

And, as a quiet pilgrim seeks his shrine,
Flows on, to mix with ocean's distant tide.
Whoe'er thou art, should thy sincere pursuit
Be happiness, thou need'st not wander far,
If in thy breast no baneful passions wage
Unholy warfare; and Religion sage
Has led thy footsteps to her hallow'd mount,
Where Hope, with upward eye and seraph wand,
Points to the sky. But, if thy blacken'd heart
Nourish revenge, or hatred, or the asp
Of envy pale—or discontentment's gall
O'erflows within—thou, curst of heaven, shalt find
Peace but a sound, and happiness a shade.

G. WALLINGFORD CLARKE.

THE ZEPHYR.

MID the bells of the lily, the buds of the rose,
Where the violet lurks, where the eglantine grows,
Where forest boughs wave, when the summer is nigh,
There, there is my home—for a Zephyr am I.

In the caves of the mountain, the birth-place of streams,
On the waves of the sea, in the sun's dying beams,
Mid the dews of the morn, when Aurora is nigh,
My dwelling is found—for a Zephyr am I.

Round the bright form of beauty I gently unfold
My wings, fringed with light and bespangled with gold,
Kiss the cheek where young blushes for ever are nigh,
And live but for bliss—for a Zephyr am I.

THE SOLITARY CITY.

SPIRIT of other days! oh bear me hence
Through mists of ages, to that dusky time,
When DELPHI tower'd in dread pre-eminence,
And sway'd the fate of every distant clime—
Where purpled majesty and pomp sublime,
And lofty pageants, blazon'd valour forth,
Gilding with war's red radiance every crime,
And hallowing victory with sacred mirth:
What time the Persian host o'erspread the tented earth.

Hail solitary city! all alone
In thy prophetic pride—thy deep decline—
Where countless thousands worshipp'd—is there none
To tell the fate of thy forsaken shrine!
The proud magnificence that once was thine:
But now no more—nor is one votary left
A wreath of laurel for thy sake to twine,
Or drink delirium from the breathing cleft—
Of wealth, of sacred fame, of glory all bereft!

Mighty and wonderful wert thou indeed!—
Mortals were scorn'd; with gods didst thou retire
To hold communion, and thy strengthen'd creed
Taught thee to deeper mysteries to aspire—

Thou eaglet of a bold and lofty sire,
Whose glances, shunning earth, and soaring high,
Drank deep the beams of his eternal fire—
Apollo's full and bright divinity!—
While all the earth uprose—uprose to gaze on thee!

Of kingdoms yet to flourish couldst thou speak:
Of empires past, thy trophied columns rung,
Where falchion keen, and glittering casque, and beak,
And shields of brass, and golden helmets hung;
While thy own God his fiery splendours flung
O'er flashing belt, and baldric, studded bright,
And danced thy thousand golden helms among,
Or lent thy burnish'd shields a redder light—
Fierce blazed thy glory forth, far from thy templed
height!

Lo!—distant nations round thy altars rove,
And conquering warriors doff their twisted mail,
For in thy marble courts, and sacred grove,
The dreadful "Leaders of the Fates" prevail:
Favour'd of gods and man! who shall assail
Thy monumental glory! what shall thrust
Oblivion's mantle o'er the blazon'd tale,
Hush thy triumphant shouts, or curb thy lust!—
'Tis Time, with noiseless speed, shall tumble thee to
dust!

Now through thy sepulchres a pilgrim roams—
Thy cavern tombs are all that tell of thee,
For him no fair prophetic laurel blooms,
No speaking fountain wakes her minstrelsy;

Where erst the Pythoness was wont to be,
With hair dishevel'd, and distorted mien,
Where Priest and Archon held high revelry,
And Heliconian muses graced the scene,
The Albanian peasant roves, unconscious such have
been.

No Pean songs thy echoing rocks resound,
The shout of jubilee has pass'd away;
No lofty tripods consecrate the ground,
Nor sacrificial offerings hail the day;
Thy throngs of virgin votaries—where are they?
Ages have roll'd, since thou to fate wert doom'd,
Nor is one lone memorial left to say,
How thy bright pageantry was all unplumed,
Thy purpled pride o'erthrown, thy princely state en-
tomb'd.

Yet all among the undistinguish'd heaps
Of long forgotten fanes, and mouldering walls,
The breeze of morn with wavy pinion sweeps;
And o'er the fragments of her marble halls,
Castalia's ancient fountain lightly falls;
Flings the same orb, a rich refulgence down
O'er old Parnassus' groves, but naught recalls
The wond'rous works triumphant art had shown:
And Nature reigns abroad—unconquer'd and alone.

LLOYD WHARTON.

THE CONTENTED CAPTIVE.

THEY tell me, love! in Christian isles
A wife may freely roam,
And give to all the joyous smiles
We keep to bless our home.

They call us slaves! they cannot know
Affection's gentlest tone!
How fondly true the heart will glow
That beats for one alone!

Say can I want, when thou art near,
A crowd to make me gay?
Or the dull moments could they cheer,
If thou wert far away?

Ah! then—alas, I could but raise
These prattlers on my knee,
Teach them to lisp in Allah's praise,
And blend a prayer for thee.

No, no! my love—for me no isles
Where Christian wives would roam!
I only seek my infants' smiles,
And thee, to bless my home.

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THE UNRECOVERED CAPTIVE.

THE CONTENTED CAPTIVE.

THEY tell me, love! in Christian isles
A wife may freely roam,
And give to all the joyous smiles
We keep to bless our home.

They call us slaves! they cannot know
Affection's gentlest tone!
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F. 456



Painted by H. C. Smith

Engraved on Steel by G. B. Smith

THE CONTENTED CAPTIVE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BIRD of the wild and wondrous song!
I hear thy rich and varied voice,
Swelling the greenwood-depths among
Till gloom and silence pleased rejoice!
Spell-bound, entranced in rapture's chain,
We list to that inspiring strain!
We thread the forest's tangled maze,
The thousand choristers to see,
Who mingled thus their voices raise,
In that ecstasie minstrelsy!
We search in vain each pause between,
The choral band is still unseen.

'Tis but the music of a dream,
Such as doth oft our slumbers cheer;
But hark again! the eagle's scream!
It rose and fell distinct and clear!
And list, in yonder hawthorn bush,
The red bird, robin, and the thrush!
Lost in amaze we look around,
Nor thrush nor eagle there behold!
But still that rich aerial sound,
Like some forgotten song of old,
That o'er the heart hath held control,
Falls sweetly on the ravish'd soul.

And yet the woods are vocal still,
The air is redolent with song—
Up the hill-side, above the rill,
The wild'ring sounds are borne along!
But where, ye viewless minstrels! where
Dwell ye? on earth or upper air?
High on a solitary bough,
With glancing wings and restless feet,
Bird of untiring throat art thou,
Sole songster in this concert sweet!
So perfect, full and rich each part,
It mocks the highest reach of art!

Once more, once more, that thrilling strain!
Ill-omen'd owl, be mute, be mute!
Thy native notes I hear again!
More sweet than harp or lover's lute!
Compared with thy impassion'd tale,
How cold, how tame the nightingale!
Alas! capricious in thy power,
Thy 'wood-note wild' again is fled;
The mimic rules, the changeful hour,
And all the 'soul of song' is dead!
But no! to every borrow'd tone,
He lends a sweetness all his own.

On glittering wing erect and bright,
With arrowy speed he darts aloft,
As though his soul had ta'en its flight,
In that last strain so sad and soft,

And he would call it back to life,
To mingle in the mimic strife.
And aye to every fitful lay,
 His frame in restless motion wheels,
As though he would indeed essay,
 To act the ecstacy he feels;
As though his very feet kept time,
To that inimitable chime!

And ever, as the rising moon
 Lifts her bright orb the trees above,
He chants his most melodious tune
 While echo wakes through all the grove;
Perch'd on the topmost bough he sings,
Till all the forest loudly rings!
The sleeper from his couch starts up
 To listen to that lay forlorn,
And he who quaffs the midnight cup,
 Looks out to see the purpling morn.
O! ever in the merry spring,
Sweet mimic let me hear thee sing!

FRANCIS COSBY, JR.

THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

IN the commencement of the year 1800, I sailed in a small brig from Canton towards Otaheite, to procure a cargo of sandal wood; intending to return from there to China. Before the voyage was completed we were assailed by violent storms; our vessel was so seriously injured, that the captain deemed it expedient to bear away for the Navigator's Islands, that he might there repair the injury. When this was accomplished, we proceeded to our destination without further delay.

I had before heard much of the beauty of the Navigator's Islands, but all that I had heard was more than realised by what I saw, during our detention there. I spent my leisure hours in exploring them, and at times I felt that it would be an advantageous exchange to relinquish the world, with all its allurements and disappointments, and spend the remainder of my days, beneath the blue sky and the forests of palm and orange trees of this delightful region.

Almost in the centre of this group there is a small island, distinguished beyond the others for the beauty of its situation. Along its eastern beach, there is a bay that seems completely enclosed by verdant hills, and by a high promontory, which jutting out from the north, apparently excludes its waters from those of the ocean.

Ascending this promontory, on the one hand you may look back upon the glades, woods, and rising grounds that imbosom the bay as it lies beneath, reflecting the surrounding scenery from its motionless surface: and on the other side you may contemplate the dark expanse of the ocean. To the south-east the eye wanders without a limit over 'the waste of waters,' but towards the north, the island Maoona rises with its wild and cragged precipices, and its distant range of gradually swelling mountains, which form an inexpressibly beautiful and extensive landscape. This is a faint outline of the appearance of the scene. Many a long and painful year has elapsed since I first enjoyed it, as the dawn of day revealed it to my gaze; but the lapse of time will never efface it from my memory.

The promontory that almost separates this secluded cove from the deep sea, is indeed a delightful place. But it possessed a charm far above that of mere natural beauty, for I knew it to be the scene of a tale that I had listened to with deep interest, several years before, during my stay at Manilla. And now that I have awakened it in my mind, I may venture to relate it, in hope that for a short time yet it may be preserved from oblivion.

Thirty or forty years before my visit to the Pacific, a large Spanish ship sailing from Valparaiso to Manilla, when midway on the voyage, **struck** a rock concealed under the surface of the sea. **Shattered** by the concussion, it was with difficulty the crew kept her afloat until she reached Pola, the westernmost of the Navigator's Islands. She approached this island in the night, and

falling in^s with a strong easterly current, was drifted along and dashed with violence against a sand bar, about a league from land. From that bar she never was removed. The crew escaped to shore in the boats, bearing with them their arms and most of the useful articles in the ship.

A young Spanish officer, Don Julian de Esmerada, who, accompanied by his still more youthful bride, was proceeding to Manilla, to take command of a regiment stationed there, was on board the vessel at the time of her wreck. The fate of these two individuals constitutes the only subject of my narrative.

From the earliest dawning of reason, the predominant feeling in the bosom of Julian de Esmerada, had been an affection for her who was now his wife, Isabel de Monteres. During her infancy she had been left alone in the world. Before she had completed the first year of her age, her mother died. Almost immediately after, her father was accused of treason, hurried to the scaffold, and his possessions confiscated. With his dying breath, he commended his child to the care of Don Rodriguez de Esmerada, the only one who remained friendly to him in his adversity. Don Rodriguez conducted the young orphan to his residence, in the vale of Altiero near Alcala; in this retired valley she passed all her childhood.

Julian, the second son of Don Rodriguez, was constantly her companion. He was about two years older than she. Often, when they were children, would they clamber together over the rocky hills that formed the northern boundary of the valley, or wander to a deep

dell, overhung with oak trees and wild vines. There they intrusted to each other their hopes and fears, their innocent joys and childish troubles. As time passed, and matured her infantile beauty and vivacity into womanly loveliness, this early attachment strengthened into deep affection. The warm feelings of Isabel were concentrated on Julian. Those upon whom her natural attachments should have rested, were in the tomb. She had friends, it is true, but there was only one on whom she could rely as her friend and guardian through the vicissitudes of life. Julian loved her with an ardent and enduring passion; such as time could not weaken nor wear away; her image was blended with all his waking thoughts, and all his sleeping visions.

But dear as they were to each other, they were doomed for a time to separate. Both were poor; for Don Rodriguez, though a man of rank, and possessed of much influence, was limited in his estate, and all that he had, was destined to descend upon his eldest son. Julian, after completing his education at home, was at an early age obliged to determine upon a profession. He adopted that of arms, as the most congenial to his chivalric spirit. After entering the military service of his country, he was employed in several perilous expeditions against the Barbary powers, and served two or three bloody campaigns against the English, in the West India islands. His signal bravery and honourable deportment rendered him worthy of the rapid promotion which the interest of his family procured for him. He had scarcely attained his twenty-third year, when he was appointed to the command of a regiment, and or-

dered to join it at Manilla. He hastened to the vale of Altiero. The emoluments of his new rank, together with his share of several rich prizes taken from the Algerines, removed the only obstacle that interfered with the dearest wish of his soul. In less than a month he left the valley for the last time, but not alone as heretofore, for Isabel now accompanied him as his wife. They embarked at Cadiz for Valparaiso, and sailed from thence towards Manilla. The Spanish vessels took this circuitous course to avoid the English cruisers, which then swarmed in the direct route from Spain to the East Indies. The accidents that cast Julian and his young wife upon the Navigator's Islands, whilst pursuing their second voyage, have already been related.

The shipwrecked crew escaped securely to land, bearing with them, as I have already said, many useful articles. At first they held little or no communion with the islanders, but remained in a rude fortification which they threw up near the place where they were wrecked, and commenced constructing, from the ruins of their ship, a small bark, in which they hoped to pursue their course to Manilla. By degrees they became familiar with the natives, and took part in their quarrels. Some of them were killed; the construction of the vessel was retarded; but, upon the whole, by means of their fire-arms and superior knowledge, they maintained an ascendancy over the savages, and were even favourably regarded by some of the most powerful chieftains, whom they assisted in war.

Twelve months had glided by since the wreck. During that time little or no change occurred in their situation.

Two thirds of the surviving Spaniards were scattered through the various islands. Julian, with his wife, most of the officers of the ship, and ten or twelve of the best-disposed sailors, had established themselves along the borders of the bay, which I before attempted to describe. They lived there unmolested; depending for sustenance upon the fruits which an everlasting spring produced from the uncultivated earth. The new vessel had been abandoned to them, and as they gradually proceeded in its construction, they were cheered with the prospect of again visiting their native land.

Often would the restless memory of Julian and Isabel revert to their Andalusian valley, which they sometimes felt was lost for ever. In a remote island, removed from intercourse with civilized mankind, they could not prevent dark thoughts of the future, from casting an occasional gloom over their present tranquillity. But these painful emotions were transient. Their residence was one of the most delightful in the group. It consisted of a house, situated about two hundred yards from the bay, and formed of the close wicker work with which the inhabitants of those regions construct their habitations. Behind the house rose a succession of low wooded mountains. A verdant strip of land extended in front to the border of a small river, which, after falling in romantic cascades amidst the hills, crossed the plain at their base, and mingled with the salt waters of the calm retired cove. Around the house, and on the rising ground above it, there grew a forest of palm, cocoa, and bread-fruit trees, so arranged by the hand of nature, as to form a fine blending of alternate light and shade.

The glassy surface of the bay, and the dark promontory beyond, were visible between these clusters of trees. Amidst these shades the young Spaniards lived undisturbed by the islanders. Their devotion to each other was too deep to languish even in this prolonged retirement. Ordinary passion exhausts itself when possessed of the object loved; their affection had become part of their being; it was an unquenchable flame, that could not lose its warmth or purity.

When the evening sun had gone down behind the hills of the island, they often directed their steps to the promontory, and from it looked around upon the scene. They watched the cliffs of the distant Maoona until night overshadowed them. The deep channel of the sea, running rapidly between the two islands, shone with a broad reflection of light that gleamed along its central waters long after the sun had sunk beneath the horizon. Sometimes, awaking before sunrise, they revisited this favourite spot, to stand near the cluster of palm trees, and await the approach of day. Long before the luminary appeared, the exhalations of night were gathered to the summits of the hills, both in their own island and in Maoona. As the prospect cleared away, the glories of a Polynesian sunrise burst upon the view. The mist ascended from the ocean, and in its ascent glowed with the richest crimson and gold. Generally there were a few light clouds towards the east, but as the sun arose, and eclipsed their rosy tints in his excessive brightness, they disappeared, as though they were exhaled into an invisible vapour. Even when contemplating such a scene, an occasional sigh would burst from the bosom of Isabel.

She had seen many a sunrise, beautiful as these, amidst the vales of her native Spain. More than once she threw herself into the arms of Julian, and wept, as early recollections came too vividly before her. But his voice of consolation never failed to bring back serenity to her expressive and beautiful features, and tranquillity to her agitated heart.

The islanders frequently visited the small settlement of the Spaniards. Some went thither in the hope of stealing such implements as they might by chance find lying about; others were influenced by insatiable curiosity, the most universal feeling amongst savages. There was, however, one who was under the dominion of feelings very different from these, whenever his canoe doubled the rocky cape and glided over the quiet bay towards the Spanish village.

His name was Vavao. He was a chief of the island of Pola. Had his lot been cast in a land where education and civilization could have taught him to regulate his feelings, his character might have possessed distinguished excellence. But, destitute of such advantages, his mind ran to waste. A life of thirty years had almost extinguished his better feelings, but without destroying his energy, his patience, or his courage. His breast was the lurking place of pride, selfishness, and every species of irrepressible passion, which glanced in his looks and seemed to animate each motion of his muscular and well-proportioned limbs.

Since the wreck of the Spaniards, one strong passion had absorbed his soul. He had seen Isabel. Not frequently it is true, but sufficiently often to have his rug-

ged nature subdued by the intelligent flashes of her dark eye, and the grace of her movements. Even his fierce heart felt the influence of her beauty: violent in love, as in every thing else, he resolved that sooner or later she should be his. He foresaw the dangers that must intervene before his intentions could be accomplished. But he had undertaken many enterprises more arduous, and had always been successful. Although Julian was for ever near his wife, though she was surrounded by armed friends, yet he did not despair. Impelled by a savage and violent love, he had sufficient strength to conceal his feelings, so that no one, not even their object, suspected them. He patiently frequented the village, bringing mats, and other rude manufactures to exchange for the knives and looking-glasses of the Spaniards; awaiting till something should occur to favour the completion of his schemes.

All his hopes were blasted when, on an autumnal evening, a Spanish frigate anchored off the island where Julian and his companions dwelt, and sent a boat on shore to search for water, and bargain with the natives for fresh provisions. The lieutenant who commanded in the boat, directed his course to where he saw a number of persons collected on the shore. His surprise was great, when, on drawing near, he was saluted in his own language. On landing, he was received by a crowd, consisting of the shipwrecked Europeans together with many islanders who were there assembled. When the joy of the former had subsided, they explained their situation to the officer. He, in return, informed them that the frigate was bound to Acapulco, and assured them

that his commander would convey them there. He then returned to the ship. On the following day, the captain himself landed, and confirmed the offers of his lieutenant. As he intended to stay for a few days at the island, the shipwrecked Spaniards preferred remaining in their commodious insular dwellings, until the day of departure.

Language cannot describe the passions that overwhelmed Vavao, when he heard of these events. Incessantly agitated by his gloomy spirit, he hid in the depth of the forest, and mentally revolved every expedient that could avert the consummation of his misery. It was evident that stratagem would no longer avail. Force must be attempted. He determined, on the following night, to invade the Spanish habitations and force Isabel away. When this resolution was taken, his emotions were tranquillized; he proceeded deliberately to form his arrangements.

The Spaniards were known to be constantly on their guard. Their fire-arms and discipline made them terrible in conflict to the savages. It was necessary for Vavao to act alone, for he knew not one who would co-operate with him. Blood-thirsty as the islanders were, they would not expose themselves to such peril without adequate inducement. For these reasons he had always avoided any forcible attempts to gain his ends. Now he could delay no longer: the last hour when an attempt could be made had arrived. Confiding in himself, and completely armed, the next day at noon he embarked alone for the bay. As the sun was setting, he drew his

canoe up on the outside of the promontory, and concealed it under a few low bushes.

The last glow of evening had vanished, and as the hour of midnight drew near, the moon rose from the ocean, and illumined every island with its indistinct light. Late as it was, Isabel, with her Julian, was taking a farewell walk on that eminence which they so much delighted to frequent. The ensuing day was to see them safe with friends of their own religion and country. They walked slowly along, without interchanging a word, at irregular intervals stopping, as if to look upon the place they were soon to relinquish for ever. Behind them, an impenetrable darkness rested upon the bay and the dwellings, for the moonlight was prevented by the hills and trees from reaching there. Maoona lay before them like a dark cloud upon the silver surface of the sea. The frigate could not be seen, for she was anchored beyond a point of land that ran out a little distance to the south. The two who were on the promontory fixed their eyes on the silent scene, but their thoughts were wandering away. Julian recalled his youthful anticipations of power and glory. He cherished an idea that he was still destined to impart to his Isabel, the rank and influence to which his spirit had so often aspired. These imaginations came warmly upon him, and his heart beat with delight when he felt that his exile was soon to terminate. Isabel had her thoughts, but they were far different from these. The night winds passed by her unheeded, for there was at her heart a feeling more chilling than they. She knew not why, but a strong and indefinable dread of

impending evil weighed heavily on her soul. She would have felt regret at leaving that island, where she had passed so many happy and unhappy hours, were it not for this fearful, this unaccountable anticipation. She cast a troubled glance at the moon-lit sea, and then resolved to request Julian to return homeward. Before she could speak, the stillness of the night was interrupted by a rustling amongst the leaves. It was a bird that had started from an orange tree. After fluttering for a few moments, it flew towards a distant hill. Isabel continued silent, and tried to subdue her painful feelings. Again she heard, or thought she heard, the same noise, but much fainter, amidst the bushes. She clung involuntarily more closely to the arm of Julian, and turned her eyes upon his face. He was looking at a bright star, that, undimmed by the moonlight, had just arisen from the sea. Then both were startled, for they distinctly heard the splashing of oars upon the ocean. Julian grasped his sword, but soon withdrew his hand, for he recognized the long, regular dashes of European rowers, completely differing from the short, quick noise of the paddles used by the islanders. A few moments after, they could discern a boat coming from the direction of the frigate towards them. Isabel felt relieved from her fears, and was so much occupied watching the approach of the boat, that she heeded not another rustling in the leaves, still louder than before. Had she taken the alarm it would have been useless, for, in another instant, an arrow, shot from behind the nearest palm tree, struck against the forehead of Julian; with a low moan he sunk to the earth. Isabel stood for a moment as if stupified,

and then, with a shriek of agony, sunk senseless upon his body. Vavao now rushed from his place of concealment, and, catching the scarcely breathing Isabel in his arms, hurried down the promontory to his canoe. He had hardly departed when Julian revived: the dart had glanced from his head, and though the shock had at first deprived him of sensation, he immediately recovered. In an instant he knew his loss; he saw the white robes of Isabel, and heard the noise of the bushes as Vavao broke through them in his descent. When Vavao came to his canoe, he found that the retiring tide had left it high upon the land. Scarcely was it afloat with himself, and the still lifeless Isabel on board, when Julian reached the margin of the sea. Collecting all his strength in a desperate effort, he sprung to the canoe. He was met by the arm of Vavao, who, catching him before he could recover himself, stabbed him twice in the breast, then lifting the unfortunate Spaniard, dashed him bloody upon the beach.

The Spanish boat was now within a hundred yards of them. Vavao turned his canoe to escape, and, notwithstanding the vigorous attempts of the sailors to overtake him, he soon left them far behind. The Spaniards fired several shots at him, but before long they lost sight of his light skiff. After an ineffectual chase, they returned to where Julian lay, mortally wounded, on the shore; and before sunrise they arrived at the village.

Vavao was never seen nor heard of again. It was supposed that, in his precipitate flight, he had unwarily struck his canoe against a coral reef that partly surrounds the island. On the morning after these transactions, a

savage who had been fishing, and was conveying his spoil to sell to the Spanish crew, saw a shattered and overturned canoe floating in the ocean, and not far from it, on the reef, was the drowned body of Isabel. In hopes of obtaining a reward, he drew it from the rock, and conveyed it to the dwellings of her friends.

Julian did not expire until the evening following that on which he had received his wounds. After he had been brought to the village, the surgeon of the frigate restored him to sensation and to suffering; for whilst the fate of Isabel was uncertain, his anguish of mind almost drove him to frenzy. When he was told that her lifeless body had been found, he became calm; the wildness of his eye disappeared; a gentle smile rested on his features. He conversed with his friends and related the particulars of his walk on the promontory. The chaplain of the ship administered to him the rites prescribed by his church for dying men. When these were completed, he closed his eyes and seemed absorbed in silent devotion. In a few minutes he died.

After a few days the frigate departed; but not until Julian and Isabel were buried in one grave under the palm trees, near the place where the last moments of their lives were spent. No noise, except the wild screams of the sea-bird, is ever heard on that solitary promontory. Those who sleep there are now entirely forgotten by the islanders, and indeed by almost every one else; for few will preserve a remembrance of those who were undistinguished as the individuals whose life and death I have recorded.

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.

It is a holy hour. The deep
 Blue vault of heaven looks beautiful,
 With its rich crown of gems, that keep
 Their silent watch around the full
 And bright orb'd moon, and call the soul
 Of man up from its grovelling,
 To rise upon a lighter wing,
 Where yon majestic planets roll
 Their ceaseless course, through realms of space,
 Unknowing bound or resting place.

How hush'd the earth! one sound alone
 Went fleeting by—'twas like 'the strain
 Of some lost Peri,' from her train
 Of sisters wandering, and the tone
 Was such as music's self might own.

Once more it rises, like the still
 Sweet breathing of an infant's dream
 Upon the air, and sends a thrill
 Of ecstasy along the stream
 Of life within—making us feel
 Our better natures, and the mind
 An elevating power to steal
 Man from his worldliness, and bind
 His soul to deeds of nobler kind.

Again it breaketh! and the strain
Is sweeter still than ever. Oh,
How firmly hath it power to chain
The chasten'd spirit, and the flow
Of tears to summon from their fount,
Long seal'd perhaps, but gushing now
As freshly 'neath the burning brow,
As limpid streamlet bursting out
From icy fetters, or the still
Glad murmuring of the mountain rill.
That strain, that magic strain doth call
Remembrance back, and to the eye
Of memory brings the forms of all,
Who in youth's hour of ecstasy
And wild enjoyment, shared with us
Our innocent pastime, who became
Our bosom confidants, and thus
Our fondest recollections claim.

Scenes of the buried past it calls
With vividness to view, and flings
A lustre o'er them which inthralls
The heart, and to the fancy brings
Rich images of faded joys
And blanch'd anticipations—such
As crowd the mind when sorrow cloy
Its energies, and to the touch
Of grief alone the chords of life
Awaken.

* * * * *

It has faded now,
As gently as the curling snow

Which falleth on the mountain cliff,
Or as the airy mist that moves
Lightly across the sleeping lake,
And glides in softness o'er the groves,
Or 'mid the hills where fountains wake
Their first, faint murmuring.
I would recall it, but that tone
Hath a too fearful power to wring
The broken spirit; and alone
To bid the gush of burning tears,
Unworthy of my manlier years.

GEORGE R. INGERSOLL.

WOMAN.

WHERE pleasure leads her smiling train
Unharass'd by corroding pain,
And smiles of joy and sportive mirth
Bespeak a paradise on earth,
Whose song the sweetest there is heard—
Whose eye beams brightest—whose the word
That falls upon the raptured ear
With gentlest power the heart to cheer—
Who lends that train its fairest grace,
And brightens each admiring face?

'Tis woman.

Where fire-side enjoyments hold
Their quiet sway o'er young and old,
And calm contentment sweetly smiles,
And mirth the loitering hour beguiles,
Who sheds upon that peaceful scene
Attractions lovelier far, I ween,
Than gorgeous wealth and empty show
In courtly palaces bestow—
With gentle influence rules the breast,
And each fierce passion lulls to rest?
'Tis woman.

When stern misfortune's evil eye
Glares on its victim fearfully,
Or sorrow haunts the sleepless bed,
Or sickness bows the strong man's head,
Who soothes with kind consoling power,
The anguish of the dying hour?
Who ministers, with ready art,
A balsam to the wounded heart,
Or stills the ravings of despair,
And smooths the wrinkled brow of care?
'Tis only woman.
T. SLIDELL.

SONNETS TO FANCY.

"Spirit of airy hopes and rapturous lay!
I woo thee, Fancy."—*Atlantic Souvenir.*

COME Fancy! with thy soul-enrapturing power,
And lead me through the fairy haunts, where dwell
Thy magic influences: in moon-lit dell—
Mid starry spheres—in dewy-bosom'd flower—
Or, where the myrtle twines a perfumed bower,
For youthful Love to weave his mystic spell—
Where'er thou art, I woo thee from thy cell,
And give to thee the visions of this hour.
I'll follow thee through ocean's coral caves,
And yield my spirit to deep ecstasies;
The winds discourse thy sweetest melodies,
And gossamer barks are dancing o'er the waves:
O, dip thy pencil in the Iris' hues,
And paint thy dwelling, 'tis the chosen of the muse!

Thou sit'st upon the aged Abbey's tower,
List'ning the tale that plaining night-birds tell—
Or glidest through the cloistered aisles when swell
The midnight chimes: while brooding tempests lower,

Thy ~~chariot~~ is the cloud: in summer's shower,
While whisper'd ~~voice~~ wake thy airy shell,
Thou'rt seen where last the ~~new~~ sun-beam fell:
And Spring, the gentle maid of balmy dower,
When Nature's chilly breathings first she braves,
Woos thee unto her sylvan mysteries;
Thy court is then midst choral harmonies;
But when the vesper tear thy chaplet laves,
And night's pale queen her placid course pursues,
Thou wand'rest forth, thy sandals bathed in mountain
dews.

THE DECLINE OF THE YEAR.

Oh! there's a beauty in the dying year!
'Tis sweet at lonely evensong to gaze
Upon yon fading hills—where the thin haze
Hangs like a pall above old Autumn's bier.

These ancient woods are beautiful in death,
The brilliant green hath left the quivering leaf,
And sadder hues are there—and they, how brief!
They soon will vanish at old Winter's breath.

360 THE DECLINE OF THE YEAR.

There sighs a breeze amid the leaves—it ~~is~~
Far in the shadowy wood-paths, like the peals,
Of music on the waters—now it steals
Sweetly and faint like chime of evening bells.

It is the voice of Autumn!—the low dirge
Sung mournfully within his ruin'd halls,
And o'er his leaf-choked founts—and now it falls
On the hush'd air, like whispers from the surge.

Those birds whose brilliant plumage charm'd mine eye,
Vanish'd when came the piping Autumn breeze,
Whose wrath hath ruin'd their green palaces—
I hear no more their various melody.

Rich flowers have perish'd o'er the faded earth,
Blossoms of valley and of wood, that gave
A fragrance to the air, have found a grave
Upon the scentless turf that gave them birth.

Pale, wither'd year! thy closing hour hath come!
How many ere another year goes round
Shall die, and slumber 'neath the church-yard mound,
Forgot, unwept, within the voiceless tomb!

I. M'LELLAN.

